Michael Fumento:
Killing the Dying Dutchman

U.S. $3.00
CANADA $3.25

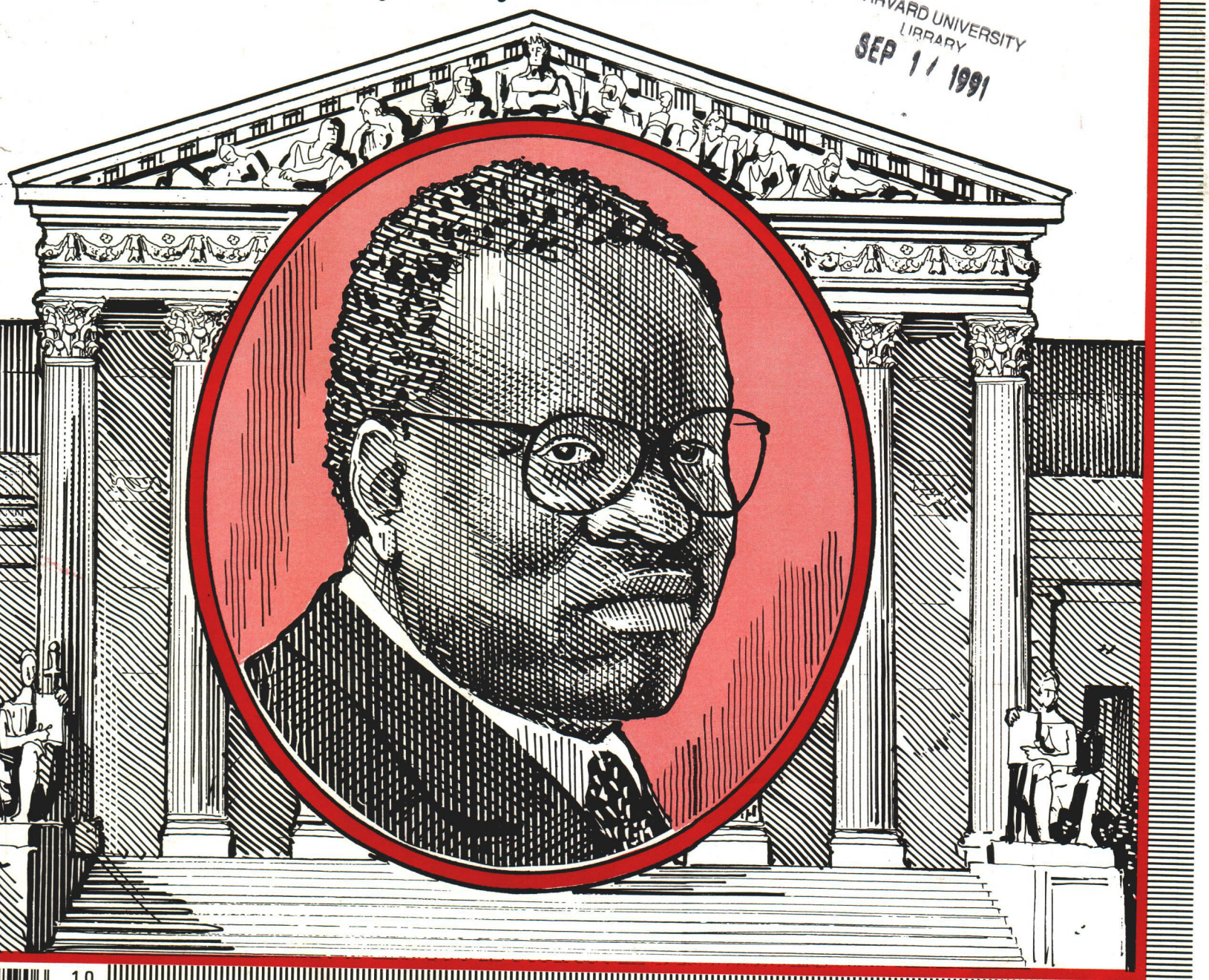
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

OCTOBER 1991 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Bayou Bounders • *Columbus Haters* • *Stasi Snoops*

Reading Clarence Thomas

by Terry Eastland



HARVARD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
SEP 11 1991

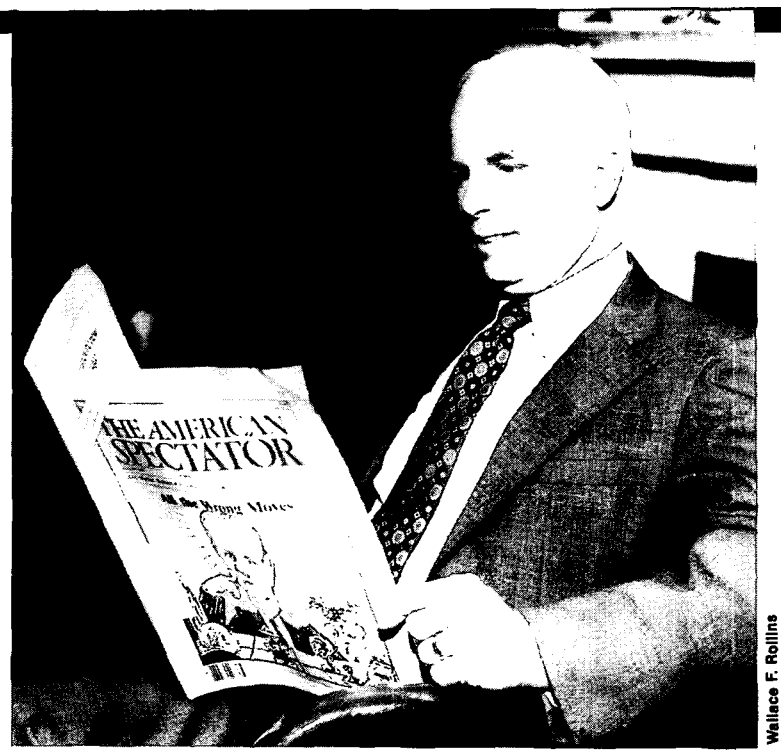
*********5-DIGIT 02138
171797 1291 TAS1 1 S23
LIBRARY
HARVARD COLLEGE
SERIAL RECORDS DIVISION
CAMBRIDGE MA 02138

0 73361 64590 6 10

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Spectators . . . more than observers.

Erich Eichman
Douglas Bartholomew
Thomas A. Bolan
Raymond Shamie
Thomas J. McIntosh
Bernard Zimmern
Arthur L. Montgomery
Chris Olander
Donald P. Kahn
Craig Kennedy
A. Werner Pleus
R. Ilaria, M.D.
Hilton Kramer
Edward Noble
Martin Peretz
Anthony Harrigan
Richard Perle
Herbert Stein
David Brinkley
John Lukacs
William Safire
Jeffrey Hart
Hon. Richard M. Nixon
John Chamberlain
John S. McCain, U.S. Senator, Arizona.
Roger Milliken
J. Peter Grace
Winston Lord
Rowland Evans
Leonard Garment
Joseph Hazan
John Lehman
James Grant
James Fallows
Clay La Force
Walter Goodman
Hon. Jack Kemp
Milton Friedman
James Glassman
Nelson Polsby
James Hitchcock
Gen. Alexander Haig
Gov. William Scranton
James J. Griffitts, M.D.
Cullen Murphy
Joseph Epstein
Leslie Lenkowsky
Forrest McDonald
Wm. Bradford Reynolds
Lyn Nofziger
Czeslaw Milosz
John O'Sullivan
Laurence Snelling
Hon. John Gavin
George Weigel
Maurice Cranston
John Updike
Joshua Muravchik
T. Boone Pickens
James Johnston
Dan Oliver
William Bennett
Reid Buckley
Shane O'Neil
M. E. Bradford
Michael S. Joyce
Pasco M. Bowman II
Brock Yates
David Woodley Packard
Donald J. Devine
Hon. Ronald Reagan
Sen. Richard Lugar
Richard Merkin
Daniel Pipes
Charles Wallen, Jr.
Hon. Owen H. Johnson
Gary M. Torrent
Henry Kissinger
Hon. Newt Gingrich
Albert Wohlstetter



Wallace F. Rollins

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR® **thinks** *you* **can be one of us. The few, the proud . . . the literate. To subscribe, call us at 800 341-1522, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week; we will send you twelve issues for a mere $33—the price of a half-hour consultation with our ad designer. And, glasnost or no glasnost, we promise to keep your name off the mailing lists of GUM, NAMBLA, and Neiman Marcus.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

99.7% hogwash-free.

More and more investors – both private and professional – are turning to *The Capitalist's Companion* for original commentary on politics and the financial markets. Reason: where other publications *describe*, the *Companion anticipates*; where other commentators *accept*, the *Companion doubts*; where stockbrokers paint *rosy* scenarios, the *Companion* explains the *risks*.

For instance, *The Companion* was telling its readers about the impending decline of a major computer manufacturer *before* the word of the company's troubles hit the covers of the glossy financial magazines.

Will we always be right? Alas, no. But we'll always be skeptical. And we'll give you a viewpoint you won't get from your stockbroker. Or from the financial weeklies.

What's more, every issue of *The Capitalist's Companion* goes down smooth and easy. *The Companion* is written with something most market journals don't have: style.

Give us a try. Dial the toll free number below any time, day or night. Or mail us the coupon. Either way, you'll be getting some the freshest, most original commentary on Wall Street. And that's no hogwash.

1-800-966-6567

24 hours a day; 7 days a week

( ) Please start me out with a 5-issue trial subscription for $19.
( ) I'd like to subscribe for a year (17 issues) at $120.

( ) Payment enclosed. ( ) Bill me.

Name _____
Company _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The Capitalist's Companion
JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE FINANCIAL MARKETS

175 Fifth Avenue Suite 2503 New York, N.Y. 10010

tas2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You deserve a factual look at...

Myths About Israel and the Middle East (1)

Do the media feed us fiction, instead of facts?

We all know that, by dint of constant repetition, white can be made to appear black, good can get transformed into evil, and myth may take the place of reality. Israel, with roughly one-thousandth of the world's population and with a similar fraction of the territory of this planet, seems to engage a totally disproportionate attention of the print and broadcast media. Unfortunately, much of what the media tell us – in reporting, editorializing, and in analysis – are endlessly repeated myths.

What are some of these myths?

■ **Myth:** The "Palestinians" are a nation and therefore deserving of a homeland.
Reality: The concept of Palestinian nationhood is a new one and had not been heard of until after the Six-Day War, when Israel, by its victory, came into the administration of the territories of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza strip. The so-called "Palestinians" are no more different from the Arabs in the neighboring countries of Lebanon, Syria and Jordan, than Wisconsinites are from Iowans.
■ **Myth:** Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank"), and the Gaza Strip are "occupied Arab territory".
Reality: All of "Palestine" – east and west of the Jordan River – was part of the League of Nations mandate. Under the Balfour Declaration all of it was to be the "national home for the Jewish people". In violation of this mandate, Great Britain severed the entire area east of the Jordan – about 75% of Palestine, and gave it to the Arabs, who created on it the kingdom of Transjordan. When Israel declared its independence in 1948, five Arab armies invaded the new country in order to destroy it at its very birth. They were defeated by the Israelis. The Transjordanians, however, remained in occupation of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and East Jerusalem. They proceeded to drive all Jews from those territories and to systematically destroy all Jewish houses of worship and other institutions. The Transjordanians, now renamed "Jordanians" were the occupiers. Israel regained these territories following its victory in the Six-Day War and has administered them ever since. They have not been annexed. Their final status will be decided if and when the Arabs will ever sit down to talk peace with Israel.
■ **Myth:** Jewish settlements in Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") are the "greatest obstacle to peace".
Reality: This is a totally new formulation, recently put forward by Secretary of State Baker. He and the president seem to be obsessed by it. Fewer than 100,000 Jews are settled in these territories, living among about 1.4 million Arabs. How can Jews living there be an obstacle to peace? Why *shouldn't* they live there? About 700,000 Arabs live in Israel proper. They are not an obstacle to peace and nobody, including the Israelis, consider them as such.
■ **Myth:** Israel is unwilling to yield "land for peace".
Reality: The concept that to the loser, rather than to the victor, belong the spoils is a radically new one, never before thought of in world history. Israel has emerged victorious in the five wars imposed on it by the Arabs. In order to make peace, it has returned over 90% of the territory occupied by it, specifically the vast Sinai Peninsula, to Egypt. That territory contained some of the most advanced military installations in the world, prosperous cities and settlements, and oil fields developed entirely by Israel that made it independent of petroleum imports. In the Camp David Accords (1983) Israel agreed to autonomy for Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") with the permanent status to be determined after three years. No responsible Palestinian representation has been available to negotiate with Israel about this.

The greatest myth of all is that Israel's administration of the Gaza Strip and of Judea/Samaria is the root cause of the conflict between Arabs and Jews. But that is nonsense and flies in the face of historical reality. The Arab desire to obliterate the Jewish presence in Palestine, and since 1948 the Jewish state long predates that territorial administration. The root cause of the conflict is the total unwillingness of the Arabs to tolerate any "non-believers" to be in control of even one inch of what they consider "sacred Arab soil". And they don't just mean Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza strip. They mean Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, the whole state of Israel. No change in the Arabs' attitude seems to be in the offing. But until there is such a change, no peace can possibly come to this troubled area.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____ AS/36

❑ My contribution is in the amount of $50 or more. Please send me your booklet containing 24 of the ads that you have published in national media over the last few years.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State ___ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and related direct mail.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

Volume 24 Number 10, October 1991
Copyright © *The American Spectator* 1991

Editor-in-Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher: Ronald E. Burr

Managing Editor: Wladyslaw Pleszczynski
Assistant Managing Editor: Christopher Caldwell
Editorial Intern: Shawn Miller
Executive Assistant: Jenny Woodward
Advertising Manager: John Funk
Production Manager: Thomas G. Neubert
Production Assistant: Mirza Zaki Aftab
Business Manager: Michael E. Tobin
Circulation Manager: Vanessa A. Bergh
Customer Service Manager: Rex C. Vardeman
Subscription Manager: Joseph W. De Bolt, Jr.
Circulation Assistant: Eric M. Reckner
Assistant to the Publisher: Pamela R. Young
Staff Assistant: Michael Y. Sun
Summer Interns: Kevin O'Scannlain, Erik D. Stern

Senior Editors: Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker

Art Advisor: Sheila Wolfe
Washington Correspondent: Tom Bethell
New York Correspondent: William Tucker
National Correspondent: Victor Gold
Roving Correspondent: Micah Morrison
New York Editor: Whit Stillman
Indiana Editor: Kent Owen
Rocky Mountain Editor: Dave Shiflett
Movie Critic: James Bowman
Kapellmeister: Baron von Kannon
Chief Saloon Correspondent: Joe Mysak

Contributors:
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fred Barnes, David Brock, Richard Brookhiser, John R. Dunlap, Terry Eastland, Gregory A. Fossedal, Malcolm Gladwell, George Sim Johnston, Roger Kaplan, Michael Ledeen, Thomas Mallon, William McGurn, William H. Nolte, Franz M. Oppenheimer, P. J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Joe Queenan, Jeremy Rabkin, Francis X. Rocca, Andy Stark, Benjamin J. Stein, Irwin M. Stelzer, George Szamuely, Terry Teachout, Cathy Young

Legal Counsel:
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

• • •

The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Jean Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $33; outside the United States, $37. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. Toll free subscription number 800-341-1522. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, Virginia 22216. (703) 243-3733. In accordance with the rights granted by the First Amendment and as a matter of policy, the opinions expressed in the magazine are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the board of directors of *The American Spectator*. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributor, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

Economic reporting funded partially by The Pew Charitable Trusts.

The American Spectator (ISSN 0148-8414) is published monthly at 2020 N. 14th Street, Suite 750, Arlington, Virginia 22216. Second class postage paid at Arlington, Virginia, and additional mailing offices. One-year subscription is $33. Vol. 24, No. 10. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, Virginia 22216-0549.

The Audit Bureau

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

C O N T E N T S

Off to the Races ..... Fred Barnes 12
The Democrats love to play racial politics, and they've come up with some ingenious—if uncandid—reasons for George Bush to go along with them.

The Coonass King and the Guru ..... Victor Gold 14
The 1991 gubernatorial race heats up in Louisiana. Flashy ex-governor Edwin Edwards, an old-style bayou politician, squares off against New Age incumbent Buddy Roemer, whose conversion to the Republican party is by no means his strangest move of late.

Leftist Liars and Ideological Suicide ..... Michael Ledeen 16
World events since 1980 differ so widely from what leftist rhetoric would have predicted that the left's ideologues have had to resort to myths and distortions. They've entered a battle that it takes evidence to win. And they don't have it.

The Dying Dutchman: Coming Soon to a Nursing Home Near You ..... Michael Fumento 18
For eighteen years, euthanasia has been widespread in the Netherlands. Many Dutch claim that the practice is often involuntary, that the consent of the person to be killed is often not requested, and that the definition of what is permissible as "euthanasia" is broadening daily. They also think the United States is particularly vulnerable to widespread Dutch-style killing of the old and infirm.

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis 6
Correspondence 7
Editorials/Company Man/Small Minds ..... R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 8
Capitol Ideas/Exodus ..... Tom Bethell 9
Spectator's Journal/Assad Commentary ..... Avigdor Haselkorn 23
Among the Intellectualoids/Columbus Go Home ..... Mark Falcoff 25
European Document/The Stasi Files ..... Jeffrey Gedmin 26
Ben Stein's Diary/Comrades and Patients ..... Benjamin J. Stein 28
Presswatch/Thomas Linked to Marshall ..... Terry Eastland 31
The Talkies/Dead Meat ..... James Bowman 33
Soviet Presswatch/On the Eve ..... Cathy Young 34
Current Wisdom ..... Assorted Jackasses 50

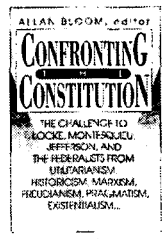
BOOK REVIEWS

Vladimir Nabokov: The American Years, by Brian Boyd ..... Kenneth S. Lynn 36
The Work of Nations, by Robert B. Reich ..... David Frum 38
The Noble Savage, by Maurice Cranston ..... James W. Tuttleton 40
Enzo Ferrari, by Brock Yates ..... William Jeanes 41
Franklin D. Roosevelt, by Frank Freidel ..... Alonzo L. Hamby 42
Muscle, by Samuel Wilson Fussell ..... Leon J. Podles 44
Capturing the Culture, by Richard Grenier ..... Herbert Schlossberg 45
The Cambridge Spies, by Verne W. Newton ..... Ronald Radosh 46

Cover illustration by Elliott Banfield

NEW FROM

★ AEI PRESS ★


ALLAN BLOOM, editor
CONFRONTING THE CONSTITUTION
THE CHALLENGE TO LOCKE, MONTESQUIEU, JEFFERSON, AND THE FEDERALISTS FROM UTILITARIANISM, HISTORICISM, MARXISM, FREUDIANISM, PRAGMATISM, EXISTENTIALISM...

CONFRONTING THE CONSTITUTION: NEW IN PAPERBACK!
The Challenge to Locke, Montesquieu, Jefferson, and the Federalists from Utilitarianism, Historicism, Marxism, Freudianism, Pragmatism, Existentialism...
Edited by Allan Bloom

With the Communist nations a shambles everywhere, our Constitution may appear to have weathered its greatest challenge. Yet notions hostile to our principles pose no less serious threats. Ways of thinking that spring from the social sciences or from contemporary rights theories, constitute a direct assault on our traditions. This book addresses the question, Can our Constitution survive postconstitutional thought?

"...a brilliant discussion of the clash of ideas surrounding the meaning of American constitutionalism, a fitting tribute to the framers on the 200th anniversary of the founding of the American nation." – CHOICE

"...makes the indispensable contribution of providing not only an education in the public philosophy of liberal democracy but a charming, exciting, and disconcerting introduction to political philosophy* tout court *...this book is that rarity, an invitation to reason" – FIRST THINGS

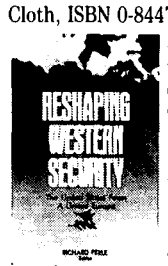
1991 • 604 pages
Paper, ISBN 0-8447-3700-3 $16.95
Cloth, ISBN 0-8447-3699-6 $24.95

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY AND THE ATLANTIC ALLIANCE
By Constantine C. Menges

Whether or not the cold war is really over, according to this timely book, will be decided in Germany. A reunified Germany may participate fully in the Atlantic Alliance, the author says, or it may shift toward neutralization and thereby advance Soviet global ambitions that underlie the outward show of detente. Revealing the historical factors that influence the current situation, he examines the implications of both outcomes, not only for Germany but for NATO and Eastern Europe and for the United States as well.

"This is a book every citizen should read. It is about more than Germany, Europe, and the United States. It is about the shape of the future we all face." – Vernon Walters, U.S. ambassador to the Federal Republic of Germany

October 1991 • 225 pages
Cloth, ISBN 0-8447-3731-3 $24.95



RESHAPING WESTERN SECURITY:
The United States Faces a United Europe
Edited by Richard N. Perle

The collapse of communism, the reunification of Germany, and the creation of the European Community threaten the foundations of the Atlantic Alliance. This volume explores whether the historical links between economic and security objectives in Europe can survive such cataclysmic changes. With global competition reshaping defense industries, and with the continued presence of U.S. forces in Europe uncertain, the Western alliance seems likely to survive only if it undergoes drastic transformations. Experts analyze these challenges and offer informed opinions on what the future holds.

October 1991 • 190 pages
Cloth, ISBN 0-8447-3790-9 $22.95

■ THE AEI PRESS ■

Please send your order to:
University Press of America • 4720-A Boston Way
Lanham, Maryland 20706 • (301) 459-3366

You may also fax your order (301) 459-2118. Add shipping charges of $2.50 for the first book, 50¢ each additional book.

Distributed to the trade by
NATIONAL BOOK NETWORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

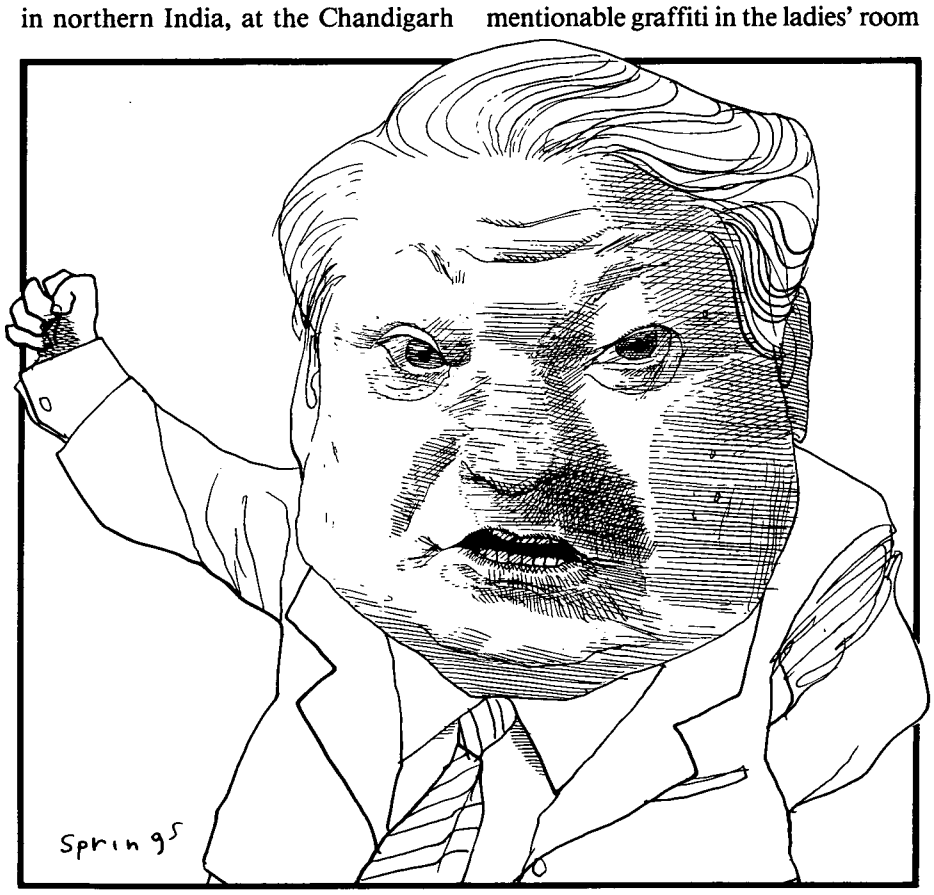
THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• In August, millions of earthlings went to the beach to relax, but apparently President Mikhail Gorbachev headed for the beach to prove Mr. Michael Ledeen's thesis about him, to wit, that he is the greatest bungler in Soviet history, a history that now—most agreeably—appears to be adjourning. In the middle of the month, the lamebrain went to his dacha in the Crimea, despite warnings from such astute countrymen as former Politburo member Mr. Aleksandr Yakovlev that Mr. Gorbachev's cronies were preparing a coup. Soon the hansdoodle was surrounded by plotters and imposed upon to step aside. Three days later the coup fizzled, as Russian President Boris Yeltsin heroically mounted armored personnel carriers and impromptu podiums to quarterback the neoconservative resistance, and Gorbachev's cronies proved to be even more inept than their boss. When the dunce's long-time friend Mr. Anatoly I. Lukyanov flew to the Crimea to justify his role in the coup, the pathetic Gorbachev yawped, "You've known me for forty years. You don't have to hang noodles on my ears." Our man Ledeen noted Mr. Gorbachev's cloddishness as early as our August 1986 issue, in which he published "Our Man in Moscow." Therein he laid down a thesis on the Soviet flumdiddler that we have held to ever since. We saw the future and it did not work.

• Even Stanford University has felt the vivifying breezes of reform. Early in August, small groups of scholars emerged from virtual house arrest to celebrate the fall of the most feared autocrat in Stanford's 106-year history, President Donald Kennedy. Posterior to months of federal investigations into allegations of fraudulent billing practices, human rights violations, sexism, drug abuse within the faculty, early library closings, witchcraft, animal sacrifices, bigamy, abuses of local throw-away-bottle statutes, and an intolerable prevalence of typographical errors in the university's printed materials, President Donald Kennedy announced his resignation, effective in 1992. Said the erstwhile university strongman cryptically, "It is very difficult for . . . a person identified with a problem to be the spokesman for its solution." Meanwhile the charges continue. An investigator for the House Government Operations Committee reports that an unnamed engineer has testified that in 1989 he was fired from the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center for refusing to pad his estimates of earthquake damage so as to allow the university to overbill Washington for compensation. The days of the Kennedy junta thus draw to an end, and it is with quiet pride that *The American Spectator* observes that this is the seventh installment of "The Continuing Crisis" this year in which we have reported on President Kennedy's appalling behavior.

• In Seoul, South Korea, English-language purists got carried away when they heard a 19-year-old student practicing English at a subway station and beat him to death for his "disgusting" locutions, a useful reminder that our schools could use a dose of old-fashioned discipline. Late in the month it was reported that American students registered the lowest Scholastic Aptitude Test scores in language ever and the lowest math scores since 1984. By a vote of 69-30 the Senate elected to allow women to fly combat sorties, provided that they do so modestly, with minimal makeup, and never with their hair in pin curlers. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People expressed disapproval of Judge Clarence Thomas's nomination to the Supreme Court, and in northern India, at the Chandigarh Zoo's famed male hippopotamus bath, Raju and Bittu battered their 14-year-old father, Bholu, to death. Another turtle-smuggling ring has been broken up in Birmingham, Alabama, and the Pakistani cabinet voted to impose the death penalty on anyone guilty of cheekiness toward the Prophet Mohammed.

• A poll conducted by the Roper Organization reveals that one in five Americans favors reinstitution of Prohibition, and that the typical wine imbiber is a "well-educated Republican male." On the *belles lettres* front, Mr. Derek Humphry's *Final Exit* hit the top of the *New York Times* bestseller list of advice books during the first week in August. The book adumbrates dozens of excellent ways to effect one's own happy dispatch rather than face the 1992 presidential elections in America and the rise of Rotary in Russia. And there is more poignant news from the literati. In New York the famed literary set known as Beaux Arts was barred from holding what would have been its second seance at Manhattan's Brotherhood Synagogue with the late Miss Marilyn Monroe. Other egghead extravaganzas were more successful. Authoress Miss Tama Janowitz, whose works include the classic *A Cannibal in Manhattan* and some unmentionable graffiti in the ladies' room at the Royalton Hotel, hosted a literary Circle Line cruise around Manhattan to benefit a new charitable organization, POWARS (Pet Owners with AIDS Resource Service). All donations were to be made in the memory of Andy Trouble, a dog owned by Miss Janowitz's friend Miss Paige Powell until it assumed room temperature after eating a pair of Belgian slippers—possibly the first Belgian slippers to carry the AIDS virus and God knows what else.



• Security agents for the Israeli national airline, El Al, were sent back to the drawing board after a buxom beauty tore off her clothing on a flight from Berlin to Tel Aviv and began shouting in Hebrew, "Bring me Shamir." The woman, who was carrying an Argentine passport and a plastic bag with $30,000, was assumed to be referring to Israel's prime minister, Mr. Yitzhak Shamir; though, as he is 75 years old and she was soundly squiffed, she could have been intoning the Hebrew words for "Check, please!" Her accent was askew.

• The excesses of women's liberation are causing alarm in the Soviet Central Asian republic of Uzbekistan, where, according to the Uzbek newspaper *Narodnoye Slovo*, liberated women are taking their new-found freedoms to logical ends and committing suicide in such inordinate numbers that Uzbek wife-beaters are considering celibacy. The *Economist* reports that warfare has broken out in New York's Central Park between unlikely antagonists: indigenous homosexuals pursuing liaisons *al fresco* and bird watchers who have become concerned that sexually aroused poofters are frightening the birds. At least one desperate bird lover has begun sniping at suspected homosexuals. Yet violence availeth us not—for as the *Economist* reports, "Some homosexuals say they learnt the [park] was the place to meet like-minded friends from the publicity the shootings received."

• Multiculturalism spreads its obnubilations even into the respected spheres of science. In the August issue of the journal *Pediatrics* Dr. Lynn Staheli lauds shoelessness, and in a subsequent interview with the Reuter News Service the distinguished orthopedist goes on to aver that "studies of non-shoe-wearing populations in Africa and Asia conclude that people who do not wear shoes have healthier feet, fewer deformities,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and have greater mobility than people in shoe-wearing societies." Possibly Dr. Staheli has not heard of hookworm and stubbed toes. Controversy continues to entoil CBS's decision to yank—if you will pardon the expression—reruns of Mr. Pee-wee Herman's television show after Mr. Herman was arrested for publicly touching himself where he goes to the bathroom. CBS's action touched off —if you will, again, allow me—a Manhattan demonstration on behalf of the aptly named Mr. Pee-wee, drawing fans from all over the Big Apple, including veteran human rights activist Miss Marge Leeds, 67, whose eloquent placard read, "To masturbate is human. To spy in a dark theatre is fascist. I support Pee-wee Herman." There is a bumper sticker in all this.

• In Collinsville, Illinois, the spirit of liberty lives! There, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dawdy, the proprietors of that great city's Corner Deli, responded to the local health authoritarians' *diktat* that they install a second restroom for their 18-seat restaurant by placing a portapotty in their front window. In Gadsden, Alabama, Mr. Jerry McCloud, 33, whilst fleeing from a mob of law-and-order fanatics wishing to detain him for shoplifting, fell into an open manhole. A Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, woman, Miss Mary Vahec, 23, was killed when her car was hit by a flying manhole cover, and in Kewanee, Illinois, thanks to having drunk enough beer to "loosen" himself up at the instant of impact, Mr. Michael Runyon escaped certain death when his lawn mower stalled on a railroad track and was hit by a freight train. Mr. Runyon has been charged with drunken driving. He had been using his five-horsepower riding mower since his license was suspended five years ago.

• Senators Albert Gore and John D. Rockefeller IV withdrew their names from consideration for the Democrats' 1992 presidential nomination, and Mr. Edward Lee Treaster was arrested in Tempe, Arizona, for hitting his roommate in the face with a cat. The roommate was injured slightly, but the cat died. In consumer news, Sheik Yahya Sagish of Saudi Arabia was arrested in downtown Hyderabad, India, for purchasing a ten-year-old girl from a rickshaw driver. The irrepressible *Boston Herald* reported that 62 percent of the Massachusetts electorate thinks Senator Edward Kennedy should not run for reelection, despite all the enticingly bad luck that has befallen him. —*RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Novak's Buchanan

Contrary to what Robert Novak writes in defense of Patrick Buchanan (Special Correspondence, *TAS*, August 1991), anti-Semitism is not a matter of character or motives, but of behavior. In the case of a journalist like Buchanan, the question of anti-Semitism comes down to the meaning of the words he has written and spoken. We do not need to peer into his soul or even to know him personally, as Novak suggests. We must simply be willing to listen to what he tells us. And what Buchanan has been telling us recently is quite clearly a variation on an old anti-Semitic theme.

That theme is that the Jews are an alien people living among us who have somehow gotten control of the most important institutions of our society and are using that control to further their own nefarious purposes. The current version of this slander is based on several unstated but nevertheless evident assumptions: that American Jews' support of Israel is a sign of disloyalty to the U.S.; that because such support is illegitimate, American Jews have no right to press Israel's case; and that, unlike other interest groups, American Jews wield some secret power which enables them to manipulate the U.S. government into supporting Israel at the expense of America's real interests in the Middle East.

It is this reasoning that animates such typical Buchananisms as dubbing Congress "Israeli-occupied territory." Although Buchanan's apologists are often pleased to refer to such statements as examples of his brawling polemical style, the fact is that they are unmistakable invocations of traditional anti-Semitic ideas. To deny that this is the case, as Robert Novak does with some vehemence, serves only to help make such ideas more respectable.

It may be that Robert Novak, like so many other commentators these days, no longer really knows what anti-Semitism is. It may be that he does not wish to know. It may be that he knows all too well. Whatever the case, it is clear that neither he nor Buchanan speaks for the vast majority of Americans, who continue to admire and support the sole, and still beleaguered, democracy in the Middle East.

—Steve Munson
Washington, D.C.

Re: the continuing fracas over Pat Buchanan. Bob Tyrrell has it right and Bob Novak's got it wrong. David Frum did everybody who *is* in the mainstream a favor by taking Pat Buchanan to the sidelines where he belongs in all his splendidly confused isolationism. Now that that necessary deed's been done and it's clear that Buchanan is no spokesman for anything that could conceivably call itself mainstream, we can all get on with the agenda. If Buchanan wants to join the movement, then Tyrrell's given him a generous invitation.

But one more comment: Novak needs to be told that when more-than-faintly-fascist ideas are penned by people claiming to be conservatives, and moreover, to speak for conservatives, then a strong response is not only appropriate but morally compelled. Such a response does two things: first, it demarcates the terrain of decency and civility that mark the high ground from which Buchanan appears to have decamped; second, it puts the intellectually honest on notice that to present people like Buchanan as "mainstream conservatives" is to lie.

—Elizabeth B. Lurie
President
W. H. Brady Foundation, Inc.
Maggie Valley, North Carolina

The Business of State

I write concerning statements about me made by David Brock in his article entitled "Not Losing at All Cost: Smooth Jim Baker's Rocky Reign at State," in the August 1991 issue of *The American Spectator.*

Mr. Brock refers in his article to testimony by Secretary of State Baker before a December 6, 1990 hearing of the Committee on Foreign Affairs and to my questioning of Secretary Baker during that hearing. Unfortunately, Mr. Brock did not contact me about the hearing, and it is evident from what he wrote that he did not check the transcript of the hearing.

I have two comments with respect to the article. First, Mr. Brock made two factual mistakes. I did not "badger" or criticize the Secretary. In fact, I praised him for being available to meet with Members and for being generous with his time. I also did not ask the Secretary to appear before the subcommittee I chair. I asked him to allow other ranking officials in the Department of State to appear before my subcommittee to answer questions regarding the situation in the Persian Gulf. I made this request precisely because I understood that the Secretary's time was so precious.

The curious situation Members of Congress faced during the war was that we had hundreds of questions, many prompted by our constituents, but only three or four very high ranking officials (essentially Secretary Baker, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs Powell, and Secretary Cheney) who were allowed to testify, and of course, they had heavy demands on their time.

Second, Mr. Brock criticizes me for leaving the room after my questioning and not staying to hear other Members of the committee question Secretary Baker. This is a classic political charge made against Members of Congress. Usually faced with the dilemma of needing to be in two or more places at the same time, Members must try to straddle meetings. I understand this criticism, but it is a criticism that can be made of any Member of Congress at any time.

—Lee H. Hamilton, Chairman
Subcommittee on Europe
and the Middle East
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

David Brock replies:

The hearing transcript has not yet been printed, but I accept Rep. Hamilton's correction regarding his request to Secretary Baker. Hamilton does, however, confirm the central point of the anecdote: that he spent his time for questions asking for more information from the administration, then left for the day. Hamilton leaves me curious as to what could have been more important to his duties as a legislator that day than the Gulf crisis.

Brock Solid

David Brock's cover story on Jim Baker (*TAS*, August 1991) is the most convincing proof yet that not only does conservative journalism exist today, but it can be, if properly done, the nation's most vital form of reporting and analysis.

Over the past three years an army of State Department correspondents and dozens of famous columnists have been unable to unearth even a tiny portion of the compelling story Brock was able to ferret out. Then consider, too, that for the first time someone can actually make sense out of the jumble of calamities that have hit American foreign policy on Baker's watch.—*R. S. England*
Arlington, Virginia

David Brock names Thomas Friedman of the *New York Times* as one of the Washington-based journalists who are "apparently happy to have Baker dictate their stories for them." . . . Friedman's sycophantic relationship with Baker is entirely consistent with his self-declared career aspirations. While a student at

(continued on page 47)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

COMPANY MAN

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Communism's East European police states collapsed almost two years ago. So did Americans' fear of awakening on the morrow to nuclear holocaust, though the Ban-the-Bomb hysterics still maintain their offices and their delusions as though the Cuban missile crisis were still upon us. Actually, however, East-West confrontation is over.

And here in our nation's capital, how are the locals observing this hitherto unanticipated state of affairs? Read the lead stories in the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*. The members of the institutionalized left, who dominate our culture and Capitol Hill, have renewed their ardor to investigate the Central Intelligence Agency, one of the West's premier instruments in winning the Cold War peacefully.

Now this is quite odd. I believe it is not inaccurate to say that, almost two years after the collapse of Eastern Europe's Communist police states, there is more interest among American liberals in investigating the Central Intelligence Agency than there is among recently liberated East Europeans in investigating their moribund secret services. Churchill's maxim at the end of World War II was "In victory, magnanimity." At the end of the Cold War our institutionalized left has revised that maxim to read "In victory, paranoia," and so they go on harassing those whom the American people charged with conducting the Cold War. They even want to prevent one of the Republic's best-educated, most far-sighted career intelligence officers from returning to head the Central Intelligence Agency, where he was deputy director during the 1980s, when our government put the final touches on a prudent and fruitful foreign policy strategy that for four decades successfully avoided World War III.

Of course, I have in mind Robert Gates, the President's deputy assistant for national security affairs. The President has designated him to return to head the CIA, where in the 1980s he served as Bill Casey's deputy director after Casey reviewed the performance of thousands of intelligence agents and snatched Gates up. Gates's background was in analysis, particularly Soviet analysis, and under Casey he served brilliantly.

Yet now Washington's pecksniffs want to tar him with a scandal they have not been able to tar him with for years, Iran-contra, and deny the Republic the benefit of his acuity, as though the Republic abounds with men of Gates's talent. One of the many delusions these pests live under is the notion that there is always an abundance of gifted personnel to fill any post. Tell it to Lincoln, whose armies were defeated for three years before the President found his general. Or tell it to Yankee manager Stump Merrill, who is in grievous need of that one Whitey Ford. Or tell an audience accustomed to the arias of Pavarotti that any bellower will do.

During the 1980s, the Central Intelligence Agency provided the American government with the right intelligence

and insight to pursue a winning foreign policy. I well remember the 1983 furor from the institutionalized left when the headlines roared with leaked reports that Herbert Meyer, vice chairman of the CIA's National Intelligence Council, had gathered the intelligence that, if pushed by an American buildup, the fragile Soviet economy would buckle. The CIA was right.

Then there were the five anti-Communist insurgencies that bled Soviet strength and wobbled Soviet confidence. Communist ideology counseled Moscow's faithful that anti-Communist insurgency was an impossibility. Yet in the 1980s our CIA supplied anti-Communist insurgencies in Afghanistan, Angola, Ethiopia, Mozambique, and Nicaragua, giving the Soviets a large dose of self-doubt. When the Reagan Administration proceeded with its Strategic Defense Initiative, the Soviets recognized it was the beginning of the end. Hoping to delay the technologically superior Americans from entering this field, the Soviets warned that SDI would destabilize the Cold War balance. But the CIA accurately reported that Moscow had an SDI program of its own ten times the size of that proposed by Ronald Reagan.

The 1980s proved to be too arduous for the jerry-built Soviet Union. Then democracy movements and ethnic movements made the Soviet leadership return home. What I would like to know is how so much information about capitalism and democracy penetrated the Soviets' totalitarian state in the 1980s. Now *there* is something for inquisitive senators to ask Gates about when they grill him before their Senate Intelligence Committee on September 16. Then let them applaud him and his colleagues at the CIA for a job well done. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

SMALL MINDS

To repeat, as repeat we must every time the nation's students set a new low on their Scholastic Aptitude Tests, if intellect is not cultivated by American adults, why should we expect it to be cultivated by American youth? The dismal results of this year's SATs are being explained by youth's immersion in a proliferating array of low-brow entertainments, from TV to videos. All right, but how about noting the impostors in our educational establishments who drag in their bogus studies of ethnic bibble-babble, their obsessions with "sexuality," gender indoctrination, and all the other preposterous considerations that they have heaved onto education's agenda to the exclusion of learning?

The fact is that America's schools—and universities—are not very pleasant places, and they are as intellectually stimulating as a bout with the flu. Intellect is not admired in America. Why should our youth aspire to it? Even the quality of mind displayed by America's intellectual classes is low—at least that displayed by America's non-scientific intellectual classes.

The typical American intellectual is a plodder, a conformist, and frequently an ignoramus. Not only that—there is something distinctly infantile about the typical intellectual's habit of mind. It is curious that a nation with a tradition of rugged individualism should have almost no individuality manifest among its eggheads—unless one confuses their conformity to a childish, petulant left-wingery with individuality. Yet show me the left-wing egghead who braves personal privation for his left-wing views, or show me one who mixes left-wing views with sparkles of conservative nonconformity. There is probably more boldness of thought displayed by Russian Communists today than in the grim purlieus of the American intelligentsia.

The whole world is changing. Left-wing totalitarianisms are cracking up with a precipitance never envisaged even by American anti-Communists, who doughtily resisted Soviet Communism through the 1920s, the 1930s, and through four decades of Cold War and international reproach. Still, rather than celebrate or speculate on the historic possibilities ahead, America's plodding, infantile intellectuals settle for advancing their amazingly parochial prejudices.

Syndicated columnist Anthony Lewis, an omnium gatherum of left-wing pettiness, one week after the failed Soviet coup, devotes an entire column to unfavorably comparing the Reagan and Bush Administrations to the fine public

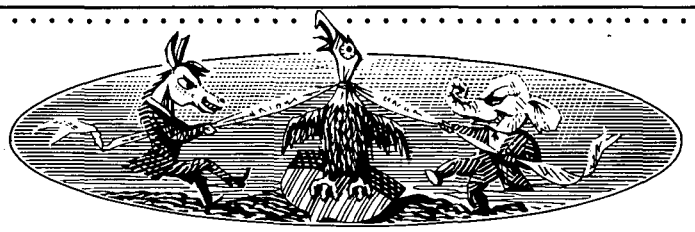
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentiments of Soviet anti-coup leaders, most of whom were active Communists during the long years when Ronald Reagan and George Bush steadfastly opposed Communism. At a time when we might be noting the selflessness and occasional heroism of anti-Communists —both liberal and conservative—Lewis doubts America's fidelity to its democratic values and reiterates his recent list of alleged constitutional infractions by conservatives, all of which he exaggerates and most of which took place in pursuit of the Reagan-Bush policy of opposing Communism. How far would reform have gotten in the Soviet Union had American capitalism and anti-Communism failed? Ask Boris Yeltsin.

It is not that magnanimity from the intelligentsia is impossible. On the very morning when Lewis was disingenuously associating American conservatives with the Soviet coup's Stalinist hardliners and arrogating to his fellow lefties the Soviet reformers' finer values, the independent-minded editorialists at the *Wall Street Journal* published a testimonial to "Those Who Served," "the enemies of communism [who] have been grinding away at its foundations for nearly a century." And the editorial is scrupulous to commend not only fellow conservative anti-Communists but also liberal anti-Communists such as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and the late labor leader George Meany.

But Lewis's pettiness is more typical of the American intelligentsia. It extends even to the more sensible sort, such as Meg Greenfield, who in her *Newsweek* column belittles the American people for not appreciating the humanity of ordinary Russians, treating them as members of an "undifferentiated, morally improbable blob." Owing to the exigencies of the Cold War, "we have greatly underappreciated the fact that [the Soviet Union] was—is—a place of people, not just bombs. . . ." That is how the typical American intellectual appraises the Americans who sacrificed for Soviet Jewry, welcomed such dissidents as Solzhenitsyn, and for decades paid the bills to resist Soviet totalitarianism. As I say, intellect is not much admired here, even by intellectuals. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



EXODUS

by Tom Bethell

Bret Lutz was getting ready to go jogging in the Tenderloin, south of Market Street in San Francisco. You could see the Bay Bridge from his window. First he opened his Bible and read a passage from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans:

> For this reason, God gave them over to degrading passions; for their women exchanged the natural function for that which is unnatural; and in the same way the men abandoned the natural function of the woman and burned in their desire toward one another, men with men committing indecent acts, and receiving in their own persons the due penalty of their error.

Bret grew up in Davenport, Iowa. He arrived in San Francisco in 1987, when he was 24. He was "kind of seduced" at the age of 12 by a family friend when camping, and since then has had homosexual encounters with literally hundreds of men. In 1988 he found out that he was HIV-positive—the big crisis in his life. But when he read the passage from St. Paul, what crossed his mind was not so much the "penalty" as the "error": the thought that God does allow us to act freely, does respect our free will, but that often we make incorrect choices.

Growing up, he had almost no exposure to religion. His family went to church for weddings and funerals; all he knew about Jesus was what he saw on television. No religion at all in public school, or the University of Iowa, which he attended for three years. Nonetheless, he became a Christian in 1981. A few years later, he told a Bible study group in Iowa about his struggles with homosexuality. They were shocked by what he told them—they were afraid of being "contaminated," he says, and they asked him to leave the group. At that point he became very rebellious and angry at the Christian community and soon after moved to San Francisco.

He found a job working as a secretary for a law firm and he circulated within the gay community. He felt he had no choice—it was a sanctuary and everyone accepted him. Maybe God had meant him to be gay. So he resigned himself to the lifestyle. But still, he could not find Gay Nirvana in the Gay Mecca. There was a lot of drinking and drugs, as well as sex. "Then—maybe it was the inner voice of God," he told me. "It struck me, men and men aren't supposed to have sex together. We're not designed that way. And it doesn't fulfill my desire to be more masculine or to be loved or accepted. It's just an empty act."

So once again he got in touch with Christian groups—ministries loosely affiliated with Exodus, which seeks to "communicate the message of liberation from homosexuality through repentance and faith in Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord," to quote from the masthead of its publication, *Exodus Standard*. In 1988, a friend referred Bret to Calvary Chapel in San Francisco, where they helped Christians who "wanted to leave the gay lifestyle." There was group counseling, therapy to examine the roots of homosexuality, prayer, worship, references to Biblical authority, and so on. "Calvary accepted me without judgment," Bret says. "So now I can help other people." In San Francisco, he says, he has found a "peace and stability" that he couldn't find in Iowa.

Homosexuality is a "maladaptive coping mechanism," Bret says. Like others in his position, he is given to psychological discourse and analysis of parental sex roles. Homosexuals are made, not born, he is convinced. "It seems like you're born with it because it can start so young." Anyway, now he is "recovering" and "learning" heterosexuality—like learning a new language. And he is making an experimental movie about the "gay and Christian communities," and traits they have in common.

"I'm leaving the gay lifestyle but not rejecting my many friends who are gay. But I have also chosen not to engage in sex with men." This has been difficult, because he had become "massively addicted." He keeps a log of his temptations—it's part of the therapy. Homosexuality is one thing and sexual addiction another, he says, "but in combination they can be very powerful."

"Sexual addiction is an area we are hearing more and more about," says Bob Davies, editor of the *Exodus Standard* and executive director of Exodus International, in San Rafael, California. "Many homosexual men have developed such an appetite that it's very difficult for them to stop, even though they desperately wish they could, even though they know it can kill them." The San Francisco papers report rising rates of HIV infection among younger gays. Safe-sex slogans and condom promotion add their own encouragement, of course.

Davies says that homosexuality was something he had to deal with in his own life. Now he has been married for six years. Interest in Exodus and related Christian ministries is rising. He receives several hundred inquiries a month; 550 people participated in their latest conference, in Toronto. But homosexuality itself is also increasing, he believes, since it is correlated with (increasing) family breakdown. "We don't believe it's inborn or genetic," he says. He calls it an emotional disorder that finds "unnatural" expression.

Also rising is the antagonism of gay activists to the suggestion that homosexuality can be reversed. Exodus and affiliates have received bomb threats and had their tires slashed. Obscene phone calls are routine. If there's any press coverage of their meetings, it will almost certainly ignore Exodus and describe a disruptive invasion by ACT-UP or some other group. "I can't tell you the number of interviews that I've done that have never appeared in print," says Davies. *Time* interviewed him at length, but nothing appeared in the magazine.

Ever since the American Psychiatric Association reversed itself in 1973 and ceased to classify homosexuality as a mental illness, it has been dogma among the major media that homosex-

---

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent and a media fellow at the Hoover Institution.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uality calls for deferential, even outright favorable, coverage. Since then, homosexuals have been accorded victim status and accusation privileges. In urging the psychiatric association to reverse itself, Dr. J. Marmor, a high-ranking official of the APA, said that calling homosexuality disordered was a "misuse of psychiatry" with detrimental "social consequences" for its practitioners. The National Gay Task Force hailed this subordination of science to politics as the "greatest gay victory." Are they celebrating in the AIDS wards, one wonders? How much subsequent homosexual practice was encouraged by this medical misguidance?

At the time of the Democratic National Convention in 1984, the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, a group of homosexuals dressed as nuns, conducted demonstrations against normal society and family life, which they characterized as bigoted and homophobic. One of their leaders was Jack Fertig, known as "Sister Boom Boom." By the time of the Pope's visit to San Francisco in 1987, however, Fertig had renounced drugs, alcohol, and "the sisters," whom he called "a bunch of drunken party queens." (Many of them have since died of AIDS.) He was by then interested in the cult of *santería*, which, he said, symbolized his "pagan background" and his "Christian search."

I phoned him in August. He too lives in the Tenderloin. No, he said, he didn't really want to be interviewed. He was making a living, if barely, writing articles about astrology. His mother's background was Catholic, his father's Jewish. He is a Christian, he said, and he attends an "Anglo-Catholic" church in San Francisco. His thoughts about the Catholic Church? "Which Catholic Church?" The Roman. "Very mixed feelings." He could write a book on that. He recommended that I talk to the people at Dignity (pro-gay Catholics), or "the many gay parishioners at Most Holy Redeemer Church," in the Castro district. The government was still "obstructing" the search for an AIDS cure, he thought. His own health was fine, but he wouldn't say whether he had taken the HIV test. He broke free from defensive maneuvers and spread his wings a little when I mentioned the Pope: "There's something ludicrous about a middle-aged ex-actor in a long white gown, a bejewelled ring, and a big gold hat who accepts condemnation of homosexuality."

Jim Johnson doesn't like the term "ex-gay," calling himself "a homosexually oriented man who has repudiated the lifestyle." He says: "The word 'gay' is used by militant homosexuals to indoctrinate our culture into believing that there is a subculture that doesn't really exist. It's actually a group of deviations." Johnson, 43, is a pastoral assistant to Courage, an organization founded in 1980 by Father John Harvey at the request of the late Cardinal Cooke of New York, and headquartered at St. Michael's Rectory, New York City. Today, Courage helps homosexuals in fifteen North American dioceses "to live chaste lives in accordance with the Roman Catholic church's teaching on homosexuality," and "to live lives that may serve as good examples to other homosexuals." It's fair to say that Courage and its message have been completely overlooked by the news media.

In 1987, Johnson received lots of favorable publicity when he opened a hospice for people with AIDS in Long Beach, California. There were TV crews galore and a lengthy article in the *Los Angeles Times*. *People* magazine described him as looking "a bit like Tom Selleck—big, fit, muscular, mustachioed." For a while, however, very few seemed to grasp that Johnson had embraced chastity and abstinence. Meanwhile, he became uncomfortably well informed, at first hand, about the sexual proclivities of various ecclesiastical folk. When the pro-gay Dignity people found out, they went to the media with negative reports on the turncoat. Johnson's

GOD AND THE INTELLECTUALS

Among the well-educated the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dimwitted, unlettered, and irrational, that the price of salvation is checking your mind at the Pearly Gates. Yet, from Harvard to Berkeley, and among inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely the result of the failure of secular substitutes for religion (such as positivism, rationalism, hedonism, consumerism, technological utopianism, Freudianism, and Marxism) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: evil, goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

Contrary to stereotypes, this religious renaissance does not imply a retreat from working for peace, justice, and human dignity; nor does it signify a hostility to science, only an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with the sacred. Among other things, we scrutinize the religious dimensions of the great events and issues of the past and present, and probe the wisdom offered not only by the Bible and Church fathers, but also by such giants as St. Francis, Aquinas, Dante, Kierkegaard, Newman, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Niebuhr, Gandhi, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Merton, Schumacher, Thomas More, Dorothy Day, C.S. Lewis, Martin Luther King, Flannery O'Connor, Mother Teresa, and Archbishops Romero and Tutu.

An ecumenical monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively," by the *Los Angeles Times* as "influential," by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky," by *Utne Reader* as "surprisingly original," by *Library Journal* as "brilliant," and by Christopher Derrick, England's foremost Catholic apologist, as "by far the best Catholic magazine in the English-speaking world."

We publish Protestants, Catholics, Anglicans, Eastern Orthodox, Jews, and an occasional nonbeliever. Writers who've appeared in our pages include such diversely penetrating intellects as Robert Bellah, Christopher Lasch, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Daniel Bell, Robert Coles, Irving Howe, Walker Percy, Norman Lear, John Lukacs, J.M. Cameron, Henri Nouwen, Avery Dulles, Gordon Zahn, Will Campbell, Stanley Hauerwas, Richard Mouw, and Sheldon Vanauken. We bat around a wide variety of issues and defy easy ideological pigeonholing. We'll keep you on your toes!

Whether or not you're a Catholic, if you yearn for a sane, intelligent, and nonglitzy explor-

ation of the religious dimensions of our lives and our world, we invite you to get to know us.

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription. . . . . .$14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription . . . . . .$12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription . . . . .$23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year Canadian or foreign subscription . . . . US$17 (regularly $22) Payment must be drawn in US Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy. $3.50

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 52
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hospice was found to be in violation of various health and safety codes. "When they found out I had changed my lifestyle they considered me a traitor," Johnson says. Today he travels about, advocating chastity to various groups. Gay activists, Queer Nation, and ACT-UP show up to harass him if they can find out where he is; if not, they content themselves with threats and obscene phone calls.

Frontiers, a homosexual publication, recently published a four-page article attacking "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Johnson." Here is a sample quote from Johnson, cited in the article, showing why gay groups don't like him:

> The AIDS crisis, instead of hurting their cause, has given [homosexuals] millions of federal, state, and local taxpayer dollars. Homosexuals now have the power to go into our schools and under the pretense of AIDS education present homosexuality as a normal, healthy alternative lifestyle to our children. They are being put in charge of AIDS commissions, again using their position not to stop AIDS but to promote their anti-family, pro-homosexual agenda.

Johnson was molested by a neighbor at the age of five and later had many homosexual encounters. In the course of several conversations, he told me a number of shocking stories. Here is one of the nicer ones. He went to see Archbishop John Quinn of San Francisco, hoping to start a Courage chapter there. "He's a good man," says Johnson. "My heart bled for him. But he's a captive prince. He was very sympathetic, gave me 45 minutes of his time. Then he said: 'There's people downstairs that I have to deal with.' He asked me to put it in writing. I did, but I never heard from him again. He's held captive by the people who run that building."

Recently, the *New York Times* reported that, "challenged by a gay rights group and the United Way in the San Francisco Bay Area to end its practice of banning homosexuals, the Boy Scouts of America agreed to develop a youth program that will allow gay members, atheists and girls." A United Way vice president, John Stafford, was quoted as saying: "This is a sign that the Boy Scouts are not absolutely steadfast in hewing to their old line." But the capitulation still didn't go far enough to please the United Way, apparently. In Florida, United Way has funded a public service phone message "counseling" teenagers that "sexual orientation is not a choice, it's a given."

"That's shameful," Johnson says of the Boy Scout decision. "They didn't have to compromise their principles. I don't know many homosexuals that I would trust in those close encounters with boys or young men. Including myself." Johnson avoids "one-on-one counseling," knowing how many "transgressions" there have been in such situations. The only way to resist the temptation is to stay away from it. He is concerned that, in both the Boy Scouts and the U.S. military, innocent but naive young men could be "focused into the lifestyle" by coming into contact with non-innocent, predatory gay men. "Predatory" is a word he uses reluctantly, but he feels it can't be avoided. Precisely because it is learned rather than inborn, homosexuality can be spread by proselytizers masquerading as educators, using pornographic material masquerading as graphic. Impressionable young men can be recruited by exposure to the disorder.

Johnson's message is that homosexuality is sometimes contagious, always dangerous, but also curable. "Disengaging from the lifestyle is possible, and highly healthy for the spiritual and psychological life of the person striving in that direction." (He recommends Dr. Joseph Nicolosi's new book *Reparative Therapy of Male Homosexuality*.) It is "difficult to overcome" such addictive behavior, he says, but with professional help, chastity, and "a spiritual base" it can be done. "Discipline, and God, will attain the rest." □

Jacques Chirac, Steffi Graf, and Federico Fellini would like to have a word with you.

In French. In German. And in Italian.

Now that you know the basics of a foreign language, join the thousands of business leaders, educators, professionals, and diplomats who are improving their language fluency and having fun with *Champs-Elysées*®, *Schau ins Land*®, and *Acquerello italiano*®.

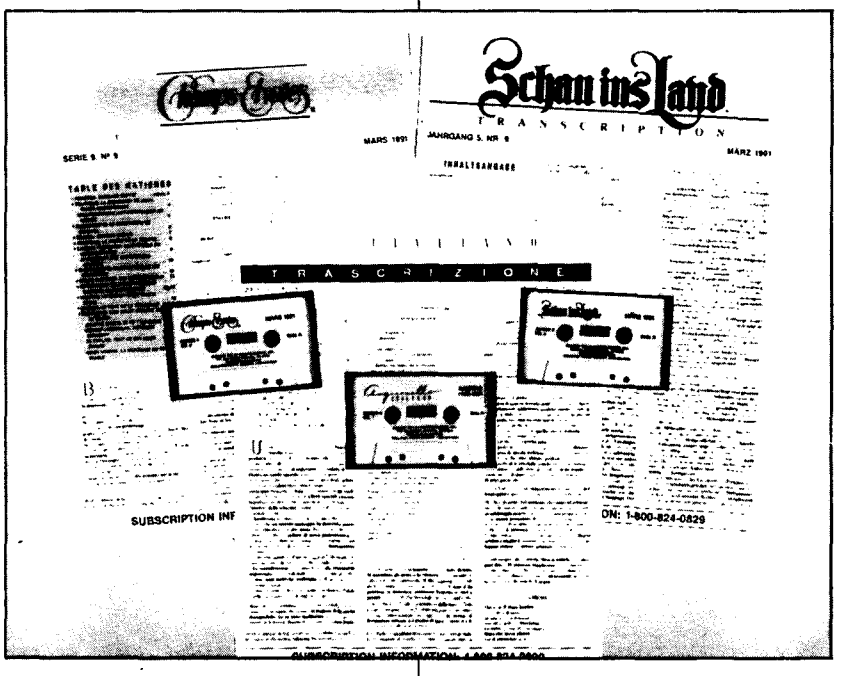
In lively monthly editions, you'll meet famous chefs, fashion designers, Nobel laureates, actors and entertainers, even heads of state and royalty. You'll join in the fun at traditional festivals and celebrations, visit interesting towns and out-of-the-way places, and get a European perspective on the news.

Listen at home, while jogging, or on the way to work. You'll be amazed how quickly your language skills improve.

Champs-Elysées® FRANCE

La France en cassettes!
Whether it's monitoring the changing fortunes of France's political factions or counting calories with pastry chef Gaston Lenôtre, top-rated French radio and television personality Georges Lang serves up programs that are upbeat and endlessly fascinating.

—I've subscribed as a means of brushing up on my French prior to travel, and I've found Champs-Elysées *to be absolutely invaluable—I only wish I'd had something like this while I was in school!*
A.M., Reno, Nevada



You'll even hear some of today's best European music—pop, jazz, and old favorites.

Each 60-minute edition comes on an audiocassette, accompanied by a word-for-word transcription of all the spoken segments and song lyrics. To help you learn as you listen, difficult words and phrases are highlighted in bold in the text and explained in a vocabulary section prepared by expert linguists.

GERMANY · DEUTSCHLAND · Schau ins Land®

Deutsch aktuell aus erster hand!
With reunification now complete, Germany must deal with numerous domestic issues, as well as the challenges of European integration. Join Axel Fitzke and his team of correspondents as they provide continuing, first-hand accounts of the events shaping German-speaking Europe.

—[Schau ins Land] *is proving to be the perfect way to maintain and improve my German skills. The way you choose different contributors is excellent. Some of the dialect is really challenging, but that's great.*
R.L., Evergreen, Colorado

Acquerello ITALIANO · ITALY ·

Un ritratto dell'Italia moderna.
Host Luca Liguori is one of Italy's most respected broadcast journalists. In quarterly programs that feature interviews with Italian trendsetters and newsmakers, he introduces you to all the style and *brio* of contemporary Italy.

—You've done it again! Acquerello italiano *is excellent! If I could afford it, I would get a lifetime subscription to all of your language series.*
M.G., Washington, D.C.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
All three audiomagazines and study supplements come with a money-back guarantee. Take 30 days to examine your first issue. If you're not completely satisfied with it, call for a full refund.

FOR FASTER SERVICE, ORDER BY CREDIT CARD
1-800-824-0829
(VISA AND MASTERCARD ACCEPTED)

© Champs-Elysées, Inc. • 2000 Glen Echo Road, Suite 205 • Nashville, TN 37215

Send check or money order to Champs-Elysées, Inc.
Dept. X11 • Box 158067 • Nashville, TN 37215-8067

PLEASE RUSH ME MY FIRST EDITION OF

☐ *Champs-Elysées* (French)
☐ *Schau ins Land* (German)
☐ 5 monthly editions ($69) ☐ 11 monthly editions ($118)
☐ Study supplement ($20) ☐ Study supplement ($44)

Acquerello italiano (Italian)
☐ 4 quarterly editions ($58)
☐ Study supplement ($20)

Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State / ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fred Barnes

OFF TO THE RACES

The Democrats love to play racial politics, and they've come up with some ingenious—if uncandid—reasons for George Bush to go along with them.

Give the Congressional Black Caucus credit for candor. When eighteen of its twenty-six members (all Democrats except for Gary Franks of Connecticut) met with President Bush in the White House on June 25, they urged him to stop using the one word that drives them crazy. That word is quota. Maxine Waters of California and Eleanor Holmes Norton, the non-voting delegate from Washington, D.C., pressed the point aggressively. Afterwards Norton claimed victory. "We asked the President essentially for a cease-fire, a negotiated settlement, a cease-fire in the war of words that we think stood in the way of getting the Civil Rights Act of 1991. We believe we have a commitment from the President for a cease-fire in the war of words."

Not quite. Bush didn't do a lot of talking, and he made no commitment. He left it to then-Attorney General Richard Thornburgh to explain what the administration specifically doesn't like about the Civil Rights Act. Thornburgh cited the provision of the bill that would all but force employers to hire blacks and other minorities in the same proportion they constitute in the local job pool. There's a name for that sort of hiring practice—quota. Bush did have one stern piece of advice: "If you don't like it being called a quota bill, change the bill."

That they won't do. Both the Black Caucus and the white Democratic leadership in Congress are tied to the bill for reasons of ideology, liberal guilt, and obeisance to the civil rights lobby, the most powerful of the Democratic special interest groups. So they've adopted a strategy of trying to persuade, shame, or frighten Bush into giving up the fight against affirmative action. What's in it for Bush? For one thing, a halt in accusations by liberals and the media that he's anti-civil rights, an enemy of racial progress, a rouser of bigots like David Duke. This threat may not sound like much to Jesse Helms, but to Bush, with his keenly felt idea of himself as the friend of blacks, it's a lot.

Democrats have much to gain if Bush is muzzled. The Civil Rights Act is a loser for them. They'll suffer politically even if the bill passes. It's widely and accurately perceived by whites as a quota bill. As such, it's a wedge issue, pulling lower-middle-class and suburban whites from the liberal coalition that elects Democratic Presidents and pushing them into the cross-class conservative coalition that elects Republicans. Democratic pollsters have found that white voters care enormously about affirmative action and quotas, and that the percentage in favor is close to zero. But if Bush doesn't raise the issue in his 1992 campaign, it won't be part of the election dialogue. Democrats certainly aren't going to bring it up. Nor will the press. Bush would spare himself attacks, but the GOP would pay a price.

The significance of the quota issue is reinforced by two new books on race and politics: *Chain Reaction: The Impact of Race, Rights, and Taxes on American Politics*,[1] by Thomas Byrne Edsall of the *Washington Post* (with Mary D. Edsall), and *Minority Party: Why Democrats Face Defeat in 1992 and Beyond*,[2] by Peter Brown of the Scripps Howard News Service. From somewhat different ideological angles (Edsall is a liberal and Brown a moderate, as best I can tell), they come to the same conclusion: that race and race-related issues (quotas, busing, crime, welfare, illegitimacy, the rights revolution) spurred, or helped to spur, the political realignment that has produced five Republican victories in the last six presidential elections. And they agree that the realignment continues, as it will indefinitely if Republicans continue to receive new opportunities to exploit antipathy to racial quotas in hiring and promotions.

Edsall says he's given up the notion "that the decline of liberalism was . . . simply the result of well-financed conservative elites dominating the political process." Instead he spots "the beginnings of what amounted to a racial realignment of the two parties" in 1964. The Goldwater campaign demonstrated that the GOP could "appeal to whites opposed to racial integration" without being racist. And the race issue "could be used to break the economic class base of the New Deal Coalition among white voters, forcing an ideological shift to the right among a group once deeply committed to the redistributive and progressive agenda of the New Deal." I think Edsall overstates the racial aspect of the realignment, but to his credit he doesn't throw the word "racist" around loosely. He says that Republicans became racial conservatives, Democrats racial liberals, and that the GOP benefited greatly from the contrast. Liberal Democrats made matters worse for themselves by refusing to take the concerns of whites seriously on "race-freighted" issues.

Brown is even tougher on Democrats. He writes that Democrats follow the "ostrich theory of politics" when confronted with evidence that race-tinged issues are driving away white voters. They ignore the problem. They fear that "public discussion would legitimize white disenchantment" with blacks, disenchantment that Democratic leaders see as white racism. Middle-class whites believe their views aren't racist, but merely realistic, based on their own encounters with crime, welfare, etc. Whites haven't had much trouble figuring out that Democrats care more about blacks and the poor than about them. "Democrats refused to deal with the whites' deepest frustrations and the Republicans grew adept at responding to them," Brown writes. The result is the transformation of places like Macomb County, Michigan, a working-class Detroit suburb. In 1960 it was, Brown says, "the most Democratic suburban county in America." In 1988, Bush won two-thirds of Macomb's votes.

The trend described by Edsall and Brown provides the backdrop for the

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

[1]W. W. Norton. 416 pp. $22.95.

[2]Regnery Gateway. 352 pp. $21.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struggle between Bush and Democrats on the Civil Rights Act and race. The stakes are high. Democrats are desperate to silence Bush and make the quota issue disappear. They've come up with some ingenious arguments why Bush should go along:

• *Bush is a racist.* Few say so explicitly, but when they throw his name in with David Duke's, the implication is clear. Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey, in a speech on July 10 brimming with synthetic anger, said he "can't accept" the tactic of inflaming the working-class with racial animosity to win an election, then using one's political power to boost the rich, not average folks. "The irony is that most of the people who voted for George Wallace or David Duke or George Bush because of race haven't benefited economically from the last decade," Bradley said. (This is patent nonsense, as Bradley well knows.) House Majority Leader Richard Gephardt, in a speech last December, included Bush among Republican right-wingers who "are following a new trail of racial resentment and recrimination blazed by David Duke, then trod [sic] successfully by Jesse Helms, and now given a tarnished patina of intellectual respectability by William Bennett."

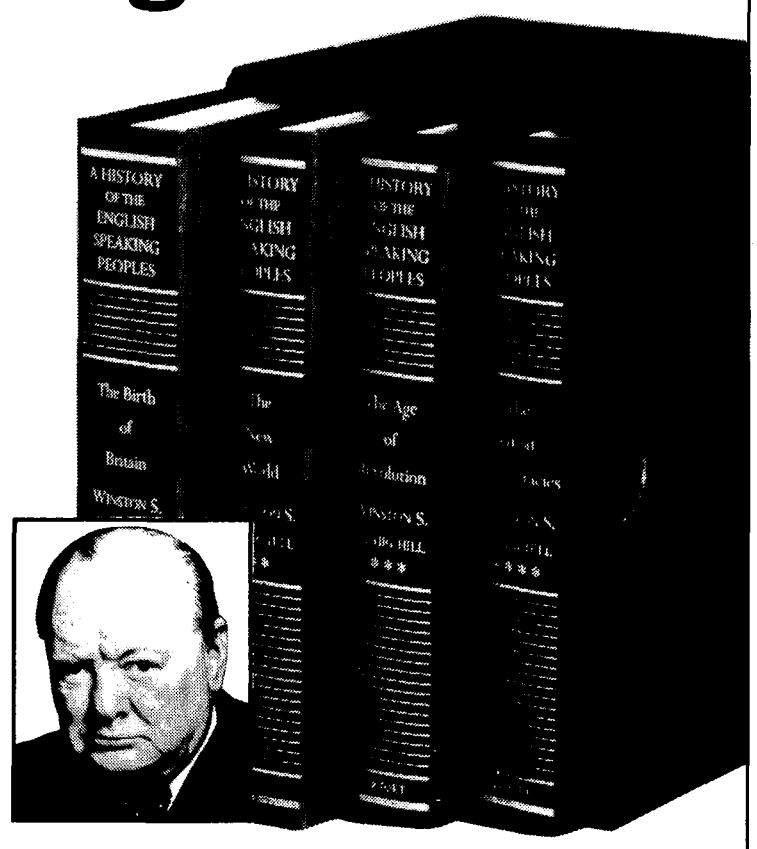
• *Bush is a traitor to his class.* Bradley is clever at appealing to Bush's blue blood. He seeks to shame Bush into believing that his high-toned claims about loathing racial discrimination are hollow. So he'd better cave on the Civil Rights Act to restore his aristocratic honor. "Mr. President, tell us how you have worked through the issue of race in your own life," Bradley said. "Tell us more about how you grappled with the moral imperatives embodied in race relations and how you clarified the moral ambiguities that necessarily are a part of the attitude of every American who has given it any thought—any thought at all." It's hard to imagine anyone falling for such stuff, but that didn't stop Bradley. "Do you believe ignoring the division between the races will heal it? If you truly want it healed, why don't you spend some of your political capital represented by your 70-percent approval ratings and try to move our glacial collective humanity one inch forward." By the way, I assume the phrase "glacial collective humanity" is Bradley's, since he told Morton Kondracke that he wrote the speech himself over seven hours one Saturday afternoon. He explained that he'd decided to "speak out about things I feel," not just things he knows.

• *Bush is hiding something.* Senator Al Gore of Tennessee is hot on Bush's case here. The President "emphasizes diversion and distraction and symbolism and showmanship." Showmanship from Bush? Well, anyway, Gore said Bush's reaction when presented with real domestic problems is to say, "Let's talk about not burning the flag. Let's talk about quotas. Let's talk about buzz-words." Gore insisted he'd seen this type of politics before in the South. "Whenever economic hard times threaten middle-income families and lower-middle-income families, those who do not want any kind of economic initiative to change the situation start yelling race." I'd say Jesse Jackson tried to make the same point when he called Bush's harping on quotas a "decoy."

• *Bush will use any dirty, lowdown trick to win election.* "George Bush is President of the United States who would divide this country by race for his own political benefit," declared Democratic presidential candidate Paul Tsongas in a speech in Manchester, New Hampshire, on July 28. "This is morally reprehensible." When Bush and John Sununu, the White House chief of staff, got involved in the civil rights debate, it wasn't for honest policy reasons. "They wanted Willie Horton back for their own politics," Tsongas alleged. Bradley tried this tack, too. "Dear Mr. President, in 1988 you used the Willie Horton ad to divide white and black voters and appeal to fear. Now, based on your remarks about the 1991 Civil Rights Bill, you have begun to do the same thing again." Don't do this, Bradley said. "It's not good for

Majestic, Eloquent, Stirring and Quite a Bargain.

A History of the English Speaking Peoples



Complete 4-Volume Set: $29.95 (orig. pub. at $99.95)

Winston Churchill's *A History of the English Speaking Peoples* is a *tour-de-force* of language and ideas. Whether writing or speaking Churchill had few, if any, equals. And this complete, unabridged edition, at a savings of some $70.00, is a bargain equally unmatched.

This massive work amply demonstrates the wisdom of the Nobel Committee when it awarded Churchill the Nobel Prize for Literature "for mastery in historical and biographical presentation."

This beautifully produced 4-volume set is cloth bound, with gold lettering and slipcase. It is a rich addition to any personal library.

Volume One: *THE BIRTH OF BRITAIN.* Traces the story of Britain from Roman times through the Tudors' ascension to the English throne in 1485. 521pp.

Volume Two: *THE NEW WORLD.* Two centuries of discovery, exploration, civil war and massive changes in the English Monarchy, law and religion up to the year 1688. 433pp.

Volume Three: *THE AGE OF THE REVOLUTION.* A period of slightly more than 100 years saw three revolutions–each of which led to war between England and France. The volume ends with the treaties of 1815, which marked the end of Napoleon's Empire. 402pp.

Volume Four: *THE GREAT DEMOCRACIES.* The defeat of Napoleon left England uncontested master of a large portion of the world. The rise of the Empire is followed through the Death of Victoria and the end of the Boer War. America's Civil War and growth as a world power is also detailed. 404pp.

To order the set, at the special $29.95 price, just call us toll free at:

1-800-242-6657

Or mail a completed coupon.

Our Unconditional Guarantee:
You must be completely satisfied with every item you buy from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us for a full refund.

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

Dept. E207, 126 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011

Please rush me ____ copies of *A History of the English Speaking Peoples* (1593730) at the special price of $29.95 each. With this purchase get a FREE Barnes & Noble Catalog. Please add $3.00 for postage and handling, and the appropriate sales tax for CA, CT, MA, MI, MN, NJ, NY, & PA.

Name _____

Address _____ Apt#_____

City_____ State _____ Zip _____

Payment Method (check one)

☐ Check ☐ MasterCard Expiration Date
☐ Visa ☐ American Express Month/Year ☐☐☐☐

Credit Card Number ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Signature _____

☐ Without purchase, send $1.00 with coupon for a Barnes & Noble catalog.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the country. We can do better." Senator Tom Harkin of Iowa, a liberal chest-thumper, says Bush better not try to "Hortonize" him. He'll hit back. "You wait and see," he told reporters.

Speaking of dividing people on racial grounds and stirring hate, how about this? "The Willie Horton ad was an attempt to demonize all black America." That's what Bradley said in a second speech on July 16 to the National Press Club. To punctuate his point, Bradley added, "If you don't believe me, ask any African American who tries to hail a cab late at night in an American city." I don't get the connection.

Democrats got support from a Bush appointee on the issue of Bush's campaigning. On July 22, Chairman Arthur Fletcher of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission warned ominously against "the use of irresponsible campaign tactics that only serve to divide the nation along racial lines." He proposed a summit conference of Republican and Democratic leaders, the press, private citizens, and no doubt himself, to "prepare guidelines for proper conduct." As examples of "inflammatory racial rhetoric" to be avoided, Fletcher cited the Horton ad and the TV commercial of Jesse Helms in 1990 attacking the same racial quota provision that Bush has criticized. This wasn't Fletcher's first hit on Bush. He trashed Bush for vetoing the Civil Rights Act in 1990 and said the Bush era has brought about "the worst racial climate in forty years."

• *Bush won't talk frankly about race and poverty.* Bradley is breathtaking in his hypocrisy on this point. "All races must learn to speak candidly with each other," he said. "We no longer speak honestly about race in America." Then he proceeds to say almost nothing candid or honest on the subject. The closest he comes is to say, "Liberals have failed to emphasize hard work, self-reliance, and individual responsibility." Does he say anything about the real issues that have driven whites from the cities to the suburbs? Does he cite any pathologies of the underclass that frighten whites and spur the race issue? Issues like crime, out-of-wedlock births, welfare dependency, drug use, low labor-force participation, the lack of black entrepreneurs, and so on? Of course not.

The reason is the liberal taboo on suggesting the black community might be responsible for any of its own problems. Edsall says there is "pointed liberal avoidance of these issues," or what he calls "self-imposed Democratic myopia." The refusal to discuss real issues of social disorder has "eroded the political credibility of liberalism and the Democratic party," he writes. Adds Brown: "Most white politicians were afraid to examine why blacks were unable to climb the economic ladder as had countless immigrant groups before them. They worried they might be called racist if they said drugs, welfare, and crime were disproportionately a black problem." Bradley is no exception.

Neither is Bruce Babbitt, the former Arizona governor who's normally known for his painful honesty, not self-censorship. Brown asked him why he and other white presidential candidates in 1988 didn't criticize Jesse Jackson. "He's entitled to the benefit of a double standard," Babbitt said, because "there has been so much racism in this society and so much willingness to belittle blacks." Babbitt said the other candidates "shared my sense of pride" that Jackson's candidacy "was a piece of history." So Jackson "was entitled to have the fullness of the moment without being subjected to the sort of nit-picking standard we were all applying to each other." Democrats want Bush to act like that. I'd be surprised if he did. But then I've been surprised before. □

Victor Gold

THE COONASS KING AND THE GURU

The 1991 gubernatorial race heats up in Louisiana. Flashy ex-governor Edwin Edwards, an old-style bayou politician, squares off against New Age incumbent Buddy Roemer, whose conversion to the Republican party is by no means his strangest move of late.

New Orleans

In soggy May, on the Cole-Haan loafer heels of the crew shooting *Storyville* (starring Jason Robards, James Spader), Oliver Stone arrived, Kevin Costner in tow, to film *JFK*—everything the Warren Commission didn't tell us about the Kennedy assassination.

Bienvenu à Hollywood South: New Orleans as a movie lot, tinsel on the Spanish moss . . .

They cluster in their off-hours—producers, directors, actors, gofers—at nouvelle Cajun eateries like the Pelican Club in the Quarters and the Palace Cafe on Canal Street, to talk of angles, grosses, edits, contract points—Beverly Hills Polo Lounge chatter over their crawfish *etouffé*; while on the streets outside, on past the spillway, into bayou country and beyond, the ultimate local diversion, a governor's race, warms up.

Victor Gold is The American Spectator's *national correspondent.*

REVENGE OF THE COONASS KING
starring Edwin Edwards/Buddy Roemer
with
David Duke/Clyde Holloway
and a Cast of Thousands
(PG-13)

The Coonass King is, of course, Edwards, who after his upset win over Bennett Johnston in the 1971 governor's race leaped on a table to crow, "The Coonasses have done it!" Meaning, the Cajuns have elected one of their own as governor—"coonass" being a jocund if not especially endearing pejorative for descendants of the Acadians who settled the bayou region in the early 1800s.

That Edwards qualifies as a Coonass on his mother's side—yet has the surname, appearance, and Pentecostal credentials of an Anglo—has helped him bridge the gap between the state's Protestant north and Catholic south like no Louisiana politician before him. This includes the sainted Longs, Huey and Earl, who were given to lying to bayou audiences about their "Catholic grandparents."

Three times Edwards has won the governorship, twice in the 1970s and again in 1983. But in 1987, along came Charles "Buddy" Roemer, with his Harvard business school degree and promises of sweeping reform. For the first time in his political career, the Coonass King tasted defeat. He's waited four long years. On October 19, in livid color with Dolby sound, comes the rematch.

A Louisiana governor's race, like an Oliver Stone movie, demands a willing suspension of disbelief of those who watch it. Nor is this a modern phenomenon—despite the misconception that Huey Long was the first of Louisiana's picaresque politicians. The state's unique view of democracy as an ongoing entertainment—a morality play with laugh lines—goes back to Reconstruction, when a colorful but venal carpetbag governor, Henry Clay Warmoth, was impeached and blamed his troubles on the local environment: "Corruption is demoralizing," complained the Illinois-born Warmoth, "but it is the fashion down here."

Fashion, style—the singular quality, as Huey's biographer T. Harry Williams saw it, that sets Louisiana's tradition of political corruption apart from that of other states. Louisiana voters, north and south, look for style in a governor, and they're willing to pay for it. Indeed, Edwards's victory in 1983 was a triumph of style over substance, coming at the expense of an incumbent, David Treen, who had run the governor's office as a wholly serious enterprise. It was a shortcoming the King made the most of in their televised debates.

TREEN (*dourly*): You're talking out of both sides of your mouth.
EDWARDS (*jauntily*): That's so people like you, with nothing between their ears, can understand.

It was unfair, yes, but nevertheless no contest, either in the debates or at the polls. After four years of honest-but-dull, Louisiana was ready for a return to the flamboyant style of a governor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who lived and led by the Coonass maxim, *Laissez les bons temps rouler!*

The good times rolled in the 1970s for Louisiana's oil- and gas-based economy. Edwards's big-spending populism meshed perfectly with the *bon temps* mood of a state with a treasury surplus and all economic indicators pointing up. But the Louisiana of Edwards's third term was hit hard by a lingering oil and gas recession that depleted the treasury and gave the state one of the highest per capita unemployment rates in the country.

The game had changed, and in the worst possible way for a politician given to gambling excursions to Vegas and one-line quips to silence his critics. Suddenly the Coonass King, who once boasted that the only way he could lose an election was to be found in bed with a live boy or a dead girl, was vulnerable. Out of sync with his people, out of step with the times. A decade and a half of high-rolling, skirt-chasing, and allegations of corruption had taken their toll.

Enter Buddy Roemer, jauntily, playing the new-face role that Edwards had himself played in 1971—the young congressman who had big ideas on how to shake things up in Baton Rouge. "He was articulate," wrote the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*'s Iris Kelso of the Buddy Roemer who whipped the King in 1987. "He was inspiring. He was funny. He was bold."

The whipping was thorough. Edwards, though the incumbent, ran a poor second in a multi-candidate field, then backed away from a two-man runoff that would only have deepened his humiliation. Retiring to the private practice of law, the King bided his time, waiting for the usurper to make the big mistake that would trigger calls for a Restoration.

Iris Kelso, on the eve of the 1991 governor's race:

> Roemer has brought a new level of intellect and high-minded motivation to the office of governor. But he has also brought chaos with his leadership style and his inept and often inconsiderate dealings with legislators. . . . Then there are the little things that make him look ridiculous. Like the retreat where his staff members were told to wear rubber bands on their wrists and snap them as a reminder not to think negative thoughts. . . .

Not to forget the Incredible Blue Jeans Incident. With recession-ridden Louisiana hungry for foreign investment, you'd think the governor's office would roll out the red carpet when Japanese consul general Yasuhiro Hamada called from New Orleans . . . but wait, let Hamada himself tell the story:

> His secretary said "Come tomorrow." So I travel to the governor's house and waited 20 minutes and then was shown to his room and I saw him with *his legs on his desk!* I was shocked . . . no jacket, no tie, he has *jeans!* And he said, "I am very frustrated that Japanese companies are not coming here." And I think, "No wonder! You receive Japanese businessmen in this manner, it creates *incredibility!*"

The governor's defenders will tell you there's a precedent for this sort of diplomatic *faux pas*. Didn't Huey Long once greet the German consul general in his pajamas? Indeed he did, say Roemer's critics—but Huey, for all his rustic vagaries, was never into California-style self-help seminars in the mode of Guru Jerry Brown. It's all part of a pattern, argue the critics—a curious, even arrogant approach to affairs of state, both major and minor. Some major examples:

- Roemer seems to have perfected the art of never-letting-his-left hand-know-what-his-left hand-is-doing, especially in dealing with the state legislature. He signs off on a reapportionment plan with legislative leaders, they go away happy, then wake up the next morning to learn the governor has changed his mind. They pass an anti-abortion bill, he vetoes it because it doesn't make exceptions for rape, incest, and protecting the mother's life. But when they pass another bill meeting his objections, he vetoes that one as well, is overridden, and earns the distinction of being the first governor in Louisiana history to suffer an override.
- After months of White House wooing, Roemer tests the political winds and decides to switch parties. Heated public issues at the time, both in Louisiana and across the country: Desert Storm and quotas. Roemer mentions neither. He also manages to walk through a statement giving reasons for his switch without once uttering the name G----e B--h. As for why he's changing parties, it's very simple: the Republicans are too much of a "country club" party and need an infusion of new leadership more attuned to minority and women's interests.

Predictably, Louisiana Republicans rejected the new convert at the state party's June convention, nominating conservative Clyde Holloway for governor. Buddy Roemer could care less. Staying close to the mansion, working an Azalea Garden re-election strategy, he would move through the hot, unseasonably rainy Baton Rouge summer, jeaned legs atop his desk, rubber bands at the ready.

Roemer manages to walk through a statement giving reasons for his switch to the Republican party without once uttering the name G----e B--h.

Even in the distant era when stories covering Southern elections would inform readers that "winning the Democratic primary is tantamount to election," Louisiana did things differently. In his classic *Southern Politics in State and Nation*, V. O. Key told how Louisiana's Democratic primary, unlike that of other Southern states, provided for tickets—e.g., the Long Ticket, the Jimmy Davis Ticket—that allowed voters to cast straight-slate ballots, top to bottom, governor to tax assessor.

All that changed with the growth of the Republican party in the 1960s and 1970s. It was Edwards, no less, then at the height of his vote-getting power, who saw that while Democrats were spending fortunes and bloodying themselves in intra-party primaries and runoffs, Republican candidates were enjoying the carnage, gearing up for an autumn push against whichever Democrat survived.

Louisiana's answer was the "open primary"; actually, a free-for-all in which candidates for governor—Democrats, Republicans, independents—vie for votes. Should one candidate win a clear majority on October 19, the campaign is over; if not, the top two vote-getters, regardless of party, meet in a November runoff.

On-the-scene observers believe that despite Roemer's fall from popular grace—like Edwards's, his polling negatives run in the incredible 40s—the power of incumbency guarantees him a runoff spot, especially with the state's new campaign-reform law in place. In a state where Edwards once raised $13 million for a re-election campaign, a $5,000-per-contributor cap has old-time finance chairmen jabbering into their absinthe. As of late August, with the law and a one-lung economy zapping the high-rollers, Roemer had raised an estimated $1.1 million and Edwards less than a half-million, with Clyde Holloway, David Duke, and Kathleen Blanco yet to reach six digits.

About Duke, the *Spy* magazine cover boy who picked up 44 percent of the vote in a 1990 race against Senator Bennett Johnston: for all the national publicity he's generated, the drop-off in Duke's grassroots appeal has been dramatic. Duke argues that he always "flies below radar"—meaning, middle-class voters won't tell pollsters they're backing a candidate with Nazi-KKK credentials. But pollsters aside, when a candidate draws crowds in the dozens where a year ago he pulled them in by the thousands, it's clear, as Baton Rouge campaign consultant Roy Fletcher points out, that Duke's strong showing in the 1990 Senate race was more an anti-Johnston than a pro-Duke vote.

Fletcher's own candidate, Public Service Commissioner Blanco, created a mild stir when she entered the race in June, chiefly because she's a fresh face, always a factor to be reckoned with in a state with a history of looking for political saviors every four years. (If male saviors haven't worked out, why not a Joan of Arc?) Blanco is also a certified south Louisiana Cajun, which led to early speculation that she might cut into the King's base, provided she could raise the money.

Like Holloway and Duke, she couldn't. Add to that an uncharacteristic *ennui* Louisianians seem to feel about this year's race, and the bottom line is Roemer and Edwards running one-two in October, with the frontrunner lacking the majority needed to avoid a November runoff. Pre-Labor Day, the polls showed the two neck-and-neck, Edwards at 27 percent, Roemer at 25; but that was before the incumbent stepped out of the Azalea Garden and put his campaign into gear.

Roemer will benefit from the national significance read into the campaign by a press corps hungering for harbingers of 1992. There'll be a presidential visit in September, during which, presumably, he'll find it possible to utter the name G----e B--h. And as the only candidate in the race acceptable to pro-choicers, he'll probably even out on the abortion issue, since it's unlikely the pro-life vote—now split among three lesser candidates—will flock in large numbers to high-kicking Edwin Edwards.

On the other hand, there's Roemer's unpredictability to consider. "Buddy has a way of getting into trouble when he talks too much," says Richard Baudouin, editor of the *Times of Acadiana*. That could spell serious trouble in a race against the *old* Edwin Edwards, but this year Baudouin and others detect a dullness in Edwards's reflexes, as if, like Sugar Ray Leonard, he's a stylist fighting one match too many. With dull reflexes and a pauper's budget, can the Coonass King succeed in expanding his base—Louisiana's black vote—to get his revenge?

Don't bet on it. My favorite oyster bar tout—he called the shot on Bush picking Quayle at the 1988 convention—has it down as Roemer 7 to 5, Edwards 4 to 1. Rewrite the third act, change the title. Call it *The Guru Strikes Back*. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Ledeen

LEFTIST LIARS AND IDEOLOGICAL SUICIDE

World events since 1980 differ so widely from what leftist rhetoric would have predicted that the left's ideologues have had to resort to myths and distortions. They've entered a battle that it takes evidence to win. And they don't have it.

In the middle of 1975, Professor Renzo De Felice of the University of Rome—the outstanding historian of the Fascist period, and the great biographer of Mussolini—published a book with the unassuming title *Interview on Fascism.* It proved so explosive that the publisher held it in the warehouses for several weeks until the spring elections were over. Once released, it became the object of a major assault of cultural terrorism. For months, it was virtually impossible to read a newspaper, watch an evening of television, or listen to a few hours of radio without running into a supercharged attack on De Felice, not only for his historical "errors" but also for his "corrupting Italian youth." More than one critic suggested that he be forbidden to teach in Italian universities.

De Felice's offense was to have challenged the Marxist orthodoxy which then held sway over Italian political culture. Instead of swallowing the party line—that Fascism had been purely a reactionary response from the upper and middle classes to the challenges of the Bolshevik revolution and Italian Communism—De Felice argued that Fascism contained elements of a highly optimistic movement that was part and parcel of the French Revolutionary tradition. The Italian Fascists had not been wealthy industrialists defending their interest against left-wing radicals; rather, they were members of a rising lower middle class that constituted a new political force in post-World War I Italy.

The De Felice interpretation was a deadly threat to the Marxist stereotype, for if he was right, the "revolutionary" tradition had been mother to both Fascism and Communism. Therefore, the neat moral dichotomy between Communism (good) and Fascism (bad) was blurred, with Fascism enhanced by its revolutionary past and Communism besmirched by its common ancestry with Mussolini's movement. But there was more to it than mere historical disagreement: if De Felice's theories were accepted, the Marxist hegemony over "correct" interpretations of modern history would be shaken.

It was a bitter fight, but in the end the enormous mass of evidence on De Felice's side swung the battle in his favor. By now, sixteen years later, it is he who has defined the debate on the history of Fascism, and his opponents have by and large either acknowledged the accuracy of his analysis or lost credibility. *Interview on Fascism* has become one of Italy's all-time bestsellers, and has been translated and published from Japan to Argentina. It is no accident, as the Marxists would say, that the success of De Felice's view of history has paralelled, and contributed to, the collapse of the Italian Communist party, now a pathetic shadow of its formerly menacing self. The battle over Italian history proved to be decisive in the war for the Italian future, and the same will likely hold true in our own country.

We are now in the midst of a great intellectual siege from the left, which hopes to impose its own highly politicized view of recent history. As in Italy, the outcome of that debate will go a long way toward determining the ability of our children to understand the present and rationally shape the future.

The American left is clinging desperately to a set of myths about the past, foremost of which is the notion that the left is the only legitimate heir to the "revolutionary" tradition. This worldview makes it hard to explain the Reagan years, for Reagan clearly led a worldwide revolution. No particularly deep thinking is required to understand this; you have only to compare today's foreign policy issues with those we faced at the end of the Carter presidency. Today we grapple with the end of Communism; when Carter left, we were terrified at the Soviet Union's dramatic military expansion into strategically sensitive areas of the world, from the Horn of Africa to Central America. Today, most everyone acknowledges that both political freedom and a free market are necessary for economic, political, and intellectual prosperity; at the close of the Carter Administration, the ideological competition between freedom and Communism was still intense.

These facts are incompatible with the myths the left has offered the American public for the past ten years: that Reagan was a nutty reactionary who jeopardized world peace and impoverished America (except for his rich friends). Indeed, the results of the Reagan years are so palpably different from those that would have been produced if Reagan had been anything like the left's description of him that a further rewriting of the past has been necessary. To this end, the left has generated new myths, some having to do with the Cold War, others with the American hostages in Iran, still others with alleged malfeasance by top American officials, but all designed to show that the Reagan years were irrelevant to the destruction of the Soviet Empire, and, furthermore, were years of criminal activity by the President and his (greedy) men. Finally there is the claim that Reagan stole the presidency from Carter by making a dirty deal with the Ayatollah Khomeini. In other words, we are dealing with a systematic campaign to rewrite American history.

Of these myths, the most celebrated is the "October Surprise" theory, according to which top officials of the

Michael Ledeen is resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1980 Reagan campaign group met secretly with Iranians to arrange a deal: Iran would keep the hostages until after the American presidential elections, and the Reagan people would do something in return. What that "something" was varies according to the teller. Some say that, even before election day, William Casey (the *deus ex machina* of the piece) got the Israelis to ship weapons to Iran. Others say that it was not until after Reagan was inaugurated that the Americans (usually Casey again) encouraged the Israelis to ship weapons to the Ayatollah.

In addition to the lack of any serious evidence to support it, there are at least two obvious reasons for rejecting the October Surprise theory. First, "the dog did not bark": if the Reagan people had made a deal with the Khomeini regime, then something would have happened between the two governments after Reagan's election. There would have been talks, or at least contacts. The Iranians would certainly not have let Reagan make such a deal and then ignore them. But there were no contacts between the two governments; indeed, so cold was our diplomatic shoulder that the United States knew next to nothing about Iran until the spring and summer of 1985. The October Surprise faithful get around this by claiming that it was the Israelis who carried out the deal, which brings us to a second weakness in the theory: Israel had been selling weapons to Iran all along, and we knew it. The United States—under both Carter and Reagan—never felt strongly enough to speak loudly and clearly to the Israelis, with one exception: when the hostages were taken in our Tehran embassy, we told the Israelis that it was unseemly for them to be selling arms to a country that held American diplomats hostage. So Israel stopped, but just for the duration of the crisis; once the hostages were released, the arms traffic duly resumed.

But the October Surprise faithful aren't much interested in logic or historical fact. Even some of our most famous journalists are prepared to accept some mighty unlikely tales from some mighty unreliable souls. Take Ted Koppel, for instance, who devoted a special one-hour "Nightline" to the claims of a certain Jamshid Hashemi, according to whom Casey (and other Americans) met with top Iranian leaders in Madrid during the 1980 campaign, and made the dirty deal. Koppel noted that Hashemi, who along with his late brother Cyrus was long involved in illegal arms shipments to Iran, refused to appear on camera, so Koppel summarized Hashemi's testimony. The inference was that Hashemi felt he was in danger, and wished to keep his picture off the screen. But Hashemi had already been on "Nightline," live and on camera, less than five years before, when he gave vent to a series of absurd half-truths and fantasies. But discussion of Hashemi's history as a "Nightline" guest would have damaged his current credibility, and Koppel preferred to cloak his guest in the mantle of the inside whistle-blower who's afraid of the bad guys he's just exposed.

So much space and airtime are devoted to unsourced and unverifiable stories that little attention is given to fully documented ones that run against the current line. One of the prime movers in the rewrite movement has been the Washington-based Christic Institute, a collection of left-wing activists who gained Jesuit sponsorship a few years ago and ever since have brought sensational lawsuits against the U.S. government and large corporations. In May 1986, the Christics filed suit against twenty-nine individuals, alleging a massive conspiracy to advance a right-wing agenda through murder, drug trafficking, and other sinister practices. These individuals were said to have been part of a "secret government" that had manipulated international affairs for more than twenty years.

The Christics' crazy theories got considerable attention, including two "Frontline" shows, the usual curtsies from Bill Moyers, close working cooperation from Senator Kerry of Massachusetts, and lots of magazine and newspaper coverage. Their highly charismatic leader, Dan Sheehan, raised a lot of money—and made many converts—on college campuses and, predictably, among the Hollywood geopolitical set. In June 1988, a federal judge in Miami threw the case out for lack of evidence, and this past June an appeals court upheld the lower court's decision, including an award of $1.5 million for legal costs to be paid by the Christics and their co-plaintiffs.

The court's rejection of the Christics' appeal was devastating, and pointed up that, in over two years of discovery, the plaintiffs had been unable to present any witnesses or produce any facts to support their allegations. The court's unusually critical language might have been expected to attract national attention, but no papers covered it, with the exception of the *Washington Times*. And we need hardly wait for "Frontline" to bring its viewers up to date on such matters. Yet it is terribly important for the public to understand that the theories, like the people who advanced them, were nuts. As things stand today, versions of this mad view of American history keep creeping into the popular press, and particularly into some of the chic television broadcasts, like those of Moyers, whose shows on Iran-contra drew heavily on the Christic fantasies.

We are dealing with a systematic campaign to rewrite American history.

The left has usually understood the importance of these things far better than the right, which is why the battle for the past has so often been one-sided. Even today, while the sun sets on the Soviet Empire and the leaders of the world come on pilgrimages to Washington, the left's intellectuals are busily spreading the new lies: that our actions were irrelevant to the collapse of Communism—or, worse, delayed its arrival!—and that if we do not change our profligate ways we are doomed to join the Communists on the garbage heap of history (a sort of chiliastic version of moral equivalence). The latest of these little efforts comes from the *Village Voice*'s Paul Berman, writing in the *New Republic*:

> Communism is a failed alternative road to modernism. Its moment of weakness arrives when, for political reasons or maybe out of exhaustion, critics can no longer be prevented from pointing out the failure. . . . The truly powerful challenges, when they come, are offered by people who may not own a single gun, but who can convincingly claim to be more up-to-date than the communists, not less; more scientific and sophisticated, not less; better educated, more worldly, not less. Faced with people like that, communists are perplexed, and their perplexity is fatal.

Simple, no? The Cold War was totally unnecessary. All that was required was a crack debating team to show how unsophisticated, unscientific, and unworldly Communism really was, and we would have been rid of Stalin, the Red Army, and the KGB a long time ago. Perplexed by the trenchant criticisms from the supremely up-to-date debaters, the Soviet Empire would have been swept away.

The Berman nonsense is typical of the campaign to deny that we defeated the Soviets; indeed, he even berates us for having had the nerve to ask for support for the contras, arguing that the Sandinistas fell only after the contras were cut off (not a word about the collapse of the Soviet Empire and the end of Soviet support for the Sandinistas). For such zealots of disinformation, the great democratic revolution of the recent past is purely an internal matter, with no credit due the United States, and most assuredly no thanks to the Reagan people.

Even leading members of the Bush Administration seem eager to deny that Reagan's policies were important, or should be continued. For example, Marlin Fitzwater joined the chorus this summer when he said that America's role in the world of the future would clearly depend more on economic strength than on military power—this at precisely the moment when the whole world was beating a path to our door because of our military might, as demonstrated in the Gulf War. Fitzwater might have noted that Japan has not become a superpower, and will not until and unless Japanese military might is on a par with ours.

It would be nice to have a small army of truth-tellers to combat the myth-makers, but prospects are poor. And anyway, as De Felice showed in Rome fifteen years ago, even single individuals can win decisive victories against the disinformers. The very shrillness of tone and silliness of content that characterizes so much of the current campaign shows how weak the spokesmen of the left feel themselves to be. This sense of weakness has led them into a monumental miscalculation with regard to the October Surprise. For they have whipped themselves into such a frenzy that they are actually going to conduct an investigation in Congress this autumn. Unless the forces of sanity suffer an attack of cerebral paralysis, it will be a debacle for the left, since an investigation will reveal that there was indeed a conspiracy to manipulate the hostage issue for political advantage during the campaign of 1980. Secret deals were indeed made with Iranian leaders, even deals that can fairly be described as "arms-for-hostages." But those deals were made by the Carter Administration, not by the Reagan campaign team, and they are described in copious and quite embarrassing detail in *All Fall Down*, by Gary Sick, the magus of the October Surprise faithful.

Few things in life are quite so satisfying as seeing nasty fools hoisted on their own doctrinaire petards, and the spectacle of congressional Democrats forced to expose the follies of their own failed President would be one to cherish. It might even be a real turning point in understanding our own history, just as the debate over Fascism redirected Italy's political culture in the 1970s. There is a wonderful story to be told, much of it sitting in autobiographical works by the Carter people themselves. Now is the time to retell it. It may be asking a lot of those who lived through it to look once again at the Carter presidency, but we—and all those kids who have grown up in the interim and don't have any memory of those traumatic years—need it. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Fumento

THE DYING DUTCHMAN: COMING SOON TO A NURSING HOME NEAR YOU

For eighteen years, euthanasia has been widespread in the Netherlands. Many Dutch claim that the practice is often involuntary, that the consent of the person to be killed is often not requested, and that the definition of what is permissible as "euthanasia" is broadening daily. They also think the United States is particularly vulnerable to widespread Dutch-style killing of the old and infirm.

Amsterdam

On August 8, it was announced that *Final Exit*, by Derek Humphry, had risen to No. 1 on the *New York Times* bestseller list. Humphry is executive director of the Hemlock Society, a Eugene, Oregon–based group that promotes euthanasia, and his new book, as is now well known, is a how-to manual for suicide.

That we are in the midst of the greatest push yet for euthanasia is clear not only from the uproar over *Final Exit* but also from a series of other widely publicized incidents. Retired Michigan pathologist Jack Kevorkian set up a device in a van in Portland, Oregon, that an Alzheimer's victim used to kill herself. (Dr. Kevorkian will soon attempt to make it onto the bestseller lists with his new book *Prescription: Medicide*.) A Missouri judge ruled that a comatose woman's parents could have her feeding tube removed. ("Woman in Coma Wins Right to Die," ran the bizarre headline in Denver's *Rocky Mountain News*.) A Colorado man gave his mother a gun which she used to end her life before liver cancer could—only to find out at the autopsy that his mother had been misdiagnosed and merely had a liver inflammation. A "right to die" bill has appeared in Illinois, and in November Washington state voters will have a chance to make theirs the first state to legalize euthanasia.

The latest round of controversy began last March when Rochester, New York, doctor Timothy E. Quill admitted in the *New England Journal of Medicine* that he had prescribed sleeping pills to an ill patient who he knew would use them to kill herself. Assisting in a suicide is a felony in Quill's jurisdiction, and the publication of the article was clearly intended to stir debate. But even before a Rochester grand jury decided on July 26 not to indict Dr. Quill, a spokesman for the National Right to Life Committee in Washington expressed fears that the debate would soon be over: "What is left to argue here is whether it will be possible in this society to preserve the lives of those who *don't* want to be killed."

What would happen in a United States with legalized euthanasia? The answer may lie in the experience of the Netherlands, where it has been widely practiced for nearly two decades now.

Euthanasia in the Netherlands

"Active" euthanasia, the active killing of a patient at his request by a physician, is illegal in the Netherlands. The Dutch criminal code provides for 12 years' imprisonment for anyone who "takes the life of another at his or her explicit and serious request." Nevertheless, an activist judiciary has rendered the statute essentially meaningless. In 1973, a doctor who had put her terminally ill mother to death with morphine received a suspended sentence of a week in jail, plus a year's probation. The court went even further to find that, under the proper conditions, active euthanasia would have been acceptable and legal. The conditions it specified were that (1) the patient be incurably ill, (2) the patient be experiencing unbearable suffering, (3) the patient request the termination of his life, and (4) the patient's physician perform the euthanasia.

The following year, the Royal Dutch Medical Association (KNMG) issued a provisional statement urging that

> legally euthanasia should remain a crime, but that if a physician, after having considered all the aspects of the case, shortens the life of a patient who is incurably ill and in the process of dying, the court will have to judge whether there was a conflict of duties which could justify the act of the physician.

These two developments pushed euthanasia into the limelight of public policy debate.

In all court cases between 1973 and 1984, two conditions were listed as essential to euthanasia's legality. First, the patient must make the request freely. He must take the initiative, asking specifically for euthanasia rather than merely wishing aloud that he were dead, something many of us do on occasion without the expectation that someone will subsequently plunge a lethal syringe into our arm.

Second, the patient must consider his condition to be unbearable. One commentator notes that this means, "A more objective medical check of this experience is necessary to avoid extremely subjective requests." In the words of Eugene P. R. Sutorius, attorney for the Dutch Society for Voluntary Euthanasia, "Euthanasia is only acceptable if it is the keystone of a well-cared-for dying process." Another commentator writes that it means that "euthanasia should not become an answer to failing care, fear, and loneliness." In practice, however, the term "unbearable" is so vague that it would be virtually impossible to prove that any doctor who claimed it applied had actually violated the requirement.

Courts have added a third condition since 1984: that a physician must consult a colleague in order to confirm the correctness of his diagnosis and prognosis, to verify the correct medical performance of euthanasia, and to assure that all legal requirements are met. The KNMG has reformulated its position to include all three conditions. Many court cases have also cited as requirements the presence of an incurable disease or the demand that the patient's death not inflict unnecessary suffering on others.

No official statistics on the overall incidence of euthanasia in the Netherlands exist. A controversial "60 Minutes" broadcast in 1986 said that as many as one-sixth of all deaths in the Netherlands could be from euthanasia, about 20,000 people per year. Dr. Sven Danner of the Amsterdam Medical Center, which treats 75 percent of Netherlands AIDS patients, reports that one in eight AIDS patients receives euthanasia, but there is no reason to believe

Michael Fumento is author of The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS *(New Republic Books).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that this percentage would apply to people with other illnesses.

One survey in the northern Netherlands, if extrapolated, would indicate 5,000 euthanasia deaths annually. This includes only those killed by their own family doctor, not those killed in hospitals. A 1988 article in *Issues in Law & Medicine*, citing an estimate of the Central Medical Inspection of National Health, said that euthanasia

is being carried out at least 6,000 times per year in general medical practice [*huisartsenpraktijk* is the term used; it refers to a family doctor's practice in his own home, which is still common in the Netherlands]. If one adds to that the hospitals, nursing homes, and medical specialists, then we are talking about as many as 10,000 to 12,000 cases of euthanasia per year.

Most of the authorities I spoke with threw their hands up in the air when I asked them how many acts of euthanasia were committed yearly, although Dr. Pieter Admiraal, an anesthesiologist at the de Graaf hospital in Delft who himself carries out euthanasia, proffered a guess. Cancer, he says, accounts for about 80 percent of euthanasias, and about 10 percent of cancer patients are euthanized. This would give a national figure of 3,000.

The Combatants

The Netherlands is not without opposition to euthanasia. The Netherlands Patients Organization works to alert sick people and their families that in many hospitals people are being killed without their consent or knowledge, without even the knowledge of their families. The Hiding Place Foundation has recently printed a "life declaration," a small document to be carried on one's person stating that the undersigned does not wish to be euthanized. A group of physicians has broken off from the KNMG to form the Dutch Physicians League, loudly alleging that certain doctors dispose of patients almost on whim.

These opponents are a disparate lot. One with whom I spoke was a fiercely traditional, pro-family, anti-Communist general practitioner. Another, not a doctor, who has written extensively on the subject, is a self-proclaimed lesbian. Most are Christians, but all are united by the belief that euthanasia as now practiced is unnecessary and will lead to an ever-expanding definition of what is allowable.

Prominent among the opposition physicians is Dr. Karel F. Gunning, a general practitioner in Rotterdam who advises the government on the medical problems of German concentration camp survivors. Gunning doesn't question the sincerity of the pro-euthanists. "I don't think there's a lot to gain [monetarily or in other concrete ways] by supporting euthanasia, so those who say they believe in it really do." But, Gunning adds, "it is enormously dangerous to think that doctors, who aren't the most conscientious people in the world, should have the right to kill—and kill unchallenged."

Amsterdam dermatologist Dr. Isaac van der Sluis also fears giving too much power to doctors. "In France," he says, "they don't trust the state or even lesser authorities. But here, as in the U.S., people are idealists. They want to be able to trust the government and doctors to do the right thing."

Of the Netherlands' anti-euthanists, the best known in the U.S. is Dr. Richard Fenigsen, a cardiologist. He is also the most disliked by the pro-euthanists, who say they are considering a libel suit against him for allegedly fabricating material concerning euthanasia abuses. In Fenigsen's defense, it must be said that after an article by him appeared in the *Hastings Center Report*, the most prestigious American journal of medical ethics, angry letters from important pro-euthanists questioning Fenigsen's veracity flooded the journal. The editors of the *Report* countered: "In our tenure as editors, no manuscript has been subjected to more sustained scrutiny."

Anti-euthanists are united by the belief that euthanasia as now practiced will lead to an ever-expanding definition of what is allowable.

The Christian Democratic Party (CDP), which has a majority of seats in parliament, is the most strongly anti-euthanasia of the major parties. "In a case of life and death we must be very careful," says party spokesman Jan Schinkelshoek. "The core of the argument is that people are the creation of God and do not have the right to determine about their own living, about ending it. We are the first country in the world moving this way. And maybe we don't know what we are doing."

The anti-euthanists are clearly the underdogs. The Democratic and Labor parties are pro-euthanasia, and so is even a major element of the CDP. "The establishment" seems clearly on the side of expanded euthanasia. Says Gunning, "The only way we [publish] is [in] advertisements or our own publication. Then the question is, 'Will people believe you or the official papers?'" The mainstream media, he says, are overwhelmingly pro-euthanasia. "Some Protestant and Catholic newspapers are against it, but all the leading papers are on the wrong side."

Indeed, euthanasia is so accepted and supported by the establishment that one prosecutor in Alkmaar openly works for judicial widening of the scope of euthanasia laws. For one who is responsible for prosecuting crimes to work to decriminalize them would in the United States constitute a clear conflict of interest, but such is the mood in the Netherlands that he has encountered little criticism.

A leading advocate of euthanasia is Mrs. Pit M. Bakker, president of the 45,000-strong Dutch Society for Voluntary Euthanasia. A piece of the organization's literature shows a bear climbing into a comfortable-looking coffin, complete with fluffy pillow and a caption reading, "You should give me the right to die as a gentleman." Says Bakker of the anti-euthanists, "They are always saying, 'I'm afraid, I'm afraid.' But you can't live in fear. The world is changing." Mrs. Bakker notes that euthanasia was common in Roman times. She thinks statutory legalization "will give security to doctors and patients because they'll know their rights and it will take away those behind-the-curtain cases."

But the one person most identified with the cause of Netherlands euthanasia is the aforementioned Dr. Admiraal. He is in such great demand, between his telephone and his beeper, that a reporter who wants to speak to him for 30 minutes is advised to schedule at least a few hours in his office. A man of 61 with a beard and large belly, he looks a bit like Burl Ives with glasses. Certainly he does not fit the description of a man who has been killing patients for almost two decades now.

"Killing" is his word. In explaining why he wrote a how-to booklet on euthanasia, which appeared in 1977, he told me, "It's not so simple to kill somebody the honest way." Admiraal began administering euthanasia in the early 1970s and only later became involved with pro-euthanasia organizations. A new edition of this how-to guide was published in 1980 by the Dutch Euthanasia Society and sent to all practicing physicians in the Netherlands. It was also translated into English. "Now," he says, "the world knows me as the first strong advocate of euthanasia."

Dr. Admiraal specifically rejects the hospice system that began in the United Kingdom and has subsequently been adopted in the United States. Hospices are institutions designed to allow dying people to live out their lives as comfortably as possible. Ideally, they are both cheaper and homier than hospitals. Admiraal calls euthanasia "the ultimate act of care for the dying." He warns, "Don't speak of the Dutch *experiment*. After fifteen years, it's no longer an experiment." Unlike Bakker, he is not pushing for statutory legalization. "I can live with the rules of today. It's very, very clean."

His protocol involves the consultation of two doctors, a nurse, and a pastor. After the act, the prosecutor is informed. The prosecutor can then contact the police. Formerly, the police were routinely contacted but that is no longer the case.

While Mrs. Bakker appears content to keep her crusade within national boundaries, Dr. Admiraal sees himself as an internationalist. He has come eight times to preach the cause to the U.S., which he feels is somewhat reactionary. "I never see pro-lifers except in America," he says. "I think pro-lifers must be very afraid of dying. They are young and a little bit blind."

A third pro-euthanist, one with a slightly different angle on the subject, is Eugene Sutorius. He sees modern medicine and its ever-growing ability to sustain life as something of a culprit in making euthanasia necessary. "I think euthanasia shows we can't cope with technology," he says. "I wonder if this isn't a transient phenomenon. One of the roots of [modern-day euthanasia] is that physicians treat too long."

How Strong Is Popular Support?

Dutch polling data seem to indicate a high level of support for euthanasia, though the numbers vary widely. A 1986 poll has been interpreted to show that 76 percent favor the practice. One poll conducted by questionnaire through a variety of newspapers in 1986 showed that 33 percent of the Dutch are sympathetic to the idea of active euthanasia, that 43 percent want to take action in the case of comatose patients, and that 27 percent think that they might request euthanasia for a senile member of the family. It is notable that neither of the last two categories involves the patient's consent.

Some Dutch carry a will requiring active euthanasia to be performed on them "in case of bodily injury or mental disturbance of which no recovery to reasonable and dignified existence is to be expected." Recently, these wills have begun to be replaced by small plastic cards. In 1981, the number of people carrying such cards was reported to be 30,000, but they have yet to catch on, numbering perhaps 45,000 today.

Awareness of euthanasia in the Netherlands seems high. The only American visitor to the Netherlands that I discussed it with thought—I'm not kidding—that it concerned therapy to keep people youthful-looking. But the Dutch all knew what I was talking about, though they hadn't necessarily given it much thought. One said he approved of it, "if somebody was sick and said he wanted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to die." How about a comatose patient? "Ah, that's a very tough issue." So tough, in fact, he would not give me an answer. What if euthanasia were requested years earlier in the event of a hypothetical situation? To this, he related the story of a friend's father who had asked to be killed if he reached a certain level of debilitation. When he actually reached that level, however, he changed his mind, declaring vociferously that he had no wish to die. A young woman whose own father had been killed by euthanasia saw it as an answer only if death was imminent and the person was in great pain, circumstances she said applied to her father. As to comatose patients, she allowed that "if they've been comatose a long time and there is little hope of recovery, that's okay."

Who Commits Euthanasia?

It is difficult to gauge how many Dutch doctors perform euthanasia. One survey taken in 1985 and 1986 found that 48 percent said they had received at least one request for death. Of these, 37 percent said they had complied. Thus, 18 percent of the doctors responding had performed euthanasia. But another survey indicated that 81 percent of the family doctors polled had done it. Dr. Gunning, however, says, "Quite a number of doctors really don't like it after all. Some say they support it but they refuse to practice it."

Performance of euthanasia remains limited to doctors, although a physician can request the help of a nurse. A few years ago, three nurses at the Free University Hospital of Amsterdam killed several comatose patients without any form of consent. At trial they were found guilty only of acting without the guidance of a doctor. The KNMG, together with the Dutch nurses' union, issued a joint paper in March 1987 that not only explicitly advocates euthanasia but also clearly delineates the respective tasks and the collaboration of both medical and nursing professions at the bedside of the future victim. While nursing personnel are clearly excluded from performing the actual killing, total collaboration is nonetheless called for, and it is considered normal conduct for nursing personnel to be involved in medical decisions.

The Netherlands Pharmaceutical Society offers doctors a booklet of drug combinations that Dr. Admiraal recommends for euthanasia. Typically, the patient will be given an injection of a strong dose of barbiturates that causes unconsciousness within three to five seconds. This is followed by a drug resembling curare (arrow poison), which causes death in ten to twenty minutes by paralyzing the respiratory muscles.

The Dutch physician is not allowed to attribute the death to "natural causes" on the death certificate. In theory, either the physician or the coroner must report to the police that the killing has taken place. The police then report to the district attorney, who decides whether to prosecute. This decision is based on prior case law and the conditions listed previously. If prosecution occurs, the Lower Court, comprising three judges, tries the case and, upon conviction, pronounces sentence. If convicted, the defendant can appeal first to the Court of Appeals and then to the Supreme Court.

In practice, the use of this procedure is extremely rare. An average of only eleven euthanasia cases a year prompt public prosecutors even to make inquiries. In the few cases that have been brought to trial, the court has sometimes declared the doctor guilty but has not imposed punishment. In each such case, however, the higher court has overturned the guilty verdict on appeal on the grounds that the doctor acted out of "higher necessity." In every case but one, punishment imposed by a lower court has been reversed on a technicality by a higher court. The only case in which a conviction has been upheld was the 1973 case that started the euthanasia boom.

In explaining why he wrote a how-to book on euthanasia, Dr. Admiraal said, "It's not so simple to kill somebody the honest way."

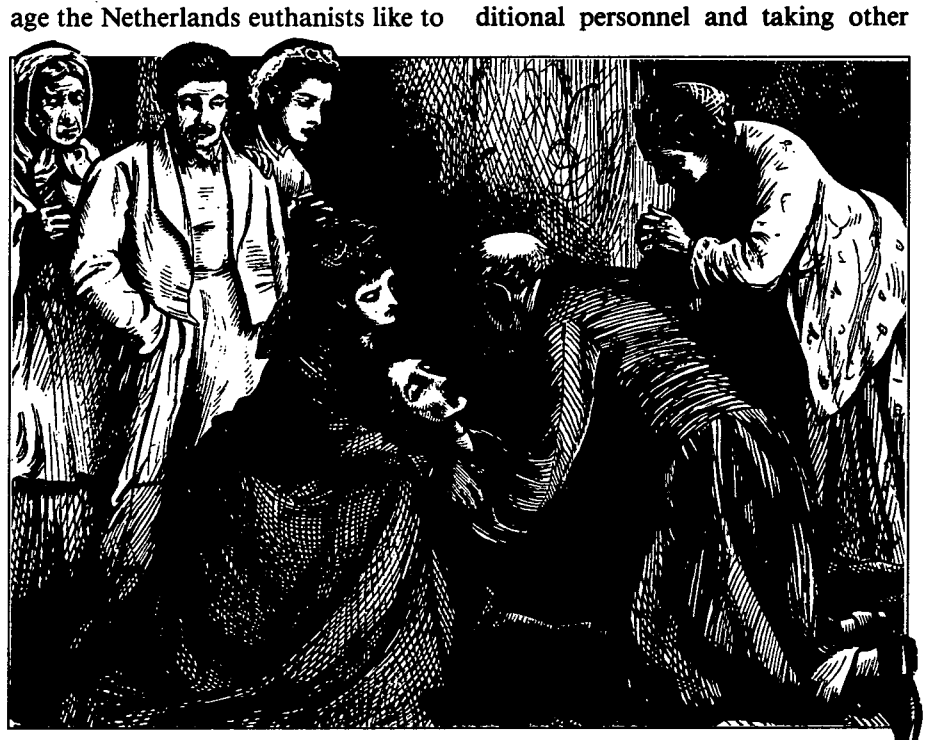
A recent movie here tells the true story of a Dutch soldier trapped behind enemy lines in the Korean War. Upon discovering that his unit has been overrun by Communist soldiers he makes an even more horrifying discovery. One of his fellow soldiers has been horribly injured, clearly beyond recovery. In his torment, the wounded man begs his comrade to shoot him. Reluctantly, the healthy soldier does so. This is the image the Netherlands euthanists like to present of their craft: "He was in horrible pain and about to die anyway and so, with great reluctance, I helped him to accomplish that which he could not do himself."

This may once have been the typical situation, but critics charge that in more and more instances, Netherlands euthanasia is neither voluntary nor restricted to cases of impending death.

Is Euthanasia "Necessary"?

Dutch euthanasia opponents aver that one need not adopt a "pro-life" philosophical outlook to find that voluntary euthanasia is still a needless practice, that an understanding doctor and improved conditions can almost always prevent requests for death. Fenigsen notes that, in his entire career of over thirty-five years, he has received only one request for euthanasia, made in a brief moment of despair. During six years of follow-up, the patient never made the request again. (The representativeness of his experience may be questioned since, as a cardiologist and not a general practitioner, he might not be in a position to get many requests.) According to one doctor, J. H. Segers, the results of a 1984 survey indicate that "a request for . . . euthanasia often disappears when there is good supportive care and a good combating of the symptoms of the disease. In the present discussion about euthanasia, too little attention is being given to the improvement of care as an alternative to life termination."

A project undertaken in a Rotterdam nursing home provides evidence for this, according to Segers. By employing additional personnel and taking other steps, it was possible to devote extra care to patients whose death was near. Of 500 patients who died, only six or seven requested a fatal injection, and in most of these cases, they dropped the request after a conversation.



In 1985, Dr. Admiraal was tried for ending the life of a young girl with multiple sclerosis who, though suffering, could have been expected to live indefinitely. This, he says, was after he had repeatedly tried to get her to go to a nursing home. The charges were dismissed because the act of euthanasia fell within the criteria developed by the High Court, namely that the disability, although not fatal, was incurable. Down's syndrome and spina bifida cases represent similar situations.

The KNMG guidelines appear conservative when compared to legislative proposals or judicial decisions, but they still do not require a terminal illness, an impending death, or a written request—safeguards that would increase the possibility of objective verification. The 1987 proposal put forth by the government's general health council would allow the termination of people who are (1) not terminally ill, (2) not incompetent, and (3) less than 16 years old—without parental knowledge or consent. Yet even these proposals are limited compared to what actually goes on in the homes and hospitals of the Netherlands.

How Voluntary Is "Voluntary"?

Some Dutch supporters of euthanasia are adamant that the act is always voluntary, or at least should be, and that actions to the contrary are abuses of an otherwise valid system. The right to terminate one's own life is considered simply the flip side of the right to keep one's life—an aspect of individual autonomy. "The right of self-determination is one of our highest goals," says Mrs. Bakker. But, as noted, many Dutch favor euthanizing comatose patients. A majority of the State Commission on Euthanasia also supports involuntary euthanasia for persons who have irreversibly lost consciousness. Admiraal says, "There's no possibility of euthanasia for demented patients because they cannot voluntarily ask for it." But both the Dutch Society for Voluntary Euthanasia and Admiraal support disconnecting the feeding tubes of comatose patients in some circumstances, a practice Admiraal defends on both economic and humanitarian grounds. "I think comas won't be accepted by nursing homes today, because there's not enough room as it is," he says. "If they're in a coma, there's no consciousness, so it's not cruel."

After the Amsterdam University Hospital nurses were arrested, the victims' parents thanked them at an emotionally charged televised ceremony, providing additional evidence that what Fenigsen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calls "crypthanasia" is not shunned as an "abuse" but widely accepted, openly supported, and praised as a charitable deed.

As a result of such actions, the Dutch Patients' Association placed an advertisement in the press saying that in many hospitals patients are being killed without their or their families' will or knowledge. They advised the families to inquire about every step in their relative's treatment and, when in doubt, to consult a reliable expert outside the hospital.

A "request" for euthanasia can be defined quite loosely, to say the least. In the spring of 1985, a doctor came under suspicion of killing at least twenty patients at a nursing home in the Hague. He eventually confessed to five, explaining that his actions had been justified because the patients had, as much as four years earlier, made such remarks as, "I do not want to become a vegetable." At some point thereafter, he would send the patient to the sick bay where, regardless of the patient's medical condition, he would administer a huge amount of sedatives. He would then kill the now-comatose patient with a large dose of insulin. The doctor was arrested and put into jail. He was eventually convicted of killing three patients and received an unconditional one-year prison sentence, though the prosecutor requested eight years. The KNMG and others criticized the judgment as too harsh, with the president of the KNMG declaring, "I fear that this judgment can lead to euthanasia practice again being drawn into the sphere of secrecy."

They feared too soon. A higher court overruled the verdict on technical grounds (the collection of evidence against the doctor was considered irregular), after which a civil court granted him $150,000 in damages against the Netherlands for having spent several months in jail. (He was, however, disciplined by the medical authorities, who imposed a fine but allowed him to keep his license.) This doctor is the only one in the Netherlands ever to serve jail time for his euthanasia activities. As Dr. Admiraal notes, in principle "the courts are never against you" if you commit euthanasia.

The Netherlands' leading specialist in pediatric oncology, Professor P. A. Voute, revealed that since the early 1980s it had been his practice, at times on his own initiative, to provide some of his patients with doses of poison, enabling them to commit suicide if they wished. An opinion poll showed that 70 percent of the public approved of Voute's actions.

Yet even when a patient makes so clear a statement as, "Please kill me; I'm dying to go," it might not be so voluntary as it appears. Fenigsen writes:

> For 20 years, the population of Holland has been subjected to all-intrusive propaganda in favor of death. The highest terms of praise have been applied to the request to die: This act is "brave," "wise," and "progressive." All efforts are made to convince people that that is what they ought to do, what society expects of them, what is best for themselves and their families.

The result, as Attorney General T. M. Schalken stated in 1984, is that "elderly people begin to consider themselves a burden to the society, and feel under an obligation to start conversations on euthanasia, or even to request it." Fenigsen says such a cultural bias has to be taken into account whenever one considers how voluntary "voluntary" euthanasia is. Under Admiraal's protocol, the "family has no rights at all; in fact, it can't even stop a request for euthanasia." Admiraal says, "Even if your wife wanted to stop it she couldn't." Yet euthanasia opponents say that, outside of Admiraal's de Graaf hospital, involuntary euthanasia does occur at familial request. According to one hospital director with terminal patients, Dr. J. Michels, euthanasia requests from his patients are extremely rare; most requests come from the family. Van der Sluis quotes a general practitioner who said: "There are different kinds of families. Some will do almost anything to help the sick man, nursing him at home, often going to incredible lengths, but there are also families that want to make a clean sweep."

Van der Sluis describes one general practitioner explaining how he was persuaded by the patient's wife:

> You know, doctor, my husband is looking all the time at my father's picture on the wall, and he thinks my father would not have approved his leaving me alone. But I told him: What nonsense. He would have said that you certainly earned your rest. And I took away that picture.

Such hearsay hardly constitutes a patient request for euthanasia, but the doctor killed the man nonetheless and claimed to have been quite proud of it, says van der Sluis. He said it gave him "a liberating certainty and a feeling of elation that I had done such a radical thing all on my own."

Clearly the definition of "voluntary" is affected by the amount of initiative a doctor takes. According to van der Sluis, one terminally ill woman reported that, after an especially painful night, her doctor asked her, "Shall I give you an injection now?" After a moment of silent bewilderment on her part, he added: "All right, I will be back within an hour. Then you must have made your decision. Either an injection or the hospital."

Much of the evidence of involuntary euthanasia is anecdotal, for obvious reasons. But polls confirm that many people in the Netherlands believe involuntary euthanasia is common. One poll of the elderly found that those living independently favored euthanasia at dramatically higher rates than residents of nursing homes. Of those living independently, 47 percent opposed euthanasia, as compared to 97 percent of nursing home residents. The former clearly feel they have less risk of being involuntarily killed. Of elderly people opposed to euthanasia, 60 percent of nursing home residents expressed fear that they would be involuntarily euthanized, while 24 percent of those living independently expressed that fear.

One inquiry among hospital patients showed that many fear their own families may ask for euthanasia without consulting them. A group of people with severe disabilities stated in their letter to the Parliamentary Committees for Health Care and Justice:

> We feel our lives threatened. . . . We realize that we cost the community a lot. . . . Many people think we are useless. . . . Often we notice that we are being talked into desiring death. . . . We will find it extremely dangerous and frightening if the new medical legislation includes euthanasia.

Is Euthanasia for the Patient or Society?

The euthanasia proponents I talked to all insisted that, as Mrs. Bakker put it, "the patient must ask the doctor [to be euthanized]. It must not be allowed merely because the family thinks it is best or the doctor thinks the world is better off. It must be a possibility for those who want to die, and for no other reason." Sutorius goes even further to state that it is a "dangerous threat to society the moment physicians themselves withhold treatment on non-medical grounds, citing societal needs, etc."

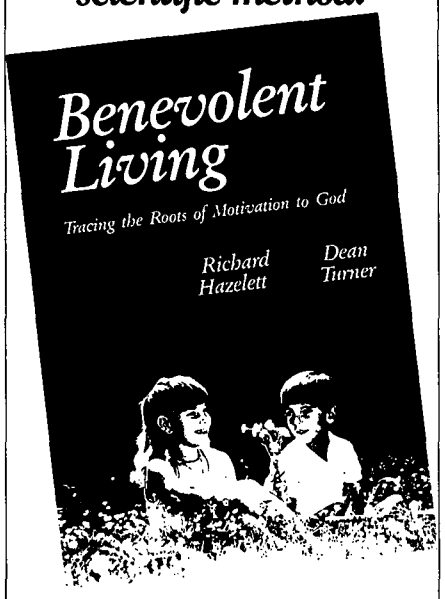
But, according to Dr. Gunning, there are two branches of ethics regarding euthanasia. One is "humanitarian," and says euthanasia is to be performed solely for the alleged benefit of the euthanized. The other is utilitarian, and says that the needs of society should be considered in the decision. Dr. Gunning says, "There are people who exploit the humanitarian views of the public" to support their own utilitarian purposes. He says Dutch television offers "constant performances of someone suffering" and who is therefore a good candidate for euthanasia, but at the same time there is much talk in the country about the "tremendous cost to society" of an aging population. "I'm sure some people do it for purely humanitarian reasons," he says, "but others I'm sure do it for purely demographic reasons."

Obviously, what Dr. Gunning calls "utilitarian" euthanasia is another word for "involuntary." And the subject leads the question of child euthanasia.

The KNMG thinks teen-agers and even younger children should have the right

The Good News of the twentieth century

is that you can find the God of Moses and Jesus through the use of scientific method.



Read *Benevolent Living: Tracing the Roots of Motivation to God.* Gain religious knowledge that no one can take away from you. Achieve enduring calm and peace. Search for new joy in shared spiritual values, work, music, and intimacy.

This demanding book makes use of several disciplines. Yet no college training is necessary. You need only appreciation for rigorous thought, and love of the printed word.

It works. Why wait until old age to get wisdom when you can get it now? If you decide that *Benevolent Living* has failed you, return it within 90 days, with proof of purchase from us, and the price will be refunded.

Help revive a dying civilization — your own

$19.95 in colorful quality hardback.*
Add $2 for shipping and handling.
California customers please add $1.45 sales tax.

800-326-2671
Fax 818-792-2121

Correspondents please state Visa/MC number and expiration date, with signature.

Distributed to religious bookstores by Spring Arbor.

ISBN 0-932727-32-8

Hope Publishing House
Southern California Ecumenical Council
696 South Madison Avenue, Box A
Pasadena, California 91106 U.S.A.

* Among the 443 large-type pages, scholars will find references to 1,200 carefully chosen works. 30 cartoons illustrate points.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to choose to be killed, even without parental consent, and has advocated the elimination of age limits from any euthanasia legalization bill. "Sometimes a 15-year-old child can have a mature judgment; sometimes parents can have an immature judgment," concluded a KNMG white paper released in 1986. Dr. Theo van Berkestijn, then-director of the association, said the organization had concluded that "the most important thing is that [the physician] keep the trust of the child."

But what of children far below the age of 15, in whom mature judgment is objectively impossible? The inability of such small children to speak for themselves appears to put them in the legal position of comatose adults. Thus, in 1975, the Commission on Medical Ethics of the Health Council advised that, for newborns, both active and passive euthanasia should be permissible under certain conditions.

Euthanasia opponents Catharina Dessaur and Chris Rutenfrans cited the example of one doctor relating to another the incident of a child born with Down's syndrome who had blockage of the duodenum. The physician decided simply to allow the child to starve to death, believing that starvation would cause death in two days. In fact, the child withered away over a period of two horrible weeks. Blockage of the duodenum occurs fairly frequently in newborns and an operation to remove the blockage almost always proves successful (mortality is about 3 percent), yet the doctor's only regret was that he didn't actively euthanize the child with a hypodermic. In the spring of 1988, the KNMG published the first part of a report called "Terminating Life in Incompetent Patients," which stated that about 300 newborn babies have their lives ended every year, though usually they are just allowed to die.

Interestingly, even though both Bakker and Admiraal will state forcefully that they always oppose involuntary euthanasia, they say they support euthanizing severely defective newborns. Thus, in the same conversation in which Dr. Admiraal told me, "There's no room for involuntary euthanasia," I asked him about euthanizing newborns and he stated flatly, "That's involuntary euthanasia. Most of these babies have severe neurological problems and if there's no possibility [of correcting them, doctors] will decide with the parents what to do. In that case, we can stop the life of the baby." Said Admiraal, "I think it's quite normal for society to ask for euthanasia of newborns and for allowing the death of [people in] comas." The Dutch Voluntary Euthanasia Society also supports the euthanization of newborns.

Thus, despite the talk of euthanasia being voluntary, van der Sluis says, "Euthanasia doctors will kill you with your consent if they can get it, and without your consent if they cannot."

Down the Slippery Slope

If the original purpose of euthanasia was to provide terminal patients with a chance of checking out early, then abuses have already been institutionalized in the form of euthanizing non-terminal patients, newborns, and those in comas. Mrs. Bakker's reaction to questions of abuse seems particularly disconcerting. She says her organization opposes abuses, but this appears to be with nothing more than an occasional verbal disclaimer. "We're not going to spend energy to work against murder," she says. "We have justices and police to do that. . . . As soon as euthanasia is [statutorily] legalized, we believe illegal things will be far easier to detect."

One doctor confessed to killing five patients, explaining that his actions had been justified because patients had, as much as four years earlier, made such remarks as "I do not want to become a vegetable."

In fact, it may be that a euthanasia statute would make illegal euthanasia easier to deal with in the same way abolishing laws against shoplifting would make that crime easier to deal with—namely because it wouldn't be a crime anymore. Letter after letter to the *Hastings Center Report* objecting to the Fenigsen article relied on semantics, saying, in briefest form, that since "involuntary euthanasia" is a contradiction in terms, there is therefore no involuntary euthanasia in the Netherlands.

More specifically, they said the instances Fenigsen cited as being euthanasia abuses were not euthanasia because euthanasia is by definition "a deliberate life-ending action by another person than the concerned person at the enduring request of the latter," to quote from one letter signed by twenty-five prominent pro-euthanists.

Another letter mentioned "the 1985 definition of the State Commission on Euthanasia that euthanasia refers to all actions aimed at deliberately terminating a person's life at his or her explicit and voluntary request. Consequently, it is impossible for people who do not want euthanasia to be maneuvered or forced into it." Yes, of course it is impossible—if that's how strictly you define euthanasia. But call it what you will, says Fenigsen, people are putting others to death who did not explicitly ask for it, and they are doing so because they feel they can get away with it.

One gets the idea that Mrs. Bakker just isn't very concerned about abuses, whether because she doesn't really believe they have been happening or will happen or simply because she thinks even addressing the subject distracts from the good fight. Certainly her attitude is reflected in her concern over what a new euthanasia statute would look like. "If too tight, it will be ignored and if too wide the right-wing Christian party will not accept it." It is telling that this concern over having too wide a law had nothing to do with the possibility of allowing involuntary euthanasia, only in getting it passed.

Even pro-euthanists occasionally concede they're headed down the slippery slope. "We can estimate that by 2020 or 2030 there will be the highest [proportion] of old people and the smallest amount of young people the world has ever known," Admiraal told the *Los Angeles Times*. Regarding Alzheimer's disease, "We realize there will be demented patients by the tens of thousands. So I'm a little bit afraid. I really think that [by then] we may accept that, for purely economic reasons, they can stop life after a period of three years of complete dementia, for instance. I can imagine that. . . . I don't believe we can prevent it."

That the Netherlands should be in the forefront of euthanasia today is ironic, considering the resistance of Dutch doctors to German attempts at euthanasia during World War II. Even after 100 Dutch physicians were sent to concentration camps, the medical profession would not give in. Thus, wrote the late Dr. Leo Alexander, a member of the Office of the Chief Counsel for War Crimes in Nuremberg, "it came about that not a single euthanasia or sterilization was recommended or participated in by any Dutch physician." Today, it is the German physicians who have taken the lead in actively rejecting euthanasia.

There are mixed opinions in the Netherlands on whether euthanasia is gaining ground elsewhere. Fenigsen, writing in the *Wall Street Journal*, stated that the Standpoint on Euthanasia proposed by the Dutch Royal Society of Medicine was unanimously rejected by the Committee on Medical Ethics of the European Community, and this body expressed "hope that this strong reaction will induce the Dutch colleagues to reconsider their move and return to the happy communion of utmost respect for human life."

Nevertheless, Dr. Philippe Schepens, a Dutch physician residing in Ostende, Belgium, has written that "it is extremely important to know what is happening there because from the Netherlands it is slowly spreading across the borders. In Sweden, Belgium, and England there are already signs of complacency towards the idea of killing certain patients." But van der Sluis says that, among other nations, the U.S. could be the closest to following the Netherlands model.

Can It Happen Here?

An American commentator, Patrick G. Derr, notes:

> German medicine required fewer than 20 years to make the transformation [to where widespread euthanasia of "undesirables" was accepted]. In America, the pressures which exist or can be reasonably anticipated seem much less, and the abuses of medical killing which can be reasonably anticipated seem likely to be correspondingly milder. Still, it is worth remembering that the engine which drove the early moral transformation of German medicine was not the ideology of racial discrimination, but medical economics.

This is something to think about as medical costs in the U.S. continue to far outstrip the consumer price index. Estimates are that, by 2025, the number of people 100 or older will increase from 25,000 to 400,000.

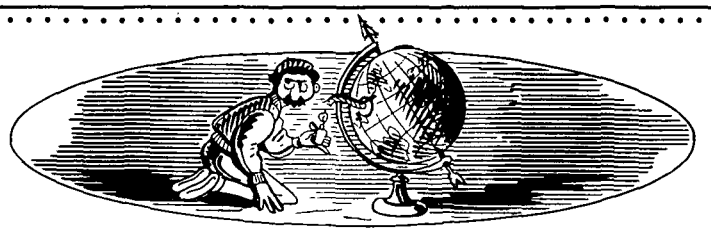
The significance of the doctor's Hippocratic Oath, Margaret Mead noted, was that

> for the first time in our tradition there was a complete separation between killing and curing. Throughout the primitive world the doctor and the sorcerer tended to be the same person. He with power to kill had power to cure, including specially the undoing of his own killing activities. He who had power to cure would necessarily also be able to kill.
>
> With the Greeks, the distinction was made clear. One profession, the followers of Asclepius, were able to be dedicated completely to life under all circumstances, regardless of rank, age, or intellect—the life of a slave, the life of the Emperor, the life of a foreign man, the life of a defective child. . . . This is a priceless possession which we cannot afford to tarnish, but society always is attempting to make the physician into a killer—to kill the defective child at birth, to leave the sleeping pills beside the bed of the cancer patient . . .

In the Netherlands, society appears to be succeeding. Last year, the practice of euthanasia took another Great Leap Forward. A doctor was cited by the Dutch Medical Disciplinary Board for "breach of trust" in misleading a patient into supposing that he was being given a lethal dose of drugs when the doctor knew otherwise. This prompted one commentator in the *Times* of London to suggest that the doctor was in effect found guilty of "not. . . unlawfully killing his patient."

An American scholar has written, "A right to die, once accepted, too easily becomes a duty to die, or an excuse to kill." Will it soon be a duty to kill? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ASSAD COMMENTARY

by Avigdor Haselkorn

In the weeks since Syria's President Hafez al-Assad agreed to take part in the United States' Middle East peace negotiations, a wrongheaded consensus has emerged on his motives. It is now almost universally accepted that Assad's about-face is due to changes in the global power structure—particularly the weakening of the Soviet Union and the emergence of the United States as the only superpower. To forestall a further deterioration of its position within the region—and perhaps a pre-emptive Israeli attack—Syria has been *forced* to agree to direct negotiations. The argument runs that Assad is bargaining from a position of weakness, not strength; that his position is a defensive, not an offensive, one; and that his conversion is reminiscent of that of Anwar al-Sadat of Egypt in 1977.

The prevailing wisdom is not only misguided: it is flat-out dangerous. If Assad is acting defensively, why does he not simply sue for peace—i.e., agree to Shamir's "peace for peace"—rather than insist on the "territory for peace" approach?

While a peace process might seem a promising, even necessary, option for Syria, such a course could actually *jeopardize* Assad's regime. His Alawite sect, an offshoot of Shi'a that draws from only 12 percent of Syria's mainly Sunni population, must rely on Arab "nationalism"—anti-Zionism and anti-"imperialism"—for its legitimacy. Assad's decision to join forces with the U.S. against Iraq was far from popular, and it is reliably reported that Syrian artillery posted in Saudi Arabia deliberately missed its Iraqi targets in the battle for the Gulf town of Khafji last January.

Moreover, the massive Kurdish and Shi'ite revolts in the war's aftermath must have given Assad the most forceful reminder of his own vulnerability since Sunni fundamentalists rose against him in the town of Hama in 1982. Any moves he makes toward Israel will have to bolster his regime's pan-Arab credentials. Senior Israeli intelligence officials have said that Assad has sought Ba'ath party support in Syria by depicting his openness to talks as a mere change of tactics towards perennial Syrian goals: the Golan Heights and a Palestinian state. Assad's cronies describe the upcoming negotiations not as peace talks but as a "political battle," as Vice President Abd-al-Halim Khaddam did on Damascus radio in July.

How Weak Is Assad Internationally?

In prodding Israel to join the talks, Secretary Baker reportedly argued that Assad has "realized that he can no longer rely on the USSR to serve as his prop, that the U.S. is the only superpower, and that it is with the U.S. that he must work and cooperate. That is why he thought it necessary to tread the path of negotiations with Israel." Even some Israeli intelligence officers were quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* in July as saying that Syria's leaders were "stunned" by the collapse of the power and prestige of their former patron. The new reality dawned in late 1989, just after the Bush-Gorbachev summit in Malta, when the Soviets prevented Syria from a planned invasion of Lebanon. The lesson was only reinforced during the Gulf War.

But rumors of the death of Soviet sponsorship have been greatly exaggerated. Although the remarkable events of late August raise the possibility that Moscow will henceforth prefer Israel to dictators like Assad, such a shift remains hypothetical. In any event, Assad's "conversion" could not have come about as a result of the *subsequent* downfall of the Communists in the Soviet Union. Nor can it be assumed that Assad decided to search for peace in anticipation of a coup by *hard-liners* in the USSR. In short, the alleged Soviet abandonment of Assad runs counter to what is known. Even in the middle of the Gulf War, Syrian Defense Minister Gen. Mustafa Tlass was in Moscow, where, according to Damascus Radio, "The two sides reviewed the means of promoting the continuous cooperation between the two friendly countries and modernizing the defense means of the Syrian Arab forces, so that Syria will remain strong in these difficult and complicated circumstances." In April, according to *Pravda*, Gorbachev met with Syrian Foreign Minister Faruq al-Shar to reaffirm the "Soviet determination to develop relations of friendly cooperation with Syria along all lines, including the defense sphere . . ." The Israeli government claimed in May that Syria was negotiating with the Soviets to buy several new Su-24 medium-range bombers and fifty new MiG-29s, along with a large number of sophisticated tanks and air defense systems.

(The evolving arms relationship between the USSR and Iran, including a recent shipment of MiG-29s, has bearing on the Israeli-Syrian balance. Tehran and Damascus often speak of their "strategic" ties, and agreed last April, during Iranian President Hashemi Rafsanjani's visit to Syria, that confronting

the "Zionist entity's . . . annexationist and aggressive policies" is their utmost concern.)

What Assad cannot get from the Soviet Union he shops for elsewhere. With the $2 billion it received from the Gulf states for joining the anti-Iraq coalition, Syria bought Scud-Cs from North Korea, sixty to eighty of which have already been delivered, according to the Israelis. The new Scud-C, with a range of 600 kilometers, is far more accurate than the Scud-Bs used in the Gulf War. Damascus is also negotiating with China for M-9 missiles, which have a range of 800 kilometers and can carry one-ton warheads. (The missiles Iraq launched at Israel had quarter-ton warheads.) After a visit to Syria by Chinese Prime Minister Li Peng, the two countries announced that they "will continue to consolidate and develop relations in all fields"—which, in Communist parlance, means arms.

Having noticed the extreme apprehension the Iraqi chemical warfare threat caused among the coalition forces and Israel, Assad views these missiles as key to achieving strategic parity with Israel. Syria has chemical warheads, and the Israeli newspaper *Ha'aretz* sees Syria's interest in the missiles as stemming from Israel's inability to defend itself against the relatively ineffective Iraqi Scuds. The Syrian general staff was also impressed by the large-scale civilian exodus from Tel Aviv as soon as that city became a target.

Syria has contracted to buy 300 new T-72 tanks from Czechoslovakia. Czech prime minister Marian Calfa, when pressed by Israel in May, said his country would sell the T-72s "to Syria or any other country that wants them." The Syrian military buildup also took it to Poland in May. President Lech Walesa, however, announced that Poland was calling off a deal that would have sent tanks to Syria—100 of them, according to the Czech newspaper *Narodna Obroda*.

Would Israel Attack Syria?

It can be argued that Assad's policy shift was motivated by fear of an Israeli pre-emptive strike. Given the Israeli alarm over the recent acquisition of medium-range missiles by Syria, and taking into account Israel's traumatic experience during the Gulf War, the incentives to pre-empt the Syrian threat must be great in Jerusalem. Moreover, in view of the temporary removal of Iraq from the Arab-Israeli equation, Assad might have concluded that the time was ripe for such a move, and Washington's peace initiative must have been greeted with relief in Damascus.

There is no denying that the defeat of Iraq has weakened Syria *vis-a-vis* Is-

---

Avigdor Haselkorn is a strategic analyst and defense consultant specializing in Soviet and Middle Eastern affairs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SARKES TARZIAN INC

WRCB, CHANNEL 3, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

KTVN, CHANNEL 2, RENO, NEVADA

WTTS, 92.3 FM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WGCL, 1370 AM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WAJI, 95.1 FM, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

CENTRAL OFFICE, BOX 62, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA 47402
TELEPHONE: 812 332 7251

Providing the Best Radio and Television Service

rael, but it's doubtful Assad believes a dialogue is necessary to avert a pre-emptive strike by Israel. For one, President Bush's success in keeping Israel from retaliating in the Gulf War indicates that Israel's freedom of action has been severely constrained. The U.S. is relying on the Arab coalition as the basis for a regional security arrangement, and will likely veto any Israeli military initiative, which would undermine what the President calls his "new credibility" among Arabs.

Israel also has domestic preoccupations that would make an attack untimely. Assimilating hundreds of thousands of Soviet Jews requires tranquil borders and huge financial resources, the latter of which only the United States can provide. A pre-emptive strike against Syria could have grave political consequences. The new chief of staff of the Israeli Defense Forces, Lt. Gen. Ehud Barak, has said the Gulf War and the wilting *intifada* will give him two to three years to overhaul the IDF, and armies rarely think of launching a war in the middle of a shake-up. And given the difficulties Israel and the coalition had in locating Iraq's mobile Scud launchers, Assad can be confident that, even if Israel pre-empts most of the Syrian missiles in any attack, enough will survive to rain terror on Israeli cities. Israel is unlikely to take the risk.

Does Syria Lack a Military Option?

Syria scholar Moshe Maoz wrote in the *Jerusalem Post* this March that "Syria today has no military option against the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF), among other reasons because President Gorbachev has refused to continue increasing its military strength." When Assad visited Moscow in 1987, Gorbachev told him that Syria should give up its dreams of parity with the IDF, and, indeed, the Syrian army would be unable to defeat Israel.

But the Israelis should be worried about something less than a full invasion: a limited strike aimed at seizing the Golan Heights is certainly within Assad's means. Even such a dovish observer as former IDF intelligence chief Maj. Gen. Aharon Yariv told the *Jerusalem Post* that "Syria currently has an independent military option which could be exercised in a surprise attack on the Golan Heights." The Syrian shopping list of arms, especially given its heavy emphasis on offensive weapons, must also be seen in the context of Syria's preparations to retake the Golan. The Syrian army's large-scale military exercises, frequently conducted in the vicinity of the Israeli lines, only confirm the seriousness of Assad's plans.

Does Assad Need Western Aid?

Finally, it is argued, Syria is in desperate need of Western technology. Syria suffers from shortages of housing, electricity, and water. Its population is expected to double to 25 million over the next two decades. And, as the *Wall Street Journal* wrote in July, Assad's ability to expand his oil production depends heavily on U.S. technology.

This is all rather dubious. The Syrian economy is actually in better shape today than it was three years ago, thanks to the export of some 12 million tons of newly found oil and the influx of hard currency from the Gulf War effort. But if the economic welfare of his people is of such importance to Assad, why is he spending the money from his Persian Gulf expedition to buy new offensive weapons?

Assad has made his diplomatic move because he has nothing to lose. He could recover at least part of the Golan Heights. In the meantime, he is continuing his military buildup, fully confident that the current shift to the "political battle" will only help him isolate his enemy, especially by causing new strains in U.S.-Israeli relations. Far from having been pushed into negotiations by the Soviet retreat, Assad knows that waning Soviet power will mean a cooling in U.S. support for Israel—Washington no longer has such a great need for it as a strategic asset. Of all recent administrations, the current one is the most likely to press Israel for concessions in the name of the "new world order." Meanwhile, by waging "political battle," Assad also seeks to aggravate divisions within Israel, perhaps even causing the Israelis to lower their guard, while lessening U.S. pressure regarding his military purchases. Ultimately, Assad hopes to gain international legitimacy for his claim to the Golan Heights. As he said at a news conference following a July meeting with Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak, "The world must now choose between us."

If his plan is successful, Assad will in due course be in the position to make a military push into the Golan Heights, perhaps with tacit international backing. In August, on the forty-sixth anniversary of the Syrian Arab Army, he told his troops over Syrian TV:

> If the world's interaction with our cause and its responsiveness to our understanding of just peace would help our struggle, then our efforts, capabilities, and especially our belief in martyrdom in defense of the homeland and the people remain the basis for attaining our objectives.

This being the case, it's alarming that Assad, as a precondition for joining the talks, had Secretary Baker reiterate that "the U.S. has never recognized Israel's decision to annex the Golan Heights." It won't be the first time Baker's diplomatic genius has led to war. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS

COLUMBUS GO HOME

by Mark Falcoff

Do you hate yourself? Do you wish you had never been born? Do you regret the fact that your country exists? Then have we got a commemoration for you! This month is the 500th anniversary of Columbus's departure from Spain, to discover—as we used to say—the New World. Only now it isn't "discover," and it isn't the "New World." And besides, there's nothing to celebrate.

That's the current take on what used to be called Columbus Day. Formerly a holiday on which Italian-Americans took on other claimants to the Great Mariner's ancestry (or those who held that the Vikings got here several hundred years before), October 12 is now the rendezvous of choice for "multiculturalists," nativist nostalgics, and critics of Western civilization. Their principal message is that nothing good has happened on this side of the globe ever since a certain Genoese navigator flying under Spanish colors landed in what is now the Dominican Republic.

It's difficult to imagine any other recent issue that has generated so much foolishness in print. First of all, we are instructed, there is the question of terminology. It's wrong to say that America was "discovered" in 1492, because that makes it sound as if the indigenous peoples existed only once Europeans were aware of them. After many squabbles over the proper term, most cultural relativists have settled on the supposedly neutral word "encounter" (which recently led John Leo of *U.S. News & World Report* to quip: " 'Encounter' as in 'My car has encountered a large truck going 80 miles an hour'"). Likewise, the term "New World" should be discarded in favor of "Western hemisphere." (But west of *what*? After all, from the perspective of the Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, etc., the Americas are the *Eastern* hemisphere.)

As for the event itself, we are to regard it with deep and genuine regret. The National Council of Churches has told us that what happened in 1492 was "an invasion and colonization . . . with genocide, economic exploitation, and a deep level of institutional racism and moral decadence." The American Library Association has passed a resolution urging its members to approach the quincentennial with materials that "examine the event from an authentic Native American perspective, dealing directly with topics like cultural imperialism, colonialism, and the Native American holocaust."

Naturally, people who fashion themselves Native American (as if the rest of us had been born on Jupiter or Saturn) tend to agree. Suzan Shoan Haijo, a member of the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indian nations, says that her Morning Star Foundation prefers to celebrate 149*1*, "which we call the last good year. The good old days!" Jan Eliot, a North Carolina Cherokee and editor of the monthly *Indigenous Thought*, adds, "Columbus was a mass murderer. . . . His discovery [Oops!—the D-word again] of America is definitely nothing to celebrate unless you want to celebrate all the lives of our people who died." (Try that one on for size.) On October 12, the Native American Council will hold a week-long festival in New York City and sponsor an hour of silence "to emphasize the environmental damage caused by Columbus's heirs."

What's really at issue here evidently is not what happened 500 years ago but the world we live in today. Kirkpatrick Sale, whose recent trashy biography *The Conquest of Paradise* excoriates Columbus, has at least been honest enough to admit it openly to a reporter from the *Washington Post*:

> I regard [Western civilization] as a desperately sick and inwardly miserable society that doesn't realize that it is suffering from a terminal disease called affluenza. It is the most powerful and successful society the world has ever seen, you got to give it credit for that, but it is founded on a set of ideas that are fundamentally pernicious, and they have to do with rationalism and humanism and materialism and nationalism and science and progress. Those are, to my mind, just pernicious concepts. . . . Imagine if [our civilization] had singing, dancing, laughing and sex as its regular components.

Guilty as charged. Yes, we *have* practiced things like rationalism and humanism and science and progress, and even occasionally nationalism, and for quite a long time now. But have we really postponed "singing, dancing, laughing and sex" in these parts for the last five centuries? Maybe Kirk Sale isn't getting invited out to the right places.

Once the ideologues got hold of Columbus, strange things started to happen out there where Culture Is Brought to the People. Over this past year, museum, library, educational, and foundation officials who failed to keep up with the Zeitgeist were quickly brought up short. In Atlanta, the SciTrek Museum was picketed by protesters because it dared to exhibit a scale model of the *Niña*. The National Endowment for the Humanities got into hot water again with those who imagine themselves its only constituents—this time for refusing to give a half-million-dollar subsidy to a TV series called "1492: Clash of Visions." As NEH Director Lynne Cheney pointed out, one of the programs preferred to gloss over or ignore completely the "distressing aspects of Aztec culture" (human sacrifice, slavery, wars of conquest against other native peoples), and to concentrate on the excesses of Spanish conquest. Several academics interviewed by the *New York Times* were disturbed by this sudden "politicization" of culture; after all, the grant proposal in question had received the "highest recommendation" from five "peer panelists."

In Arizona, a dozen or so liberals (probably the total number resident in that state) sponsored a referendum that would have replaced Columbus Day with a commemoration of the birthday of Dr. Martin Luther King. (It failed, and they are now working on a King holiday that would not exclude the October 12 observance.) South of the border, leftist Mexicans are negotiating the return of Moctezuma's armor from the Vienna museum, and radical Catholics in other Latin American countries have been trying to raise money in Italy to send Columbus's three ships back to Europe—this time named the *Resistance*, the *Christian Base Community*, and the *Theology of Liberation*. Several hundred native groups in Mexico, Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Guatemala plan to sail to Spain to present a list of grievances at the 1992 World's Fair in Seville.

And from Puerto Real, in Spain's southern Cadiz province, comes this late-breaking item. The town council has just commissioned Ecuadorian sculptor Oswaldo Guyasamin to fashion a monument to the "victims of the European invasion of 1492." The purpose, the officials said, was to "render just homage to the Hispanic-American peoples"—the very same who would not exist at all without the "invasion" thus deplored.

It in no way excuses the conduct of the Spanish soldiers and adventurers who conquered Mexico, the Caribbean islands, Peru, and other (subsequently) Latin American countries to say that some of the societies they destroyed were even less humane (and, for that matter, less respectful of the environment). Nonetheless, John Yewell, a Minnesota writer who is editing one of the many anti-Columbus books now in the works, boasts that "we're not striving for balance here . . . we're striving for the truth." But the truth, alas, is that the Noble Savage myth is just that. Presumably everybody knows—or do they?—about the Aztec penchant for ripping out the hearts of sacrificial victims or waging incessant war against neighboring communities to obtain people to sacrifice in the first place. You needn't be an anthropologist or a historian to grasp this point, because the press periodically reports on the lifestyles, so to speak, of the indigenous peoples who survive in the jungles of South America.

A case in point: Last April a certain Davi Kopenawa Yanomami left his communal hut in the Amazon for Manhattan. The Yanomami of Brazil are part of the hemisphere's largest tribe of unacculturated Indians, and Kopenawa, described in the *New York Times* as a "shaman-in-training, village notable,

---

Mark Falcoff is resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and primary hunter-gatherer of his family," was in the United States to raise money for an emergency health project and a school, as well as to lodge a protest at the United Nations and the Organization of American States against the gold prospectors who have recently invaded Yanomami territory—decidedly post-Columbian activities, one would have thought.

Though he had already played to SRO audiences in London and Oslo, in New York Kopenawa ran into problems, since he turned out to be something short of a Politically Correct Indigenous Person. For one thing, he is an unabashed racist. "Everything in the world here, everything in these countries is mixed up," he complained to the *Times*. "Nothing is separated. All the races are mixed. They don't have blood of their own." While speaking to the reporter he lovingly eyed a poodle on the street; the animal's hair, he explained, "would substitute wonderfully for the feathers used to decorate the Yanomami headdresses." (Animal rights activists, call your office.) Moreover, even the *Times* conceded that the Yanomami were a "fierce people" because of their tendency to, well, kill each other with axes, clubs, and long, bamboo-tipped arrows.

Anthropologist Kenneth Good, whose book on the Yanomami[1] was published earlier this year, confesses that even after living among them for several years, he found it difficult to endure certain incidents. It was particularly stressful, for example, to "stand around with your notebook in your hand" while young braves dragged a woman into the forest for what the braves must have regarded as a bit of naughty fun. (Rape crisis activists, check your beepers.) Poor Mr. Good, trained not to "take sides and make value judgements," discovered painfully (though not as painfully as the luckless Indian woman) that his values (you know, the kind associated with Western civilization) were not current just now in the jungles of the Amazon and, as long as the Yanomami are kept in their edenic state, are not likely to be anytime soon. (Good eventually married a woman from the tribe, but they now live in the United States—in Torrance, California, I hope.)

Since the death of socialism, the only thing the left has left in this country is anti-Americanism—a provincial branch of the larger phenomenon of Self-Hatred. "The American label is not a neutral label," intoned Bryan J. Wolf, professor of American Studies and English at Yale, at a recent symposium on the American West at the Smithsonian Institution. Nobody can argue with that. But Professor Wolf and his fellow-travelers had better watch it. The Columbus celebrations may set ordinary folk to thinking about things—like comparative civilization and universal values—that might not otherwise have occurred to them. And the conclusions they reach may not be the ones printed in the Teacher's Answer Book. □

[1] *Into the Heart.* Simon & Schuster, 352 pp. $21.95.

EUROPEAN DOCUMENT

THE STASI FILES

by Jeffrey Gedmin

"The Stasi is like a poisonous mushroom," the woman said in a dark, musing way to her husband as they lay in bed just before falling asleep. "A poisonous mushroom with the mycelium, the network of countless strand-like threads that run beneath the surface of the ground, stuck to nearly every one of us." It was the perfect analogy. At least that's what the officer of East Germany's Ministry for State Security (MfS) thought at the time, as he monitored the couple's conversation from his listening post. "The poisonous mushroom, the Stasi itself," he reflected, "is in fact relatively small . . . but [our] network of informers—the *Jasager*, the opportunists—is vast."

When it comes to domestic surveillance, the Stasi was likely the most impressive apparatus of its kind in the Soviet Bloc, perhaps because it was able to draw on the tradition of the Gestapo as well as that of the KGB, perhaps because a divided country gives an excuse for greater ideological vigilance. Perhaps also because German discipline and *Gründlichkeit* allowed East Germany to outpace its Slavic neighbors in most aspects of totalitarian proficiency. An acquaintance of mine, a blacklisted academic in Erfurt, traveled every few weeks in the mid-1980s to neighboring Czechoslovakia to inspect spots along the border where he might slip into the Bavarian countryside. When I asked what made him think the Czech border guards would react any differently from their East German comrades, he answered, "Ah, but that's the law of averages I've chosen to play. I'm assuming the Czechs will feel obligated to shoot, but the Germans will consider it their duty always to hit their target."

In a country the size of Ohio, with fewer people (16.7 million) than Mexico City, the MfS employed some 85,000 staffers, with 5,000 full-time tails, 6,000 listeners, and 2,100 mail censors (600 in East Berlin alone). The Stasi bugged phones, faxes, offices, homes, hotels, restaurants, automobiles, and gas stations, even Catholic confessionals and seats in the Dresden Opera House. In a society where so much was forbidden, there was simply an abundance to keep track of. And as MfS chief Erich Mielke liked to say, "Every individual is a potential security risk." Hence "the firm" kept six million personal files (two million on West Germans), on everyone from the maintenance man at a high school in rural Thuringia to Communist leader Erich Honecker himself. Mielke even had a tap on the phone of his number-two, the spymaster Markus Wolf, who orchestrated Stasi efforts abroad.

Even before perestroika, the MfS had taken it upon itself to serve as Communist Europe's beacon of orthodoxy. When East Berlin became impatient with the inability of Poland's regime to control the re-emerging Solidarity virus in the early 1980s, Honecker ordered the MfS to keep tabs on exiled Polish dissidents in Western Europe. Eventually the MfS decided to "show the sloppy Poles how it's done" by dispatching special units to the East German embassy in Warsaw and the consulates in Gdansk, Wroclaw, and Szczecin, with orders to monitor subversive ongoings in Catholic Church and Solidarity circles. (In Poland as elsewhere, the Stasi often did proxy work for the KGB. According to one former Stasi officer, "The Soviets were never able to get themselves properly established in Poland. Anti-Russian sentiment . . . was strong, even with people in the security apparatus.")

Guided by simple, direct company slogans like "Everything is suspicious" and "Get everything," the MfS collected intelligence with great zeal: sexual habits, personal finances, medical records, books checked out from libraries (who, for instance, might express interest in the operation of hot-air balloons or scuba gear). The Stasi wanted to know which of its citizens traveling abroad committed adultery, and who at home would steal a visit to a trash dump in search of foreign literature. (Authorities kept watch at special sites for refuse collected from the highway linking West Germany to Berlin.) In the case of Herr Honecker, Mielke sought to document the East German leader's less than heroic behavior during ten years of Nazi incarceration in Berlin and Brandenburg.

The MfS was a formidable instrument, to be sure, but the real success of the feared and despised Stasi agents, or GHG (*Gucken, Horchen, und Greifen* —watching, listening, and nabbing), as the Stasi were also known, depended on an army of *Mitläufer*—those average, respectable citizens of a dictatorship who, for a thousand reasons, some pardonable, others unforgivable, agree to surrender their consciences and collaborate with the state. In Stasi jargon, they were *die Blauen* (the Blue Ones, as their informers' files originally had blue covers) or, more romantically, *die roten Lampen*, the "little red lanterns" that kept the Communists' project aglow.

The Stasi's 20,000 case officers ran some 109,000 active informers in 1989, the year the East German regime capitulated; nearly half a million were actu-

Jeffrey Gedmin is a research associate at the American Enterprise Institute. His book, The Hidden Hand: Gorbachev and the Collapse of East Germany, *will be published in January by AEI Press.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ally on the books, and ready to be activated. One can estimate that, in due course, one out of every thirty-two East Germans served as an *inoffizielle Mitarbeiter* (IM, for "unofficial colleague") of the MfS. The Stasi kept more than three-and-a-half times the number of informers maintained by their Czechoslovak counterpart, and put a country like Hungary to shame, with Budapest's state security managing only five to ten thousand informers in a population of 10.3 million. (A retired KGB officer recently put the number of his organization's informers at 20 million, 7 percent of the Soviet population.) When 150,000 people marched in the streets of Leipzig during the 1989 revolution, chanting "We are the people," 50,000 might have intoned "We are the Stasi," since, by the MfS's own estimate, between their full-time personnel and IMs, one out of three demonstrators was linked to the firm.

Since early 1990, publishers have flooded the market with books chronicling Stasi abuses. Of these, Lienhard Wawrzyn's *The Blue One: The Informer System of the GDR*[1] is particularly illuminating. Based on Stasi documents and a collection of interviews with former East German informants and their controllers, *The Blue One* offers a glimpse of how a model police state works: how informers are cultivated, enlisted, and controlled; how they are used not only to extend the scope of the security organs' surveillance, but also to ruin the lives of "unpleasant citizens" by destroying a reputation, a marriage, a circle of friends, or the mental or physical health of the "target." Above all, Wawrzyn's documentation helps explain how informers foster mistrust and uncertainty, the glue that can hold a Communist state together. Of neighbor or colleague, friend or relative, even a spouse, "everyone was forced to consider," recalls one ex-Stasi officer, "that he might be an informer."

For the MfS the optimal age for the recruitment of an informer was 14 or 15, according to a Mielke memo, though what the Stasi specialists called the "informer mentality" was to be nurtured much earlier. "Kindergarten and primary school served as the lathe upon which we shaped our IMs," one former MfS case officer tells Wawrzyn. Here began the process of *Krümmen* ("bending"), the wringing out of the individual's integrity and will to make him pliant and acquiescent, ready for servitude to party and state.

Already in nursery school, children were weaned from their families—certain schoolrooms were designated off-limits to parents for "reasons of hygiene." Guidelines from the Ministry of Education stipulated minutely precise measures contributing to conformity and *Ordnung*. Teachers were instructed in what manner and how many times a day children should wash their hands (eight times); or told that no child should be permitted to wave goodbye to his mother in the morning ("Otherwise all the children would want to do the same"). By high school, every adolescent was to know, as one ex-Stasi official puts it, that "nothing happened without our approval." One recently unmasked Stasi informer, a member of the state parliament of Mecklenburg, explained how he had been coerced into service at age 16. MfS officers, first approaching him under the guise of regular police after an accident with homemade firecrackers had caused serious injury to a friend, threatened him with jail and a prohibition on university study.

The MfS agents would skillfully mix carrot and stick to "bend" their candidates, and the reasons for collaborating were varied. Some IMs received small cash payments, others a phone, a car, a better job, or a chance to travel West. Those who would not bend were treated harshly. One Stasi agent recalls:

> If an individual was to take a business trip [to the West], I could go to his boss and say, "Choynowski is a security risk." No one could check this out. . . . Even if the boss asked why his employee couldn't take the trip, I'd simply say I have sources and information I can't reveal. . . . There was this Choynowski who wouldn't be bent, wouldn't become my IM. He made his first trip November 9 [the day the Berlin Wall fell].

For the ever-reluctant, the Stasi could see to it that, say, medicine was withheld from a pensioner's spouse; the MfS could move behind the scenes to decide a child custody case; its agents could even threaten forced adoption to elicit cooperation.[2]

For efficiency, the Stasi divided its minions into seven categories according to their function: Some "colleagues" were all-purpose informers. Others were devoted to counter-intelligence. Still others managed other informers (usually three to four). "Special colleagues" penetrated leadership circles in industry, agriculture, and civil administration. Certain people put their apartments, phones, or cars at the disposal of Stasi agents. Certain informers were party members, obliged to cooperate with the Stasi. Others were "unknown colleagues," a secret layer of informers devoted to checking the reliability of other informers.

Often, different types of colleagues would be strung together to form a net around a particular subject, as when more than a dozen informers were used to envelop East German author Reiner Kunze in the years prior to his emigration to West Germany in 1977. In *Cover Name: "Lyric,"*[3] Kunze shares a portion of what he discovered in his Stasi file—a twelve-volume collection of 3,491 pages of meticulously compiled data. (Another East German writer who's already had a peek into his dossier came upon a full *thirty-one* volumes devoted to himself and his family. Eck-

[1] *Der Blaue: Das Spitzelsystem der DDR*. Berlin: Klaus Wagenbach, 1990.

[2] Marc Fisher revealed a particularly harrowing instance of forced adoption in an August article in the *Washington Post*, and showed that West German politicians were at times guilty of turning a blind eye to the practice. Egon Franke, minister for inter-German affairs in the Social Democratic government of Willy Brandt, went so far as to deny categorically before parliament that any forced adoptions were taking place.

[3] *Deckname 'Lyrik.'* Frankfurt-am-Main; Fischer Taschenbuchverlag, 1990.

208 SOUTH LASALLE ST CHICAGO ILLINOIS 60604

THE LEMLEY LETTER

Do Your Holiday Shopping Early!

Order The "WORLD FAMOUS"

BUY LOW—SELL HIGH!

Lemley Letter T-SHIRT*
for *only* $48

and receive a free 12 month subscription (11 issues) to the equally renowned *Lemley Letter*. *The Lemley Letter* is the investment newsletter which believes in the preservation and growth of capital through prudent long-term investing in good quality, out-of-favor securities. Following this philosophy, the *Lemley Letter Model Portfolio* (a real portfolio) increased in value from $50,000 on December 31, 1983 to $155,000 on August 15, 1991 (commissions and management fees included).

Cited for its "prickly nonconformity" by *Barron's*, we believe you will find this investment newsletter to be well worth the price of a *Lemley Letter* T-Shirt.

Yes, please rush my "world famous" *Lemley Letter* T-Shirt* and begin my *free* 12 month (11 issue) subscription to the *Lemley Letter*.

☐ I've enclosed $48 payable to *The Lemley Letter*, Suite 500, 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Il 60604.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

*Sorry, only one size (XL). If it's too large place in washer on hot, then dry on hot. Presto, XL becomes M. Only in AMERICA!

BUD LEMLEY KATHLEEN PINTO DON YARLING RON BURR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

art Werthback, head of German counterintelligence, recently told me that he had come to the conclusion that the Stasi were suffocating themselves in vast, unmanageable mounds of information they were often simply unable to process.)

Kunze first became a problem for the East German regime when he expressed his sympathy for the Prague Spring in 1968. Three years later, frustrated that "the current political situation [i.e., détente] does not permit us to legally bring Kunze to accountability for his literary activity," the Stasi decided to move against him under Guideline 1/76, by initiating the "systematic organization of failure, both in career and socially, with the aim of undermining the self-esteem of the individual." In casing their victim, the MfS was amply assisted. A December 1972 Stasi report reads:

Regarding the individual H. . . . he could be used for operative tasks in Leiningen. . . . I've . . . used him often as a source. H. can see Kunze's property from his home . . . ca. 80m away. H. can also use his wife when he's at work. . . . This source informs me that the electrical work in Kunze's home was done by a certain M. . . . He could be used, through a third party, if we want to know what's inside the house. M.'s sister is married to a comrade at the police station in Greiz. . . .

Comrade R. lives across from Kunze, and by opening the window can keep watch on Nr. 10. Comrade H., . . . 68 years old, a pensioner, [also] lives across the way and has denounced Kunze in my presence. He's often at home and in the evenings can watch Kunze's front door at all times. Comrades Mr. and Mrs. F. . . . ca. 65-70 years old, live directly across the way. The wife is the sister of H.F., who works for the MfS in Gera.

The Stasi carefully outlined behavior for its IMs. A student at the university of Jena was to raise questions in dissident circles about the authenticity of the author's anti-socialist beliefs by posing questions like "Why is it that nothing ever happens to Kunze?" IMs working with Kunze's wife Elisabeth were "to give Frau Dr. Kunze to understand that her medical colleagues do not identify with the views of her husband; that her husband's public stance does not do service to our state, and that it may have consequences for her and her medical work; that she, as a doctor and humanist, must feel obliged to deter her husband from such unreflective and impossible activity."

The harassment did not cease when the Kunzes finally emigrated to West Germany; the Stasi continued its efforts to damage the author's reputation and professional standing by using "contacts in the Western media." (There are still roughly 500 "top sources" of the old MfS on West German soil, a number of whom have been taken over by the KGB, according to German intelligence officials.) Kunze may consider himself lucky, though. MfS boss Mielke was so personally incensed by the 1979 defection of soccer star Lutz Eigendorf that he put a contract out on Eigendorf in West Germany. Information recently uncovered in Stasi documents indicates MfS agents were to place a poisonous substance, which would enter the victim's bloodstream on contact, on the door handle of Eigendorf's car. Eigendorf died in a mysterious auto accident in 1983.

Although Stasi materials must be considered damaged assets—some files were spirited off to the Soviet Union, others were deliberately falsified, and many, of course, were destroyed—from them flow a rich, textured documentation of one of Eastern Europe's most successful totalitarian projects. And from them one begins to grasp why it will take the East Germans quite some time before they are free to leave the past behind. □

BEN STEIN'S DIARY

COMRADES AND PATIENTS

by Benjamin J. Stein

Tuesday

It's a great day. True, it's raining in the middle of July, in Los Angeles, California. True, the first call I got this morning was from Moni, the incredibly kind Iranian woman at my bank, telling me I was overdrawn. True, I woke up tired and with a sore throat.

Benjamin J. Stein is the author of Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow? (*St. Martin's Press*).

But the worst problems I have at this stage of my life—loneliness, general lassitude, worrying about money—are all so small by comparison with what happens to people in this world that I sometimes laugh out loud with gratitude when I think about the contrast. This is a great day.

Anyway, I wrote for a few hours about my old pal Michael M., one hell of a guy, and then I had a call from my pal W. She is a beautiful woman of about twenty-nine from Mississippi. I was madly in love with her a few years ago, and she was staggeringly mean to me. In my whole life, no one else has ever been so sadistically cruel. Insults, belittlements, rejection, every kind of mockery, and other bad stuff.

Fate, gnarled McFate, that old nightclub stand-up act that no one can ever top, had it in for W. Two years or so ago, she was diagnosed as having multiple sclerosis and was laid up in the hospital for about a month.

She resumed work—at a job I had gotten her in a desperate effort to make her love me—and resumed her usual shenanigans of mockery and contempt, as if possibly they might help her treatment.

She was calling, in tears, to tell me that she was having a bad relapse of MS, and that she could not drive but needed to see her doctor. The physician in question was in an unnamed hospital in another part of town.

After I drove her there, W. sort of shuffled along, and I had to hold her up. She seemed so little and scared and terrified and wasted that it was hard to believe she had ever had such power over me. The other patients in the tower, crammed into the tiny elevators—why do medical buildings and hospitals never have enough elevators?—looked literally demented with fear. I mean scared stiff, twisted, out of their minds.

As we walked down the hall, a narrow, dark hall that reminded me of the hall that the prisoner walked down en route to eternity in *Darkness at Noon*, I asked W. if we were going to see her neurologist.

"No," she said. "This is my nutritionist."

"You're kidding," I said. "You're having an attack of MS and you're going to see your nutritionist?"

"Yes, and he's also going to press my pressure points to determine if I might have some elevated levels of toxins in my system which might require a high colonic."

"W.," I said, "I'm just going to assume that you're kidding."

She wasn't. Her doctor was not only a nutritionist, but also a Sikh, an expert on toxins, an acupuncturist, and a first-class ganef as far as I was concerned. Naturally, others might have different views.

In his cavernous waiting room, there

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a picture of some weird-looking Asian man with halos around his head. There was also a pad under a chair with little ridges and ruffles coming out of it, just right for giving yourself a foot massage. There was also a chair that vibrated on command to give yourself a massage while you waited.

The "nurses," if that's what they were, wore turbans and long white dresses. The patients looked lost, stumbling, pitiful. It all broke my heart. These sad, lost people get sick, and then have nutritionists and toxin experts with turbans waiting to take advantage of them. A sucker getting sick every minute, and two nutritionists to take him.

W. was in the office for two hours, while I read legal cases against Michael M. What a world. I wonder if there are any animal species who live by offering fraudulent comfort to other animals and then fleecing them. I have the terrible feeling that there are.

Of her two hours, W. spent twenty minutes with the doctor and the rest with assistants. The tab was three hundred bucks. Don't laugh. It's paid by her insurance, which means you and me.

W. showed me the bag of vitamins her doctor had given her. As far as I could tell, they were all available at any drug store. But to take advantage of a woman who has MS: God help that man.

On the way down to the parking lot, in the elevator of fools, I ran into L., who produced a pilot for ABC I was just in. He told me it had not gotten picked up, which I already knew, but that it might be a movie, which would be fully buff. As we talked about my career, W. looked at me with an almost indescribable melancholy, as if she were already across the river Styx and had just had her first sip of nepenthe, but still wanted one last look at the land of the living.

Wednesday

Anyway, let's forget about all of that whining. I got another part in a movie. This one is really funny. It's about a man whose fiancée is kidnapped by a gangster because she reminds him of his departed wife. The man goes flying off after his fiancée. The role I play is of a big nerdy guy who is in line ahead of him at the airport, asking endless questions about bargain airfares and making everyone else in line crazy. It's only one scene, but I love it a lot.

Not only do I get to play against Nicholas Cage, an actor I like, but I also get to shoot the scene in a sound stage right next-door to the set that was (so I am told) Tara in *Gone With the Wind.*

Oh, happy day.

Friday

A trip to San Francisco to be in a pilot of a new talk show. This is sort of an object lesson in doing business with your friends. I was solicited for this by a woman named N., a sort of pretty woman of about fifty from North Carolina. A smart girl, at least she thinks so. Determined to make it in the TV business, and makes up in toughness and aggression for everything she lacks in intelligence. I know her through a Chinese friend of a friend and she called and made cooing noises and begged me to be a guest on the show. It paid almost zilch, which should have been a clue, but wasn't.

So I agreed. I stayed in the new San Francisco Hilton. As far as I could tell, the crew from the show were the only Caucasian guests in the hotel. Don't tell Captain Doolittle, but the Asians have totally taken over San Francisco. It's almost unbelievable how many of them there are in the City by the Bay.

It was bitterly cold. I went to Tadich's, the world's most overrated fish house. We had fish that was distinctly poorer than Mrs. Paul's Fish Sticks, and not cheap. And the waiter lost my credit card. I expect to get a statement with many charges from racetracks.

Almost everyone around us was

Buy One Book
For Only $23.45

Nothing more to buy
EVER
THE PAPER DYNASTY
THEODORE ROOSEVELT GARDNER II

The explosive story of the most remarkable family in America, *The Paper Dynasty* is a thrilling, monumental, four generation saga...true as only fiction dares to be.

"This epic of the private demons of the people who helped build the City of Angels is as fun as a highminded gossip column."—John Kissell, Los Angeles Copley's *Daily Breeze*

"Crackling entertainment...references to the Chandler family are scarcely veiled...."—*Publishers Weekly*

600 pages hardcover. ISBN 0-9627297-0-1

ALLEN A. KNOLL, PUBLISHERS INC.

Ask for it at B. Dalton Booksellers, Waldenbooks, and fine independent bookstores

Or order directly from the publishers by calling: (800) 777-7623. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smoking and drinking, and I didn't like that much either. Here in Hollywood, we don't believe in smoking or drinking. Or eating animals. Or being grossly overweight. If someone had told me that I would have become so much a part of the California—make that L.A.—way of life, the abstemious life of very conspicuous ascetic non-consumption, I would never have believed it. But, when in Rome, as they say —and now I've been in Rome a long time.

A little boy at the next table asked me for my autograph, which I liked. It's fun being famous. It's fun having people stare at you and treat you as if you were somebody. Ten minutes on one set. Amazing.

N., my dinner companion, and in a righteous snit over something that had happened on the set, asked me about what I thought we should do about the terrible state of California's finances. (Mine aren't so great, either, but that's not what we were talking about.)

"First," I said, "let's have a tax on nose jobs. Five thou per nostril. Then a tax on breast implants. Ten K per breast. Ten thousand surtax on liposuction. Maybe a few hundred for collagen in the lips and cheeks."

"Is this one of your uppity jokes?" the woman from North Carolina asked.

"Not at all. Then maybe we could have the state of California weigh and measure every taxpayer and child. An ideal weight would be assigned to each such person, and then the state would weigh each citizen on December 31 of each year, or maybe quarterly, and each person could be taxed $100 per pound of excess weight."

N. looked thoughtful. "Wouldn't the costs of weighing and measuring everyone be enormous?"

"Well, maybe we could pay doctors to do it and make the taxpayers pay for that as well. Like the way the Chinese make execution victims' families pay for the bullets."

"That seems very harsh," she said. "Tell me the part again about the collagen injections."

The next day, we did our show. I was on with a famous English actress whose sister is involved with all sorts of Bolshevik and pro-Arab causes; a sweet, tense dancer; and a woman comedienne, which is a sort of contradiction in terms. I was the last "up," as we say. After I talked for a little while, the hostess asked the comedienne to tell one of her feminist jokes.

Here, verbatim, is the joke:

"You see, we girls tell men that size doesn't matter. But that's not what we tell each other."

Everyone in the audience giggled a little bit, but I was still awaiting the punch line. "Why aren't you laughing?" the hostess asked.

"I'm waiting for the punch line," I answered. The audience really roared, and the comedienne looked as if she might kill me.

"Don't you think you might laugh just as a gesture of loyalty to the show?" asked the comedienne.

Za Stalina, I thought to myself, and I said, "I apologize to everyone on the show for not laughing hard enough at Comrade Susan's joke."

The audience really laughed at that, and when the show was over, the comedienne would not speak to me and insisted that a different limo take her to the airport from the one we were supposed to share.

That, you see, is called being a humorist in modern Amerika.

When I got to LAX, I drove over to see my son, the world's handsomest devil bat boy from heaven sent by God, Tommy Stein. He was asleep in his little bed, or so it seemed. I bent over to give him a big kiss on his little three-year-old cheek. Just as I did, he socked me on the jaw, and laughed joyously. "Me sock you, Daddy!!!"

That's humor, Comrade Susan.

"Now hold me upside down, Daddy," he said and laughed a laugh as sweet as salvation.

Tuesday

The first call I had this morning, while Trixie snored lightly next to me, was from my agent, the redoubtable Pearl.

"You know that talk show you did in San Francisco? They would like for you to tape another one with the possibility, just the possibility, of being a sort of Ed McMahon-type character and making wisecracks as the show goes along and then just sitting quietly part of the time."

"I love it." And I did. The star, the hostess, is a genius of timing and expression, and if she just keeps away from the female comedienne we'll be all set. "How much do I get paid?"

"Six hundred dollars for the pilot," Pearl said, and laughed.

It all reminded me of the very early Bob Dylan song about when he was first playing and singing in Greenwich Village and how the man at the place he played loved his music so much he couldn't stand it.

"Blowin' my lungs out for a dollar a day," goes the song. "The man there says he loves my songs, says he's wild about the way I play my songs. Dollar a day's worth."

Thank God for the trust fund that came with Trixie. "I think I can live without it," I said.

"I think so," Pearl agreed.

This is a new thing for me, turning down offers. I learned about it from none other than the greatest agent in Hollywood, or at least the richest, Michael Ovitz. "When you have a reasonable position," he said, "just stay with your position." It was incredibly good advice.

Only moments later, I got a call from my commercial agent, asking me if I would do a commercial for a large national chain of shoe stores for $300. I blew that one off, too. What am I? The Ford Foundation?

Saturday

I'm up here in Oregon today with my erstwhile bride of some twenty-three years ago and my handsome devil bat boy son, the sweetest bat boy on earth, terror of the Unichron, Tommy. We flew up to Medford yesterday to explore southern Oregon, and today the bat boy ran through the forest and climbed over dead trees and stared at ants and squashed them. I truly hate his doing that. I stopped him and told him he was not to kill things unless he had to.

"Why?" he asked. He looked really pained.

"Because God told us not to kill," I said.

"Why?" Tommy asked again.

"I don't know why," I said. "Probably so we wouldn't all be killing each other all the time. It was probably to protect us." I would have liked to tell him that the root word of "law" is "protection," not "means for tough scary people to get rich," but it was too early.

Anyway, today we drove down to Ashland, a small college town where there is a summer Shakespeare festival. We bought some yogurt, played in a park where men wore Birkenstocks and women were overweight, and Tommy demanded a toy. We took him to a toy store where he selected a $20 book about spiders.

Like the idiot I am, I bought it for him. He grabbed it and said, "Where's my toy?"

"Tommy," I said, "I just bought you that book."

Tommy looked at me like Bob Bork used to look at me in my Constitutional Law class, with mixed pity and contempt. "Daddy," he sighed, "a book is not a toy."

I refused to buy him a toy and took him—screaming like a banshee—to the car.

We hurtled up winding, terrifying mountain roads to a lookout high above a farming valley. I was so scared from the drive that I pulled over and closed my eyes. I rolled down the window and a blessed breeze blew over me and Alex. In an instant, I was asleep. It was the only time I have ever slept by the side of a road. I can hardly recall the last time I knew such peace. I think it was lying in a meadow in Santa Cruz, long ago, also with Alex, while another breeze came up. Long, long ago.

Anyway, we love Oregon, and plan to move there very soon. It looks much the way America looked in 1958, which is how America is supposed to look.

Friday

Off to Disneyland. Yes, Disneyland. My pal, Al, is a judge of the Miss Orange County Pageant. He asked me to come and keep him company. It was a cutthroat drive. Twenty-five miles, two hours. Bumper to bumper. Scary, violent-looking Mexicans, and desperate-looking Caucasians. The only calm people were the little children, heading for Disneyland.

Al cheered me up. He's 63 and the most optimistic, the most cheerful and well-adjusted human being I know. By far.

I also loved the contest. The girls were lively, bubbly, very lean and disciplined, often pretty. Yes, it would be easy to sneer at them. They say things like "My ambition is to become President and also to be a really great snow skier" and "I plan to travel around the world preaching peace and also to open a chain of low-overhead fashion outlets and also be a great snow skier" and "My goal is to be Jacques Cousteau's lawyer."

But they are putting themselves out there, actually daring to compete, unafraid to show who they are, especially unafraid to show their bodies—in bathing suits, of course—which takes a certain amount of guts. A lot more than I have, anyway.

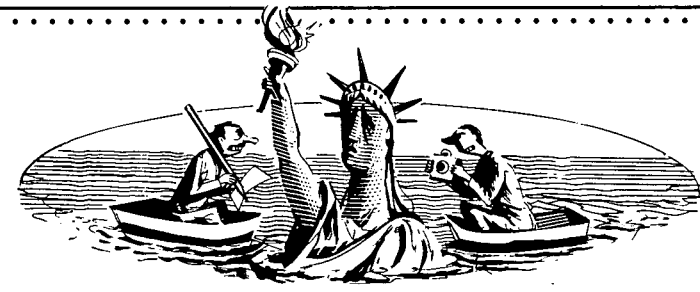
The reigning Miss California wanted my advice on how to get ahead in Hollywood. She's presently working on her acting career in San Jose, which is a lot like working as a congressional intern in Peru, but I can set her straight.

An older Miss California—probably as old as 25—took off her high-heeled shoe and put on my huge, battered, pathetic old one, to show everyone how much bigger my shoe was than hers. I think she was flirting with me. She would really be impressed if she saw my apartment, which has dog hair and dog drool on every surface and even inside the refrigerator. Yep, I'm a happening guy.

I drove home. No traffic. On Sunset, mobs of young people yelled and screamed. Hookers stared at passing cars. I had a piece of pie at a new bakery, Kapulski, named for a prewar bakery in Warsaw. I read about Isaac Singer's death. "Hollywood," he wrote in *Lost in America*, "is an insane asylum. A real one." With the patients on wheels. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESSWATCH



THOMAS LINKED TO MARSHALL

by Terry Eastland

With Justice Thurgood Marshall no longer on the Supreme Court, the press will have to find some other public figure to indulge. The stories on his announced intention to retire, and his career in the law, were tissue-soft. None of the journalists at his last-hurrah press conference voiced skepticism when he denounced reports that he was frustrated and angry about the future of the more conservative Supreme Court as "a double-barreled lie." Nor when reporting his career did the press bother to bring up such Marshallisms as—try this from just last year—that President Bush is "dead."

Bush rose from the dead to speak some kind and gentle words about the curmudgeonly justice, namely that his "accomplishments on the bench will long be remembered." Some curious reporter should have asked Bush to name just one. Without detracting from his illustrious previous career as a civil rights advocate, the fact of the man's career on the bench is that it was mediocre at best.

The *Washington Post*, *New York Times*, *Baltimore Sun*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Newsweek*, *Time*—of all their gushy stories on Marshall, not one mentioned a single opinion for the Court Marshall had written. Of course, there is a reason for that: in his twenty-four years as a justice, Marshall wrote precious few important ones.

The reporters who wrote those stories and the friends of Marshall who celebrated his career in the law (Anthony Lewis, Haynes Johnson, Kathleen Sullivan of the Harvard Law School, for example), were forced to highlight the only writing they felt they could—his concurring opinions and, especially, his dissents. Little of this writing is intellectually important, and Marshall's routine dissent in death penalty cases (he never veered from his stance that capital punishment is always unconstitutional) has no chance of becoming the opinion of this Court or any to come, unless, improbably, a string of left-wing Democrats is elected President.

In reviewing his career, the *Washington Post* said that it was in his concurrences and dissents that Marshall was able to "emote." I don't think the *Post* chose that verb with any sense of irony, but substituting emotion for reason is no badge of distinction for a judge. One of the few news organizations to come close to capturing the essence of Marshall's pale intellectual contribution to the law was *U.S. News & World Report*. "His legal analysis," wrote the magazine, "may have lacked a certain rigor." To put it mildly.

This summer the press pictureheads, commenting on the 1990 term of the Supreme Court, produced a number of gems:

> The genius of the Constitution is that it sides with the citizen against the state. . . . But . . . in this Supreme Court, the state wins more often than the citizen. Something to keep in mind when they give you the old malarkey about the Court being true to the spirit of the Constitution. This Court isn't.
>
> —John Chancellor, NBC, July 23

> The Rehnquist Court is much more concerned with the rights of government, the state, authority. Government can tell the difference between good and evil in this philosophy and should encourage the one and forbid the other.
>
> —Bruce Morton, CBS, June 29

> For the first time since the 1930s, conservatives will comfortably control the Supreme Court and they are likely to be there well into the next century. Marshall's departure means that . . . when government prerogatives collide with individual rights, increasingly, government will prevail.
>
> —Jack Smith, ABC, June 30

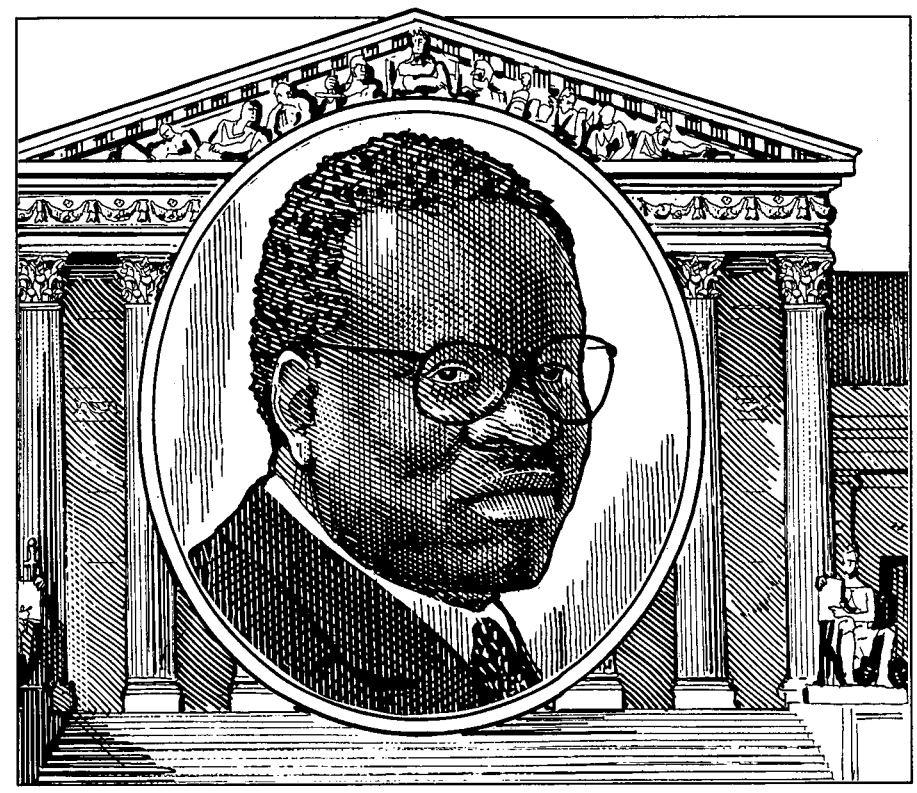
This is biased analysis. It is also unsophisticated, if not illiterate, in its understanding of the Constitution and the Court. But it is what the networks, almost to a man, think about such matters. I'm not aware of any on-air remarks about the Court by any network journalist that differ significantly. Given the declining health of network news divisions, it's probably too late to expect that they will move to break up the monopoly of Chancellor, Morton, et al. before finally going out of business.

And now to Judge Clarence Thomas, President Bush's nominee for the Marshall seat. Virginia Governor L. Douglas Wilder made news the day after Thomas was named when he said that the nominee's Catholicism requires scrutiny because of the church's opposition to abortion. As Wilder put it, "The question is, 'How much allegiance is there to the pope?'" Typically, the press reported Wilder's position without pausing to get the facts about Thomas's religion. It was simply assumed that he was, as Wilder put it, "a very devout Catholic."

Two days later, the Associated Press finally discovered that Thomas, who was born into a Baptist family, became a Catholic, and was educated by nuns in Catholic schools, attends (but is not a member of) Truro Episcopal Church in Fairfax, Virginia. By now Wilder had apologized (sort of) for his remarks, but the news of Thomas's current religious affiliation gave the press another opportunity to show how dismally it often treats religion.

Truro is an Episcopal congregation that includes some charismatics. "Thomas Linked to Charismatic Church," went the headline of a Northern Virginia newspaper. I've never seen anyone "linked" in a headline to something good. And even though the number of Truro worshippers who speak in tongues is small, and Thomas himself does not, the press continued to want to "link" Thomas to this (for reporters) odd behavior. Thus *USA Today* ran an article on Thomas and Truro that ignorantly described singing in the Holy Spirit as "humming or crooning to signal spiritual contact." May *USA Today* stay away from Africa and Latin America, where exuberant worship is widespread.

As the Thomas nomination journeyed toward confirmation hearings in September, the press tended to allow those contending both for and against him to provide the story of the day. This meant that there were more anti-Thomas stories than not, because there are more interest groups on the left



Terry Eastland is a resident fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than the right, and because liberals also happen to have more practice at this sort of thing.

On July 3, abortion rights groups decided to publicize Thomas's praise of an article from the April 1987 issue of *The American Spectator*, in which Lewis Lehrman argued that a "child-about-to-be-born" has an inalienable right to life. The groups got what they wanted, including such headlines as "Court Nominee Is Linked [that word again!] to Anti-Abortion Stand" (*New York Times*); "Abortion-rights group urges Thomas' defeat" (*Philadelphia Inquirer*); "Abortion rights group sees Thomas as a foe" (*USA Today*). Only the *Washington Post* refused to let the abortion rights groups dictate the day's story, reporting Thomas's comments on the Lehrman piece in the context of an article on his judicial opinions, articles, and speeches. The *Post* demonstrated better news judgment than its competitors, for it is the whole of a candidate's mind that is newsworthy, not some bit of it sliced and diced by his opponents.

One important feature of Thomas's thinking was badly mauled by the press. This concerns *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, the landmark 1954 decision striking down public school segregation. Thomas, wrote Neil A. Lewis in the *New York Times*, believes *Brown* "was based too much on sentiment and that it suggested that black schools were automatically inferior to white schools. The ruling, revered by many blacks, came in a case brought by Thurgood Marshall, the man whose seat Judge Thomas would replace." This rendering of Thomas's criticism of *Brown* leaves out so much of what the judge has actually said as to be utterly distortional; it suggests that Thomas sees *Brown* in a way that might cause harm to black Americans.

Here are the facts: Thomas agrees with the result in *Brown*—indeed, he "reveres" it, too—but not the reasoning. (This is an elementary point that even television reporters would find easy to convey.) Thomas criticizes *Brown* for relying on the mush of social science, especially Kenneth Clark's doll studies, instead of the firmness of constitutional principle—principle he believes (correctly) was quite available to Chief Justice Earl Warren and his colleagues. Thomas is hardly the first to hold this view of *Brown*; it is by no means a radical view, nor does it imply something dangerous for black Americans or anyone else. If the Court in *Brown* had explained its decision in terms of constitutional principle, it might have acted more quickly than it did to enforce the rights of black schoolchildren. As it was, the Court waited until the sixties and early seventies before ordering remedies, some of which (like busing) did infinitely more harm than good. I can't imagine that Thurgood Marshall, counsel for the NAACP in *Brown*, would disagree with Thomas that the Court should have moved faster to enforce rights. Yet readers of the *New York Times* would have no idea of that. From all they've been told, they must think that this guy Thomas has some very strange ideas about one of the most famous Supreme Court decisions in history.

Coming
January
1992

The
new AMERICAN
SPECTATOR

Thomas was chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission from 1982 to 1990. Now there's an obvious story idea: tell us what he did as EEOC chairman. Surprisingly, not that many news organizations tried. One of the few that did was the *New York Times*, which assigned the story to its ace reporter Robert Pear.

Pear found that, as chairman, Thomas "expressed complex, continually changing, often contradictory views, particularly on questions of affirmative action." A subhead asked, "Was he changing with the times, at war with himself, or both?" There is another explanation not explored by the *Times*: that the chairman's views in some measure depended upon the context in which they were expressed. A key fact the *Times* did not mention is that Thomas was one of five commissioners, and that as chairman he had to execute policies on which he was outvoted. Thus, as chairman, Thomas had to push publicly certain EEOC positions he disagreed with privately. Furthermore, as a law enforcement official, Thomas felt obligated to follow Supreme Court decisions of the 1980s that, to borrow a phrase, "expressed complex, continually changing, often contradictory views . . . on questions of affirmative action"—despite his personal disagreement with them.

Pear, like every other reporter on the Thomas story, failed to ask the big question that should leap out from Thomas's EEOC tenure: What did (and does) he think about disparate impact theory? Disparate what, you say? My point exactly.

The EEOC enforces Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 against most private employers. Title VII forbids employment discrimination; specifically, it outlaws intentional discrimination, or what the lawyers call "disparate treatment." Reinforcing this point is a provision in the law forbidding any requirement that an employer "grant preferential treatment to any individual or to any group" on account of racial imbalance in the workplace. Quotas, in other words. It was the EEOC of the late 1960s that decided to rewrite Title VII so that it would also forbid statistical discrimination—thus, an employer is guilty when his work force does not divide into the "right" percentages of blacks, Hispanics, women, and so on. Any employment practice having a "disparate impact" upon minorities and women—including job testing—was suspect and had to be either validated, modified, or eliminated. Disparate impact theory was affirmed by the Supreme Court in *Griggs* v. *Duke Power Co.* (1971), and over the years it has been used by federal agencies to pressure employers to adopt quotas. It is *Griggs* (and some lower court extensions of it) that the Supreme Court modified in its 1989 decision in *Wards Cove* v. *Atonio*.

The two-year battle over civil rights legislation is really a struggle over whether Congress will finally codify the disparate impact approach of *Griggs* and its progeny. Sen. John Danforth, Thomas's strongest supporter, wants to legislate disparate impact; the administration has been straddling the fence. And Thomas's views? The press has yet to plumb them, but I'll introduce some evidence. In a chapter in the Cato Institute's anthology *Assessing the Reagan Years*, Thomas wrote that the Civil Rights Act has been "administered and interpreted by the bureaucracy and the courts in a manner far different from the law as passed by the legislature." If Thomas thinks that the original Title VII does not embrace disparate impact theory, there is an interesting confirmation question here: Will the Bush Administration try to muzzle its nominee —or will it let Thomas be Thomas?

The Thomas nomination brings forward not only matters of judicial philosophy and law, but also the issue of which political views blacks are allowed to hold. By nominating Thomas, President Bush effectively brought into existence, so far as the press is concerned, the "black conservative." The press rushed to do stories on the views of Thomas Sowell, Walter Williams, and others. Then there was Dan Rather's contribution on July 12:

> Black conservatives or reactionaries are getting a lot of attention since the Thomas nomination. . . . It has been a common misconception that Americans who happen to be black also happen to be liberal or progressive. True, perhaps most are, but . . . the terms black or African-American and conservative or reactionary are not mutually exclusive.

That was accurate enough, except, of course, for the dumb equation of conservatives and reactionaries.

For help, Rather might read Peter Applebome's story in the July 13 *New York Times*, in which he points out that those who are called black conservatives are by no means a cohesive movement. "Some are conservative, some not," wrote Applebome, who intelligently defined them "by the one thing they all have in common—a frustration with the idea that black people have one agenda defined by civil rights leaders." Applebome's piece ought to be posted in newsrooms everywhere; in the wake of the Thomas nomination the tendency will be to assume that blacks who dissent from the NAACP orthodoxy are politically "conservative," when in fact their views may vary across the spectrum, depending on the issue.

In early August, the NAACP's director of branches threatened to expel members of the Compton, California, chapter because it had voted to support the Thomas nomination. The *Washington Post* played the expulsion threat on A-1, but the next day, after the national NAACP decided to back down and allow diversity among its chapters, the *Post* buried the story on page A-11. Not a good move: disagreement within the black community is a big part of the Thomas story. And the story itself was tame; a newspaper that touts its investigative skills didn't ask why the national office had pulled its threat. The answer is obvious: It was a stupid move, terrible for the NAACP's image. Surely the *Post* could have found some anonymous sources inside the national office to make this point. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEAD MEAT

by James Bowman

Around the time that the first *Rocky* film came out, Sylvester Stallone bragged in an interview about how easy it had been for him to write the screenplay:

> I'm astounded by people who take 18 years to write something. That's how long it took that guy to write *Madame Bovary*. And was that ever on a best-seller list? No. It was a lousy book and it made a lousy movie.

There is something almost charming about such unashamed imbecility. Stallone's version of Jack the Giant Killer was mythmaking Hollywood-style, a kind of engineering of sentiment. But this engineer came to believe that he was a real, world-class artist. It shows how Tinseltown's imaginative world presents to us a sheer, unscalable rock-face of philistinism that renders it inaccessible not only to alien art forms but to much of life itself.

When the purveyors of the Tough Woman myth, for example, decide that the time is ripe for a female private dick, they don't know any way to represent one except to put Philip Marlowe or Jake Gittes in skirts. Kathleen Turner in *V. I. Warshawski* ("a private eye as tough as her name") is the kind of absurdity that is infallibly to be expected when Hollywood has found a popular motif that it is determined to beat to death. The beating Miss Turner suffers, spitting out one-liners along with her teeth, is nothing by comparison.

Perhaps the movie culture is never more self-absorbed than when it seems to disparage itself. It does so, in fact, in every celebration of small-town and rural America, whose wholesome values triumph over the sophistication of the coasts. Such values are good box office, and so, to that extent, they are Hollywood's values too. The latest example of such innocuous fakery is *Doc Hollywood*, in which Michael J. Fox is transformed from a greedy yuppie doctor on his way to a lucrative career in cosmetic surgery in L.A. into a warm and caring person by the charms of Grady, South Carolina, "the squash capital of the world."

Bad Hollywood! Corrupt, decadent, phony Hollywood! says Hollywood. And all Hollywood's fans cheer. It was a stroke of genius to cast George Hamilton in the role of the chief plastic surgeon, complete with pigtail and mahogany tan. When I saw the film the audience laughed with delighted recognition at the very sight of a man who has always seemed a walking self-parody. Here we could see the very embodiment of what middle America understands of a world where, as the brilliantly stupid peasant played by Woody Harrelson says, "women have their chests enlarged, their thighs vacuumed, and barf on purpose."

Of course there is no Grady, South Carolina (the film was shot in Florida), except in Hollywood's imagination, so naturally we find that it is full of amusing grotesques, lovable rustics, and committed environmentalists. The love interest (Julie Warner) is a vegetarian law student who urinates around a hunters' blind in order to keep the deer away. In fact, if anyone belongs in Hollywood, she does, but since she has supposedly got her values from the rural South it hardly strains credulity any more to suppose that she wants to live there instead.

At least *Doc Hollywood* is funny. It doesn't do much, but what it does it does well. Mel Brooks's *Life Stinks* stinks. It is another film by rich people who pretend to hate the rich, successful people who insist that success is corrupting. And it is not even mildly entertaining. How can the man who produced some of the funniest movies of the last twenty-five years be guilty of this sentimental rubbish about an uncaring billionaire who learns true-life values from a supposedly wacko bag lady (the horribly miscast Lesley Ann Warren) but still gets to go on being a billionaire? You've got to put it down to the Zeitgeist, that mischievous spirit that also made Mike Nichols do *Regarding Henry*.

Somehow, this new *Geist* is more offensive to the spirit of comedy than to the spirit of melodrama. *The Doctor*, about a surgeon who learns his true values from getting throat cancer and becoming a patient himself, is not as bad as it deserves to be. If you could surgically remove the last third of it, a gangrenous appendage suppurating with schlock uplift and junk psychology, the surviving organism would be quite watchable. For one thing, it's got some good lawyer jokes. (What's the difference between a lawyer and a catfish? One is a scum-sucking bottom dweller and the other is a fish.) For another, it's got William Hurt in the title role.

Hurt, for all his soulful sensitivity, is much more likable when he is the bad and insensitive doctor, before he learns to be the caring doctor, ever solicitous of his patients' tender feelings. As a tough, wisecracking surgeon who plays Frankie Valli's "Big Girls Don't Cry" when he cuts people open and Jimmy Buffett's "Why Don't We Get Drunk and Screw?" as a self-congratulatory anthem when he closes them up again he is fun. The movie is worth seeing just for the splendid bad taste of the precaring Hurt who reassures the patient whose chest he has just opened up, a mousy little woman who wonders whether she will still be attractive to her husband, by saying: "You tell your husband you'll soon look like a *Playboy* centerfold—you've already got the staple marks."

That is a joke to relish, even though you know the Hollywood ethos could never let it stand without giving its perpetrator his comeuppance. In fact, you know that Hurt's fate is sealed when he says that. In the same way, in the old days of movies, you knew that both the bad guy who bragged that no cop could kill him and the good guy who had a dream of something he wanted to do before he died were goners.

There is a good joke about this in the *Top Gun* parody called *Hot Shots*, where one of the pilots is affectionately known as "Dead Meat." Just before he gets into his plane for the last time he says: "Things just couldn't be better; what could go wrong?" But, going characteristically over the top, the film makes him add that he will sign the life insurance policy after he comes back and that he is carrying with him the solution to global warming and vital new evidence about the assassination of President Kennedy.

The number of filmic motifs parodied here must reach some kind of all-time high. *Dances with Wolves*, *9½ Weeks*, *The Godfather*, *Rocky*, *Superman*, and a host of others all get sent up, usually very funnily. But there is something rather incestuous about the exercise. You come away from it feeling depressed that Hollywood has to prey on itself to come up with its best comic situations. It is just the flip side of taking itself too seriously. Either way, somebody is being self-indulgent.

Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey branches out a little into parody not only of cinematic after-death scenarios but also of the whole California youth culture. When the dead Ted decides to possess the body of his father he observes: "Well, it worked in *The Exorcist*—I and III." And it is a truly delicious joke to make one of the two idiot heavy metal fans say to the other on their arrival in Hell: "This is not what I expected this place to look like at all"; to which the other replies: "Yeah, we got totally lied to by our album covers."

There is enormous fun—though perhaps not a feature length's worth of it—in watching Bill and Ted win a return to life by defeating Death (William Sadler) in a game of Twister. But the real inspiration here is to have elevated this sort of mindlessness into a kind of terminally bland philosophy of life—"Be excellent to each other and party on"—which is imagined to dominate the earth in the 27th century. The trouble is that you are half afraid this may be true prophecy. →

James Bowman, The American Spectator*'s movie critic, is the American editor of the* Times Literary Supplement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

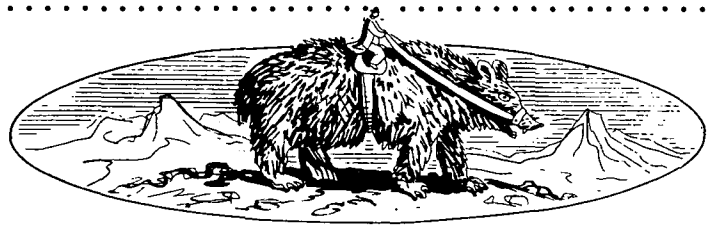
If that is the direction in which our culture is headed, the day may be coming when all films are films about other films—unless they are quasi-documentaries. The summer season has produced some excellent based-on-fact movies, including *My Father's Glory* and *My Mother's Castle* by Yves Robert, based on the memoirs of Marcel Pagnol, and *Europa, Europa* by Agnieszka Holland, based on the true story of Solomon Perel, a Polish Jew who unexpectedly found himself enrolled in the Hitler Youth. All are highly to be recommended, but our films of the month (there are two), like others of the cinematic culture's self-referential syndrome, get into the mirror world of fiction about fiction.

The Miracle, by Neil Jordan, is about two Irish teenagers, Jimmy and Rose, who make up stories about people they see along the seafront. The joke is on them, however, since none of the lurid stories they invent is anywhere near as fantastic as the truth about one of their fantasy subjects—that she is in fact Jimmy's mother, whom he had supposed was dead. In the same way, Joel and Ethan Coen's new film, *Barton Fink*, which won the Palme d'Or in Cannes this year, is about a writer (John Turturro in the latest in a series of splendid performances) who goes to Hollywood full of big ideas about a theater of the common man, which he preaches sanctimoniously even at the common man in the next-door hotel room—who turns out to be a multiple murderer.

Here is the Hollywood ethos pressing its nose against the dingy glass of its shop window in an attempt to see what lies outside. Both these films are marred by a little too much artistic self-consciousness. *The Miracle*'s use of stage imagery—a second-rate production of *Destry Rides Again* and a traveling circus—pushes to the limits the idea of life as a series of grotesque and demeaning public performances. *Barton Fink*'s highly wrought symbolism takes on an expressionist, almost surrealist quality that I find occasionally gets in the way of its powerful meditation on the connection between life and art. In the climax at the very louche Hotel Earle, the descent into Hell suggests *Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey* more than it does *The Seventh Seal*.

But both these pictures are superb examples of movie-making that does all art can do to remind us of how much more miraculous and terrifying the world is than our most compelling imaginative re-creations of it. In *The Miracle*, Jimmy's adolescent attempt to blame God for that which he cannot blame on anyone else leads to an epiphany, engineered by Rose, in which escaped circus animals stand for both the absurdity and the pathos of the human condition. You've got to love a God with such a sense of humor. In *Barton Fink*, as in the Coens' last picture, *Miller's Crossing*, the admittedly improbable combination of rich visual imagery, snappy dialogue, and bizarre incidents works together to create a filmic world that at times seems more frighteningly real than we could have imagined from the real world itself. As always, the art that makes you forget its own artistry is the rarest and toughest to create. But it is a lot more exciting than mere myth-making. □

SOVIET PRESSWATCH



ON THE EVE

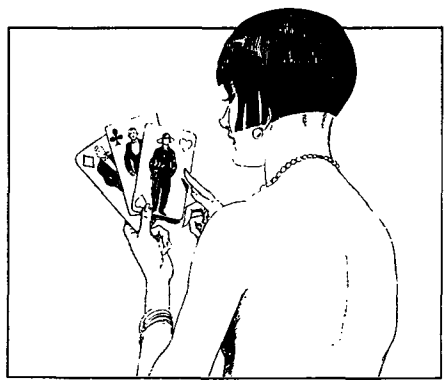
by Cathy Young

This column was completed before the stunning roller-coaster events set off on August 19. This is the second introduction I have written since then. At the time of the first I wondered if the ending of this column might prove prophetic, and if there would be a next column or a Soviet press to watch. Next month: the Russian Revolution of 1991. —CY

Edifying thoughts on Soviet global policies, diplomacy in the new age, and such are coming our way this October, when the Free Press brings out the memoirs of former CPSU attack dog in Georgia, ex-Soviet minister of foreign affairs, and democrat *extraordinaire* Eduard Shevardnadze. Meanwhile, the seamy side of Soviet diplomacy is explored in a June issue (No. 23) of the weekly *Stolitsa* ("The Capital") in an interview with Alexander Zimelev, who achieved the distinction of spending seventeen years (1973-90) in the Soviet foreign service without being a party member (though mostly working, for that very reason, in the ghetto of the publishing department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs).

Cathy Young is the author of Growing Up in Moscow (*Ticknor & Fields*).

Zimelev complains that despite their image as high-living sexual profligates, low- and mid-ranking members of the Soviet diplomatic corps have been kept not only on a tight budget—barely enough to scrape by abroad—but on a tight leash: "immorality" or divorce could be grounds for a freeze on promotions, a transfer to a ghettoized job, or a ban on foreign travel. He also laments the amateurism of the Soviet for-



eign service, overwhelmed as it is by semiliterate party honchos whose language skills in *Russian*, let alone other tongues, leave a great deal to be desired.

In the pre-Gorbachev "years of stagnation," says Zimelev, assignments to certain lands "with soft climates and hard currencies" were handed out as rewards to *nomenklatura* dons about to retire. Conversely, assignments to friendly socialist states in the Third World were used as punishment for provincial party bosses who had, for example, made an especially egregious mess of the fall harvest drive—Cuba being a popular place of banishment. The reluctant diplomats, Zimelev goes on to say, took out their injured feelings on the embassy staff and sometimes on the local friendly leadership:

> One, brooking no objections, would force the politburo of the fraternal party to master the difficult science of the game of "billygoat" [a Soviet variety of dominoes], while another, from Central Asia, would raise a flock of sheep at the embassy and entrust their care to the staff as a top priority. . . .

Perhaps it was some such ordeal that recently prompted two staffers of the Soviet embassy in Mozambique and a typist from the Soviet trade mission to take the unusual step of fleeing to South Africa. According to a report in *Izvestia* (May 28), the women, who had access to classified materials, were apparently forbidden to leave embassy grounds without escort. To make their escape, they had to extricate their passports from the clutches of the embassy's consular division and slip past Soviet counterintelligence officers. How they managed to do the former is unknown, but the latter was easy: the ladies just said they were going out to do some shopping. Later that day, they called to announce that they were in South Africa, doing fine. Maybe the shopping was better over there.

Giving Dirty Politics a Bad Name

Before glasnost made breast-beating an approved national sport, there were many clandestine jokes that made fun of official propaganda's tendency to proclaim the superiority of all things Soviet by twisting these slogans into such lines as, "We have the world's smallest dwarfs!" Soon, the Soviets may be able to boast of having the world's dirtiest politics. This past July, reports the irrepressible *Kommersant* (July 15), things really got rough in the Siberian city of Omsk, whose democratic representatives in the Russian parliament had launched a drive to recall their fellow deputy Sergei Baburin after he attacked Yeltsin. While this initiative was eventually dropped, Baburin, a leader of the nationalist, pro-empire "Russia" faction in parliament, was successfully blocked from being elected chairman of the Russian legislature in a July 13 vote.

At home in Omsk, there were rallies for and against Baburin, culminating in an article in the *Omsk Pravda* by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mikhail Mashkarin, secretary of the party cell of the Omsk Polytechnic Institute. Entitled "Worse Than Any Lies," the article charged that one of Baburin's democratic opponents was a pimp, a free-lance KGB agent, and a masturbator (I kid you not) who had infected his own daughter with a venereal disease and had been so slack in performing his marital duties in the bedroom that his wife had insisted on a written pledge to satisfy her desires at least twice a week. Mashkarin asserted that a copy of said pledge was in his possession.

But then, even in older and more puritanical times, the Soviet propaganda machine was not above using sexual innuendo against political foes. In the infamous 1983 book by "historian" Nikolai Yakovlev, *CIA Target—USSR*, excerpted in two mass-circulation magazines, Sakharov was described as putty in the hands of his wife, and Elena Bonner as a "sexual brigand" who, "since her dissolute youth, had developed an almost professional knack for seducing and subsequently sponging off older men." In July 1983, Yakovlev had the temerity to show up at Sakharov's Gorky apartment for an "interview" and actually offer to autograph copies of his books for the exiled dissident. The usually gentle Sakharov slapped the author's face.

Jailbirds of the World, Unite

Men in prison, as anyone who has read the personals will know, are wont to seek correspondence with eligible bachelorettes. Jerry Norman, a denizen of the Lemon Creek Correctional Center in Alaska, which houses 158 men and six women, thought up something more adventurous. After consulting his fellow inmates, he wrote a letter to the Vladivostok city paper explaining that he and his buddies would like to acquire pen pals in Soviet prisons and labor camps (there are plenty in the Primorsk territory, of which Vladivostok is the major urban center). Lemon Creek warden Walter Shishkin, a Russian-American, volunteered his services as a translator. But whether this meeting of minds will take place is still in doubt. As reporters Anatoly Lyliakin and Vladislav Dorofeyev write in the July 15 *Kommersant*, authorities in Primorsk are less than enthusiastic.

To begin with, a prison administration official explained to the reporters, certain categories of Soviet convicts are allowed to write only two to three letters a month. For others, problems might be caused by the excessive volume of Alaska-bound mail. But the official frankly admitted that the biggest problem lay elsewhere: Soviet wardens are worried that "American inmates might describe their living conditions to their Soviet counterparts," possibly leading to riots. Norman's references to the athletic and computer facilities at Lemon Creek, and to the inmates' diet—including fresh fruit and vegetables, chicken, milk, and veal—were deemed particularly subversive.

Despite these objections, the Vladivostok city paper, which is read by many of the 10,000 to 15,000 zeks of the Primorsk territory, plans to carry Norman's letter in the near future. One possibility that does not seem to have occurred to local law enforcement officials is that the obscene description of Lemon Creek's menu might cause riots among the *free* population of the territory.

Don't Look Homeward, Angel

And now for a completely different sort of Vladivostok story. Well, not that different. It is also a story of hardship, but a hardship that even death gives no exemption from. In the May 31 issue of *Rossiya*, the publication of the presidium of the Russian parliament, Natalya Barabash writes, "The devil must be fond of our country after all. Otherwise, why would episodes that clearly smack of deviltry . . . be happening here with amazing regularity?"

The dead person involved has been dead for quite some time: 110 years, to be precise. He is Count Nikolai N. Muravyov, once governor-general of Siberia and founder of the port of Vladivostok. One might add that the Count never set foot in Vladivostok; he merely gave orders, from the deck of his ship, to build a port in that location. Still, in 1903, when the citizens of Vladivostok realized that Muravyov had made the mistake of dying in Paris and getting himself buried in the Montmartre cemetery, they petitioned the czarist government to authorize shipping the Count's remains to their city for a new burial. But the Russo-Japanese war intervened, and the issue of the posthumous repatriation of Count Muravyov was not raised again until 1986.

Four years were taken up by correspondence between the authorities in the Primorsk territory and the authorities in Moscow. In April 1990, the project got the green light, and—first things first—a committee to oversee the reburial was organized in Vladivostok. This committee, stacked with bigshots from the local government, the military, cultural institutions, and even the church, got so carried away with preparations for the welcoming ceremony—the float to carry the coffin, the orchestra, the parade of ships, and everything else—that they forgot one small detail: a gravesite.

To add to the confusion, the French were unduly prompt in sending the remains to Moscow: they arrived in December, while the welcoming ceremonies were being planned for May. Committee members, who were all set to travel to Paris to pick up the Count, were no doubt disappointed that they wouldn't be going any farther than Moscow. But that was only the beginning. While certain Vladivostok citizens insisted that the remains be buried in one of the city's cemeteries, the committee had picked a special site on a hillside behind the regional theater, where the chapel to be built by an architect (also on the committee) would be visible far and wide.

Meanwhile, priests from the church of St. Nicholas, where the Count in his coffin was awaiting the resolution of this conflict, declared that to bury him on the hillside—formerly the city dump and currently a favorite spot for neighborhood dog owners to walk their pets —would be disrespectful, and that they would not surrender the remains for such sacrilege. The dispute turned into a veritable schism when another priest, a committee member, stated that the church would sanctify no other burial site but the one behind the theater. Other committee members threatened to take the coffin to Khabarovsk, the seat of the Count's governorship, or to his birthplace (at this writing still known as Leningrad), if the proposed burial site was not approved by the city government. Their opponents at last relented and the burial site was deemed acceptable.

It was then that another small detail overlooked by the Count's fans came up: the money for the burial, the chapel, and the festivities. A feeble attempt to present the construction of the chapel as "public works" got nowhere. And the committee would not hear of burying their charge without proper pomp and circumstance. To complicate things even further, the regional theater had made a contract with a Japanese firm for an entertainment center—summer stage, bowling alley, video salon, etc.—to be built on the very hillside chosen for the Count's final resting place. A tomb, even one with a former governor-general in it, seemed a rather odd addition to the complex. So the saga goes on, and the mortal remains of Count Muravyov are still in the St. Nicholas church.

The moral of which, perhaps, is: if this is what happens to *dead* Russian expatriates who go home, shouldn't the live ones who harbor any such plans think twice about it? □

Researchers, Writers!

The Second Best Way To Keep Your Research Notes And Information Is On Index Cards...

The Best Way: On Your PC, With Squarenote™ Electronic Index Cards!

"This program saved my neck when faced with teaching two new courses and only two months to prepare. Squarenote gathered all the research, organized it, and even printed out my lecture notes. A basic, essential tool for anyone doing research..."
ECS, Ilion, NY.

What Squarenote does for you:

❑ Gives you great organization and control of your research notes. In seconds, you can select out certain notes, order them in four different ways.

❑ Allows you to print out all your notes, or just a selected group of them, to carry with you or send to colleagues.

❑ Gives you instant access to any bit of information on any index card.

Easy To Learn, Use.

Squarenote 3.0 is the easiest-to-learn, easiest-to-use software ever created for the PC. It's for researchers and writers, not just computer experts. It fits on any PC.

Squarenote 3.0 (new!) allows you to collect all your research information into one accessible, printable, sortable index card file... like the index card files you have used for years, but simple to cross-reference, and each card holds twenty times [!] more information.

Send No Money!

We are making a special offer to readers of the American Spectator who have been our most loyal users and buyers for years. Call us now at 617 277 9222, or write us at the address below. **Send No Money.** Just mention this ad, and we'll send you a copy of **Squarenote 3.0** to try, at our risk, for 30 days.

Try **Squarenote 3.0**. Use it to organize your notes and ideas, plan your papers! After 30 days of use, if you want to keep it, send us just $99, (rather than our list price of $199.) Or return it and you owe us nothing. ***Call now!***

PC Magazine's Editor's Choice Award

UnionSquareware
27 St. Mary's Court, Brookline, MA 02146
Telephone 617-277-9222

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEWS

VLADIMIR NABOKOV: THE AMERICAN YEARS

Brian Boyd/Princeton University Press/757 pp. $35

Kenneth S. Lynn

At the end of May 1940, three weeks before the German tanks rolled into Paris, 41-year-old Vladimir Nabokov, his wife Vera, and their six-year-old son Dmitri were at last able to flee France and sail for New York. Upon reaching the port of St. Nazaire, the three of them set out on foot for the waterfront, and as they drew near to their destination the parents kept looking down at the little boy between them, in fond anticipation of his enchanted, gleeful reaction to the first glimpse of their ship's splendid funnel through a gap in a broken row of houses. A decade later, the novelist would conclude the chronicle of his early life, *Speak, Memory*, with this charming—and self-mythologizing—episode. For Nabokov wanted to convince the world that he was a man who cherished the harmony of family love above all else, and who saw a reflection in that love of the essential kindliness of life. The fact that Brian Boyd, in the opening paragraphs of *Vladimir Nabokov: The American Years*, recapitulates the episode—and endorses its symbolism—without a qualifying comment of any kind about the extent of its correspondence to the daily realities of Nabokov's record as a parent is a prophecy, unfortunately, of his intellectual posture in the rest of the narrative. *The American Years* tells any number of richly circumstantial stories in gracefully crafted prose, but only rarely does Boyd turn them about till every facet has caught the light.

Nabokov had a dreadful time with an earlier biographer, Andrew Field. In the teeth of his hatred of "Tom-peeping" investigators, as well of his distaste for the "vulgarity of 'human interest,' " he had cooperated with Field, writing him long letters and permitting him to examine at least a portion of his sealed papers in the Library of Congress. For these courtesies he expected that Field would interview no one but himself and a few designated friends. Instead, the young man repaid him by ferreting out the story of his 1937 affair with Irina Guadinini, a skeleton that Nabokov had dearly wanted to keep locked in the family closet. Furthermore, the longer Field labored, the more careless his work became, so that by the mid-1970s Nabokov and his wife were communicating with him only through lawyers. In Brian Boyd, by contrast, the novelist has acquired a biographer whose books almost surely would have pleased him, had he lived to read them, even though they rest on hundreds of interviews. For at no point does the author paint a darker and more complex portrait of the artist than the artist himself would have sanctioned. Vera Nabokov, the vigilant keeper of the flame of her late husband's reputation and the executrix of his every wish, knew what she was doing when she "condoned" Boyd's researches and granted him free access to the Nabokov Papers, both in the Library of Congress and in Montreux. "In return," says Boyd,

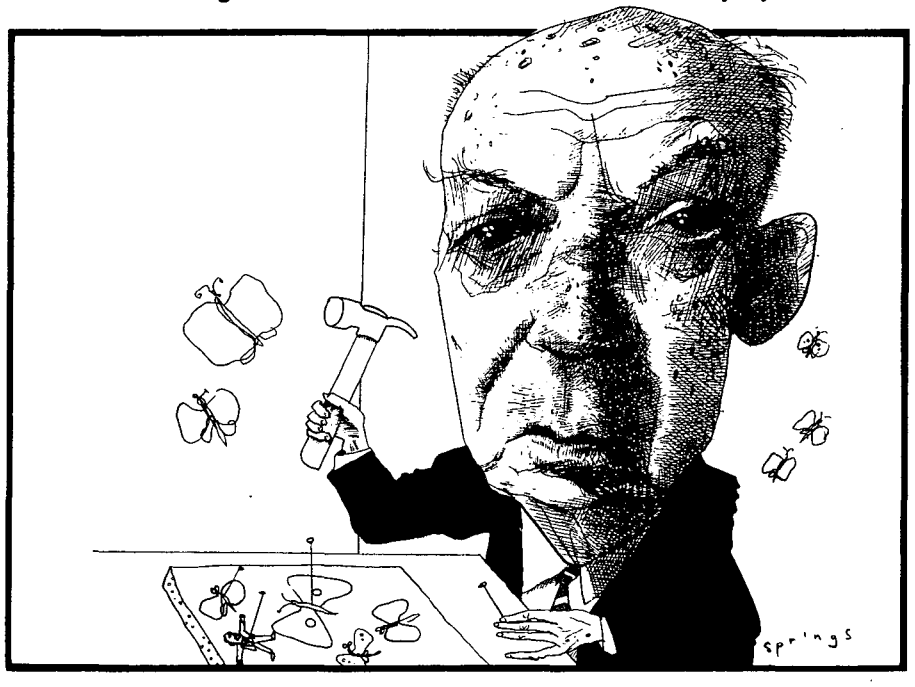
> I let her see all I wrote and took note of her painstaking comments on matters of style, fact and interpretation in every part of my text and at several stages of its composition. Our occasionally lively, even fierce, disagreements have never impinged a jot on my freedom to write what I construe the evidence requires.

The statement is vintage Boyd: scrupulously detailed and wonderfully naive.

In *Vladimir Nabokov: The Russian Years*, published last year, Boyd acknowledges the affair with Guadinini, but rounds off his account of it by emphasizing the enduring strength of the Nabokovs' marriage:

> Nabokov resolutely put the past behind him, and he and Vera soon found their old footing. Ahead lay another forty years of serenely happy marriage. To those who saw Vladimir and Vera at close range, they seemed like young lovers even in their sixties and seventies.

The American Years expands upon that affirmation, but never addresses the question of whether the tightly meshed unity of the V's left Dmitri feeling like an outsider in his own family. The parents did take the boy along with them, Boyd shows us, on the summertime trips to the Rockies on which Nabokov, net in hand, pursued his passion for butterflies. Furthermore, says the biographer, one of the "chief reasons" for Nabokov's acceptance of an invitation to teach at Harvard for a term was that Dmitri would then be finishing his freshman year there, and he assures us that Dmitri's subsequent pursuit of a singing career in Europe influenced his parents' decision to leave the United States and settle in Switzerland. But while *The American Years* is alive with evocative examples of Nabokov's successes as an undergraduate teacher at Wellesley and Cornell, instances of a father taking the time to teach his blindly loyal son something are all but non-existent. In the latter connection it is of further significance that whereas "other Cornell professors sent their children to local public schools," the fluently multi-lingual Nabokov shipped Dmitri off to the Holderness School in Plymouth, New Hampshire, because he wanted him "exposed to foreign languages." Small wonder, then, that the youth soon became a devotee of high-risk mountain climbing and an ardent competitor in racing-car rallies, and that he dreamed of owning an airplane; only through flirtations with death, he seems to have concluded, could he focus his parents' undistracted attention upon his activities.



The American Years does not sustain the parent-child morality play with which it begins. In failing to do so, it inadvertently undercuts Boyd's handling of the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question of Nabokov criticism. As the captain of the *Liberté* kept asking Vera during a cocktail-hour conversation in the middle of the Atlantic in 1959, what had prompted her husband to write a novel about a middle-aged sex pervert who marries a woman he doesn't love in order to get at her 12-year-old daughter? We cannot gauge Vera's answer because we are not vouchsafed it, but in the introduction to the book Boyd gives us his. Nabokov's ideas about family love were so intense—we are told—that he was inspired to test them against their "apparent inversion or negation." In 1939, Boyd goes on to say,

> he had imagined the tale of a man who marries a woman only to become the stepfather to the younger daughter he really craves. Although he did set the story down in Russian, it remained unpublished and he came to deem it unsatisfactory. But the idea was still part of his mental baggage [in May 1940] as he stepped down toward the Atlantic with his son.

Lolita was a product of Nabokov's imagination. Not only that, but it is far and away his finest work. Despite Boyd's salute to *Pale Fire* as the most perfect novel, in terms of sheer beauty of form, that has ever been written, not to mention his further insistence that "Signs and Symbols" is one of the greatest short stories in any language and that *Speak, Memory* is the most artistic of all autobiographies, Nabokov, like Mark Twain, is the author of but one masterpiece. But if *Lolita*'s first-person narrator is not to be confused with his crea-

Kenneth S. Lynn is the author of Hemingway, *among other works.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tor, any more than *Huckleberry Finn*'s ought to be with his, Humbert Humbert surely bears more of a relationship to the life of Vladimir Nabokov than Boyd's "inversion" formulation allows. Between the ages of nine and fourteen, Humbert rhetorically asks, are all girl children nymphets?

> Of course not. Otherwise, we who are in the know, we lone voyagers, we nympholepts, would have long gone insane. . . . Within the same age limits the number of true nymphets is strikingly inferior to that of provisionally plain, or just nice, or "cute," or even "sweet" and "attractive," ordinary, plumpish, formless, cold-skinned, essentially human little girls, with tummies and pigtails, who may or may not turn into adults of great beauty. . . . A normal man given a group photograph of school girls or girl scouts and asked to point out the comeliest one will not necessarily choose the nymphet among them. You have to be an artist and a madman, a creature of infinite melancholy, with a bubble of hot poison in your loins and a super-voluptuous flame permanently aglow in your subtle spine (oh, how you have to cringe and hide!) in order to discern at once, by ineffable signs—the slightly feline outline of a cheekbone, the slenderness of a downy limb, and other indices which despair and shame and tears of tenderness forbid me to tabulate—the little demon among the wholesome children.

Could a passage of such discriminative nicety have been achieved by Nabokov had he not had an intense interest in female sexuality?

In half a dozen ways, Boyd makes clear that American girls were crazy about Nabokov. Thus we are told that during his first years in America he occasionally had lunch in Boston with the editor of the *Atlantic*, Edward Weeks, at the downstairs cafe at the Ritz. Weeks recalled that Nabokov

> would come in in a shabby tweed coat, trousers bulging at the knee, but be quite the most distinguished man in the room, with his perfectly beautiful hazel eyes, his fine brown hair, the *élan*, the spark. . . . He just had to walk into the room and the girls looked around—the clothes didn't make any difference.

One of his students at Wellesley later confessed about herself and her classmates that "we were madly in love with him"—and why shouldn't they have been? On the first day of his elementary Russian course one year, Nabokov found on his desk a yellow vase with blue flowers. He went to the blackboard, wrote "yellow blue vase," and asked the students what it said. "Yellow blue vase," of course. "That is almost 'I love you' in Russian," he explained. After enunciating the phrase, *ya lyublyu vas*, he added, "That is probably the most important phrase I will teach you." Another charming story!

But while Boyd understands the sublimated sex feelings that led the girls to place the vase of flowers on the desk, he can't detect their masculine counterpart at play in Nabokov's superb response. The age range of Wellesley undergraduates—and of Cornell coeds—would have turned off Humbert, of course. College girls, he said, had heavy calves. *Chacun*, however, *à son goût*. A friend of the present reviewer's who knew Nabokov well (and whose name appears in the acknowledgments of both of Boyd's volumes) tells a story about an afternoon he spent with the novelist in the latter's final years. While they were sitting together on the sunlit terrace of an Alpine hotel, Nabokov kept nudging his visitor's arm and winking at him, in elaborate appreciation of the post-nymphet lovelies flitting about the grounds of the establishment like so many butterflies.

Biographical light from a different angle is thrown across *Lolita* by the affair with Irina Guadinini. Only two years after the affair began, blossomed, and died, Nabokov composed the *ur*-version of his masterpiece, i.e., the story he wrote in Russian but did not publish. What was the connection between these two events? Irina, a resident of Paris, was an attractive, 31-year-old blonde with classically regular features and a cultivated mind. Knowing of the passion she had conceived for Nabokov, her mother invited him to join them at dinner. The stratagem worked. Nabokov's rapturous enjoyment of Irina was not, however, unalloyed, for the unease and guilt he felt about deceiving Vera brought on a serious attack of psoriasis, the "indescribable torments" of which almost drove him to the brink of suicide. Although Vera learned of the affair through an anonymous letter, Nabokov vehemently denied that there was any truth in the charge. His remorse and self-hatred thereupon intensified, but he could not bring himself to break with Irina. On a summer night in Cannes, he at last confessed to Vera that he was in love with another woman. She told him to go to her. "Not now," he cried. Except for the night his father was murdered in Berlin, this was the worst moment in his life.

While denying to Vera that he was doing so, he continued writing to Irina. In despair, she announced she wanted to join him. He told her not to. Her ever-audacious mother persuaded her to ignore his wishes. As he was walking to the beach one morning with three-year-old Dmitri, Irina came up to him. He told her that he hadn't stopped loving her, but that he was attached to his wife. Please leave the beach, he said. She refused. Vera arrived and joined her husband and little boy. When the family left for lunch, Irina was still keeping her vigil. Nabokov never saw her again.

To suffer and make suffer. The whipsawing sado-masochism in Nabokov's personality was never more fully exposed than it was in the Guadinini affair, and in the three-cornered story he dreamed up two years later about a deceitful man and the woman he marries so as to be able to stalk her young daughter he found the basic structure for the most haunting of his many dramatizations of his inner life.

That these dramatizations were also exercises in self-concealment was entirely consistent with his personal penchant for denial. Just as he lied about the letter Vera received about his affair with Irina, so he hated, feared, and decried the mask-stripping analyses of psychiatrists, Freud's above all. Diatribes about "that Viennese quack" occurred so frequently in his lecture courses that a girl in his European literature class at Cornell finally got up in disgust and left the room, much to his astonishment. And although he was willing to acknowledge that "about twice a week I have a good long nightmare" filled with "kaleidoscopic arrangements of broken impressions" and "fragments of day thoughts," he defiantly added that his dreams were "utterly lacking [in] any possible Freudian implication or explication."

Nabokov was likewise notorious for his savage put-downs of major imaginative writers. T. S. Eliot's poetry was "tedious nonsense" and Henry James's short stories were "miserable stuff." Of all his literary hatreds, however, only one amounted to an obsession. As he typically remarked to Edmund Wilson, Dostoevsky "is a third-rate writer and his fame incomprehensible." The sado-masochism in Dostoevsky's work points to an explanation of this extraordinary judgment. By expressing contempt for the author of *Crime and Punishment*, the author of *Lolita* distanced himself from a literary kinship that he did not wish to admit. Vladimir Nabokov, after all, believed in the essential kindliness of life. □

In the shadow of the Rising Sun?

"*In the Shadow of the Rising Sun* puts its finger on the key issue in U.S. competitiveness—'unrepentant individualism.' America's success or failure will depend upon improving its system, but structural changes are not possible when success or failure is seen as an individual phenomenon rather than a system or group characteristic. Bill Dietrich has it right: institutional reform is the issue."

—Lester C. Thurow, MIT

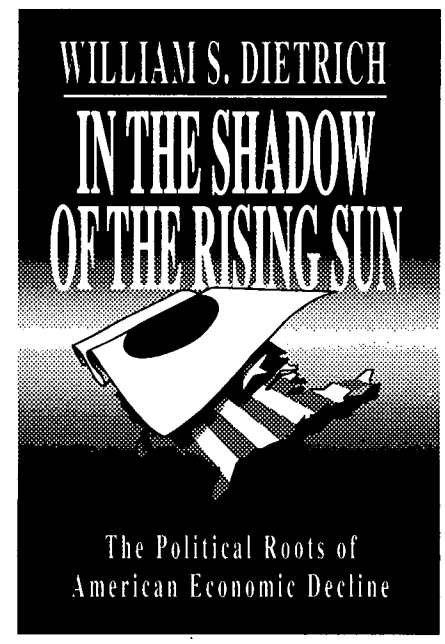
"A powerful call for a stronger government role to modernize the U.S. economic system. What makes it especially noteworthy is that the call comes from a business executive. When enough other CEOs join Bill Dietrich, we may be on the way to finding our proper place in the world economy."

—Robert Heilbroner, New School for Social Research

"A must for everyone who is concerned about and wishes to understand the decline and devastation of our manufacturing capability or, for that matter, who wants to believe there is no problem. Bill Dietrich provides a detailed analysis of Japan's dramatic success in its development of industrial policy and of the urgent need for us to understand and apply its lessons if there is to be a high-wage, high-value-added America in the global economy."

—Lynn R. Williams, President, United Steelworkers of America

360 pages $24.50



Available from your local bookstore, or

PENN STATE PRESS

820 N. University Dr. University Park, PA 16802 814-865-1327

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORK OF NATIONS: PREPARING OURSELVES FOR 21st-CENTURY CAPITALISM

Robert B. Reich/Alfred A. Knopf/320 pp. $24

David Frum

Seven years ago, Robert Reich—until then an obscure young professor at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government—seized the attention of the Democratic party and the national media with *The Next American Frontier.* Reich chided his fellow Democrats for their attachment to dying heavy industries like steel, coal, and rubber, and argued instead that what determines Americans' prosperity is not the nature of the products they make (steel rather than hamburgers, computers rather than rock videos) but what they do to—the value they add to—those products. On the strength of this analysis, Reich called for more money for the schools lobby, more subsidies to selected industries, and more taxes on large incomes. The book was endorsed by Walter Mondale.

Seven years later, Reich—now a regular guest on public affairs television shows and a munificently paid lecturer to corporate America—is again challenging traditional liberal thinking about the economy. In *The Work of Nations,* he chides his fellow Democrats for their attachment to "partnerships" between government and big business, arguing instead that large corporations should be perceived as nationless entities whose interests differ significantly from those of the American public. On the strength of this analysis, Reich calls for . . . more money for the schools lobby, more subsidies to selected industries, and more taxes on large incomes. The book has been endorsed by George Mitchell.

The transition from the pathbreaking to the pedestrian in Reich's new book can be marked with a pencil: page 245, end of the second paragraph. There, with a nasty grinding, Reich shifts gears from thinking for himself to repeating the dismal formulas of the past thirty years of liberal politics. It's as if Reich did his analysis and his recommending with two different lobes of his brain—one acute, undogmatic, and empirical; the other, dull, orthodox, and inflexible. Reich is hardly unique in this unfortunate mental division of labor: policy intellectuals of both left and right often have trouble deciding whether they owe their first loyalty to scholarship or to politics—whether they are thinkers or actors, whether they accept the discipline of the contemplative life or the equally necessary discipline of ideology. And so they are tempted to shirk their obligations to one master or the other, either by slanting their work or by forgetting their beliefs.

There are exceptions, of course: the politics of James Q. Wilson and Charles Murray (on the right) and Nicholas Lemann and Lawrence Summers (on the left), for example, have flowed naturally from their scholarship; they have felt obliged to compromise neither their work nor their political commitments. But others—and here Reich is a sad example—are less successful in preserving the balance between research and commitment. And their readers are left to wonder what they could have written had they permitted themselves the freedom of not worrying about what their friends and colleagues might say about them.

So long as he is describing the evolution of the big corporation and the world economy, Reich is convincing. Drawing heavily on the work of the business historian Alfred Chandler, he begins by describing a mass production—or, as he prefers to call it, a "high-volume production"—era that began about 1890 and culminated between 1940 and 1970. The world economy was then dominated by giant enterprises that produced identical products in vast numbers from just a few locations. Reich cites the cigarette-making process developed in 1881 by James Duke's tobacco company, which could satisfy the entire demand of the United States with just fifteen machines.

Social consequences followed from high-volume production. One was the flattening of the income curve, as the labor of skilled artisans was devalued and that of the unskilled men who worked the line became more productive, and as the children of what had been the small-town big-shot class were transformed from owners of mines and mills into managers of companies owned by vast numbers of anonymous shareholders. Another was that employees and executives all the way up to the most senior levels of the corporation were rewarded for obedience rather than flexibility or innovation, because, in Reich's words, the high-volume production corporation's mission was "the efficient implementation of preconceived plans." A third was the enhancement of the power of trade unions, since the clear distinction between the jobs that operatives and management did—and the kinds of education they got—enhanced class consciousness, and the imperatives of the production line made labor disruption very costly.

The consequence that Reich is most interested in, however, is that high-volume production created an identity of interest between the big corporation and the country in which it did the bulk of its business. An American company was headquartered in America, did its work in America, bought most of its materials in America, and paid its dividends to Americans. Each of America's giant corporations naturally came to be regarded as a "national champion."

Oddly, the very things for which we would now most strenuously criticize the high-volume economy of 1940-70 seem to appeal most to Reich: its uncompetitiveness (which Reich ascribes entirely to oligipolistic collusion, fastidiously ignoring the pervasive federal regulation of the period and the "predatory pricing" antitrust policies that brought the full force of federal power upon the neck of any large company that undercut its competitors' prices), its indifference to the variety of consumer wants, and its elevation of the powers of corporate managers over those of shareholders. Where others have seen corporate complacency and governmental folly in the policies of the postwar years, Reich sees social consensus and even solidarity. His sole reservation about the economy of the period is—the man lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, after all—that it discriminated against minorities and women.

But now Reich's story darkens. The high-production economy is as dead as the clipper ship. It has been replaced by a form of production that Reich characterizes as "high value," in which the old distinctions between goods and services, management and labor, have been swept away by a cataract of technological and organizational change.

Corporations are no longer vertically integrated mass producers. Instead, they are complex "global webs" of what Reich terms "problem-solvers, problem-identifiers and strategic brokers":

> No single group or participant "controls" this enterprise as the high-volume enterprise was controlled. Nor does anyone "own" it in the traditional sense. Executives coordinate and broker; investors supply some of the money needed to finance its activities, for which they will be rewarded, like many other participants, with a portion of the profits. The most skilled and talented problem-solvers and -identifiers, on which [sic] so much depends, also are likely to receive a share of the profits. They will have considerable discretion over what they do and how they do it. Routine functions are, increasingly, contracted out.

And the participants in the high-value enterprise—particularly the most valuable participants—are now strewn all over the surface of the planet:

> Precision ice hockey equipment is designed in Sweden, financed in Canada, and assembled in Cleveland and Denmark for distribution in North America and Europe respectively, out of alloys whose molecular structure was researched and patented in Delaware and fabricated in Japan. An advertising campaign is conceived in Britain; film footage for it is shot in Canada, dubbed in Britain, and edited in New York. A sports car is financed in Japan, designed in Italy, and assembled in Indiana, Mexico, and France, using advanced electronic components invented in New Jersey and fabricated in Japan. A microprocessor is designed in California and financed in America and West Germany, containing dynamic random-access memories fabricated in South Korea. A jet airplane is designed in the state of Washington and in Japan, and assembled in Seattle, with tail cones from Canada, special tail sections from China and Italy, and engines from Britain. A space satellite designed in California, manufactured in France, and financed by Australians is launched from a rocket made in the Soviet Union.

From this it follows that the "nationality" of the corporations that employ its people shouldn't concern a country very much; what should concern the nation is whether its people are prospering. Americans run no dangers when Sony buys CBS Records—CBS is simply an assemblage of a talented group of people, almost all of whom live in the United States, who need Sony considerably less than Sony needs them:

> Whether by domestic or foreign buyers, high-value enterprises can no more be acquired than can the skilled and talented individuals who comprise them. On more than one occasion, this fact has surprised investors and strategic brokers who thought they had made a purchase only to have it disappear like cotton candy as soon as it touched their lips. . . . In 1986, General Electric assumed that it had "acquired" Kidder, Peabody, the financial services house. But when GE tried to exert control over its new acquisition—imposing stricter reporting requirements and tighter cost accounting—many of Kidder, Peabody's most skilled personnel departed for more congenial surroundings. GE was left with little more than Kidder, Peabody's good, but fading, reputation.

Nor is there any more reason to fear foreign imports—especially when supposedly alien products so often turn out largely to be made here, and when supposedly domestic products are so often foreign goods with an American com-

---

David Frum is an assistant features editor at the Wall Street Journal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pany's name stuck on them, and when, above all, any product of any sophistication is a crazy assemblage of bits and pieces from all over the world.

Reich's purpose is to attack a heresy that he fears is gaining ground within the Democratic party: call it, for lack of a better term, Big Business Liberalism. Big Business Liberalism says that the best way to assist American workers is with special favors to American corporations, especially big American corporations. They must be shielded from foreign competition, protected from the rough-and-tumble of the market for corporate control, pampered with special tax breaks like rapid depreciation schedules and investment tax credits, have the burden of high medical insurance costs lifted from their shoulders and placed onto those of the general public, and—above all—be praised and admired as symbols of the American identity. Feel good about the victory in the Gulf? Buy a Chevy.

Reich's book is a protest against this infatuation with big business. What's good for General Motors is not necessarily good for America. Subsidies, tax breaks, protection from competition or takeover—these, he bravely maintains, do very little to promote the public interest. Liberals should devote their energy instead to using government to improve the quality of—and rewards to—American labor.

This task is especially urgent, Reich thinks, because of the growing inequality between skilled and unskilled workers. This is a claim that is very hard to deny, although conservatives have spent almost a decade trying. But the evidence is accumulating that Reich is at least partly right: since 1973, all the industrialized countries have seen an increasing dispersion between the incomes of their richest and poorest citizens, a trend that can be seen most sharply when one compares the incomes of men in their 30s without a high-school diploma and men of the same age group with a college degree or better. What seems to have happened is that a more sophisticated economy is demanding better-educated workers—and finding that it has fewer and fewer things it is willing to pay large sums to have unskilled labor do. In the 1980s, while manufacturing rose as a percentage of U.S. GNP from 20 percent to 23 percent, manufacturing employment as a percentage of all employment fell from more than 22 percent to little better than 17 percent. At the same time, mounting competitive pressures have crippled the power of certain once-formidable constituencies—airline pilots, truckers, steelworkers—to use the political process to extract for themselves wages greater than their productivity would justify. The relative reward for the jobs available to the least capable members of society has been declining.

This may or may not be a very serious problem. Reich feels that it is serious, and he addresses it in the final quarter of his book—the empty quarter. His proposals are as drab and unimaginative as his analysis was lively and bold: after trying to liberate liberals from Big Business Liberalism, Reich wants to tether them to European-style social democracy, packaged as "economic nationalism" in order to appeal to the patriotic instincts of the American voter:

> Positive economic nationalism . . . would encourage public spending within each nation in any manner that enhanced the capacities of its citizens to lead full and productive lives—including pre- and postnatal care, childcare and preschool preparation, excellent primary and secondary education, access to college regardless of financial condition, training and retraining, and good infrastructure.
>
> Positive economic nationalism also would tolerate—even invite—public subsidies to firms that undertook within the nation's borders high value-added production. . . . Positive economic nationalism also would ease the transition of a work force out of older industries and technologies in which there

NEW FROM **LIBERTY FUND**

POLITICAL SERMONS OF THE AMERICAN FOUNDING ERA: 1730-1805

Edited by Ellis Sandoz

"Professor Sandoz has provided a superb collection of sermons bearing on the politics of the era of the American Revolution and the early Republic. . . . All in all, this is one of the most useful collections of sources available for the study of the young United States."

— Robert Middlekauff, The Huntington Library

The political culture of this country was formed, refined, and transmitted by the political sermon—the "pulpit of the American Revolution." These sources had been widely neglected and were largely inaccessible. Now, fifty-five of the most revealing political sermons have been made available in modernized and newly typeset form.

To read these sermons is to grasp the intelligence and spiritual depth of generations of Americans who understood the close connections between spiritual, intellectual, political, and economic liberty.

1598 + xxxviii pages. Foreword, acknowledgments, editor's note, bibliography, chronology.

Hardcover $38.00 0-86597-090-4
Paperback $12.00 0-86597-091-2
Liberty*Press*, 1991

Also Available

MODERN AGE: THE FIRST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

A Selection
Edited by George A. Panichas

A feast of profound, stimulating, and foundational essays—a brilliant contemporary introduction to great minds.

—Michael Novak

These seventy-eight essays characterize the richness and diversity of conservative scholarship. It is an indispensable sourcebook. *Modern Age* was founded in 1957 by Russel Kirk, with Henry Regnery and David S. Collier. It is now published by the Intercollegiate Studies Institute.

894 + xx pages. Foreword, editor's note.

Hardcover $33.00 0-86597-061-0
Paperback $11.00 00-86597-062-9
Liberty*Press*, 1988

Please send me:

Quantity Ordered	Title	Edition	Price	Amount
	Political Sermons	Hardcover	$38.00	
		Paperback	$12.00	
	Modern Age	Hardcover	$33.00	
		Paperback	$11.00	
			Subtotal	
			Indiana residents add 5% sales tax	
			Total	

Prepayment required on all orders not for resale. We pay book rate postage on prepaid orders. Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery. All orders from outside the United States *must* be prepaid in U.S. dollars.

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order made payable to Liberty Fund, Inc.
☐ Please send me a copy of your current catalogue.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____

Mail to: LIBERTY FUND, INC.
Department F120
7440 N. Shadeland Ave.
Indianapolis, IN 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was worldwide overcapacity. This might take the form of severance payments, relocation assistance, extra training grants, extra unemployment insurance, regional economic aid, and funds for retooling or upgrading machinery toward higher-value-added production.

Reich would finance his economic nationalism with more taxes upon higher incomes, and he would prevent businesses from eluding the cost of nationalism by curbing immigration, which, he fears, puts pressures on the wages of the least skilled.

Immigration restriction, taxes, a lavish welfare state—well, it would be a dull world if we all felt the same way about topics like these. Reich likes them, I don't. But nobody can complain that Reich's positions on them contradict any of his other premises. But "public subsidies to firms that undertook within the nation's borders high-value-added production"? "Regional economic aid"? "Funds for retooling or upgrading machinery"? Two-and-a-half hundred pages of denunciations of "vestigial thinking" in order to arrive at this—the sort of policies that have made New Brunswick and Calabria what they are today?

Reich is attached to central planning and state direction of industry as to a religion learned in childhood. When it comes time to write his conclusions, all of his own arduous research demonstrating the waning control of national governments upon economic and financial activity is forgotten, and the old dogmas flood back into his mind. Mandarins in the central government will supervise and scrutinize companies, selecting those to be rewarded because they add enough value and those to be eased into death because they don't; deciding which industries' requests for "infrastructure" will be met and which won't; setting the level at which the necessary rewards for hard work cross the line into unconscionable wealth that must be taxed away.

True, Reich does hastily remind himself of his own observation that we now live in a global, not a national, economy:

> As the borders of cities, states, and even nations no longer come to signify special domains of economic interdependence . . . economic sacrifice and restraint exercised within a nation's borders is less likely to come full circle than it was in a more closed economy.

"Free movement of all factors of production across national boundaries," he declares, "ultimately will improve everyone's lot." (Reich is forgetting his earlier strictures against the free movement of the most important of all factors of production—labor.) And so, perhaps, the mandarins won't be working for the government of the United States, but for some supranational body. Perhaps a "GATT for direct investment" will be entrusted with the task of "setting out the rules by which nations could bid for high-value-added investments by global corporations." Or maybe "subsidies would be pooled and parceled out to where they could do the most good, as the European Community has begun to do regionally." Or yet again, "subsidies might come from a common fund established jointly by all nations."

Global subsidies and central planning conducted with all the rationality and cool disregard of political pressure we see in the European Community —this is the sort of neoliberalism that makes Taft conservatism look futuristic in comparison. And it's an awfully sharp turn away from the realism and unsentimentality of Reich's analysis of the world economy. But most of all it's a grim warning of where the intellectual in politics can end up when he takes his ideology into the library with him. □

THE NOBLE SAVAGE: JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU, 1754-1762

Maurice Cranston/University of Chicago Press/424 pp. $32.50

James W. Tuttleton

This is the second of a three-volume life of Rousseau by Maurice Cranston, professor of political science at the London School of Economics. The first, *The Early Life and Work of Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, covered the years 1712-54, during which the engraver's apprentice grew up in Geneva as a Protestant and ran away at sixteen to become a wandering footman, an interpreter, a tutor, the kept lover of several women, a Catholic convert, and finally the common-law husband of an illiterate domestic, Thérèse Levasseur. (She bore him five children—all of whom he consigned in turn to a foundling hospital.) Rousseau attained fame by attacking the rich in his *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality Among Men* (1754), which took Paris by storm. It is at this point that Professor Cranston's superb second volume picks up.

Rousseau became an odd celebrity among fashionable *parisiennes*, who indulgently pampered his genius. More important, he was an intimate of Diderot, Duclos, Grimm, Voltaire, and d'Alembert, who had likewise undertaken to challenge all received tradition and authority. Convinced by his own theories about inequality, the self-styled moralist retired to the country, distanced himself from the skepticism of the *encyclopédistes*, renounced the dissipations of fashionable life at the court of Louis XV and Mme. de Pompadour, and announced that he would henceforth support himself as a humble music copyist. As he said to Mme. de Créqui, "Where luxury is universal, it is by simplicity that a man distinguishes himself."

Yet none of his simplicity of life would have been possible had it not been for the radical chic of the wealthy Mme. d'Epinay, who generously offered Rousseau the Hermitage, a cottage on her estate. (Rousseau of course insulted her for undertaking to put him into her debt.) Thus, in 1756 he moved in and established his reputation as the hermit of genius. Rousseau's withdrawal to a life of ascetic simplicity makes for a biography without much compelling dramatic action, but Cranston compensates with a generous presentation of fact and quotation that illuminates Rousseau's inner life and his relations with the illustrious of Paris, whom he had ostensibly spurned. Indeed, it is remarkable how many of the rich and famous took the long and inconvenient ride out to the Hermitage to see him. One of those was Sophie, the comtesse d'Houdetot, with whom he promptly fell in love and would have seduced, no doubt, had she not been the lovesick mistress of Jean-François St-Lambert. As it was, he was reduced to a platonic affair which he idealizes in the *Confessions*:

> I am wrong to speak of an unrequited love—mine was in a way returned. There was equal love on both sides, even if it was not reciprocal. We were both drunk with love, she for her lover, I for her; our sighs, our sweet tears mingled . . . yet even at the height of our dangerous intoxication, she never forgot herself for a moment. As for myself, I protest that if sometimes I was misled by my senses and tried to make her unfaithful, I loved her too much to wish to possess her.

Cranston's biography is based on a new and thorough investigation of the letters, journals, and memoirs of Rousseau and those who knew him. He is able constantly to document the discrepancies between what Rousseau actually said and did and the (unacknowledged) mendacities of the *Confessions*. There can thus be no question that Mme. d'Houdetot was the model for Julie in *La Nouvelle Héloïse* (1761), an exaltation of swooning romantic love that contradicted all of Rousseau's avowed philosophical principles, as well as his prejudices about the corrupting effect of fiction on virginal innocence.

Rousseau comes across as sentimental and gushing, yet rude, suspicious, and hypochondriacal—above all, he was *un homme de sensibilité*. Petulant and egotistical, he continually made life difficult for those who tried to befriend him. With Voltaire he quarreled over Genevan politics; with Diderot the rupture involved the arid rationalism of the *Encyclopédie*. He threatened his publishers, accusing them of injustices where none existed and airing imaginary grievances to friends and acquaintances. As one observer put it, his pride was "so adroit" that it knew "how to disguise itself under the name of elevated feelings." Thus, as Cranston shrewdly observes, it was easier for Rousseau to be "the friend of humanity" than the friend of individual men and women.

In 1759, despite his avowed asceticism, Rousseau accepted the invitation of the maréchal-duc de Luxembourg to live on his estate at the chateau of Montmorency—largely because, he notes in the *Confessions*, the moment he saw Mme. de Luxembourg, a bewitching woman with the reputation of a *grande horizontale*, he was her slave. It was during this time that he wrote *Emile*, a treatise on the education of children. *Emile* assumed that, since the mind of a child is a Lockean *tabula rasa*, the innocent should be given an education in the senses, free from the corruptions of society. Cranston is properly critical of Rousseau's endorsing the tutor's use of deceit and humiliation on the grounds that, if the student has suffered, he will be more likely to sympathize with the sufferings of others. Marriage, Rousseau felt, is to be postponed until the youth has learned the true power relation between men and women: women are predominant in society because, concealing their voracious sexual appetites through modesty and reserve, they civilize young men into learning the arts that please them. As he put it in the *Discourse on Inequality*, "The duty of your sex will always be to govern ours."

There is no space here to discuss *The Social Contract* (1762), his last important work of the period, which begins with the ringing declaration: "Man is born free; and everywhere he is in chains." The social contract is to be understood as a "form of association which will defend and protect with the

James W. Tuttleton is professor of English at New York University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole common force, the person of each associate, and in which each, while uniting himself with all, may still obey himself alone and still remain as free as before." If, as Cranston points out, this claim sounds paradoxical, Rousseau argues that the citizen surrenders his rights and possessions to the *volonté générale*, or "general will," which is said to aim at the impartial good. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity are the slogans of Rousseau's ideal state, which revolution is permitted to create.

Tersely and accurately, Cranston summarizes Rousseau's political ideas and attempts to rescue him from the most common accusation against him—that he provides the rationale for revolutions against the state and endorses totalitarianism (in subordinating the citizen to the "general will"). But, in my judgment, Cranston's heart is not in it, and —since this is a conventional biography rather than a history of ideas—there is no extended critique of the historical effects of Rousseau's revolutionary doctrines.

The climax of this volume occurs with the publication of *Emile*, in which Rousseau, once again a Protestant, had included the "Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Priest," an essay repudiating revelation. Since Protestants were then being executed for heresy, this attack on Christianity brought down on Rousseau the wrath of the authorities. When a warrant was issued for his arrest, he fled to Neuchâtel. Here Cranston's second volume ends. Rousseau would go on to England, where he wrote the *Confessions*, and ultimately return to France in 1770.

A reviewer of the first volume of Cranston's life complained that he had made Rousseau seem "almost normal." Cranston concedes that a like objection may be raised against this second volume, which only mildly anticipates Rousseau's eventual insanity. As to his mind, Cranston remarks that "those readers who cannot imagine Rousseau as anything other than thoroughly paranoid must wait for the third volume of his biography, which will trace the last tormented years of his life." This life is so well researched, richly detailed, and illuminating that the wait will be well worth it.

Many years ago, Irving Babbitt remarked that "In the name of feeling, Rousseau headed the most powerful insurrection the world has ever seen against every kind of authority." And Lord Acton, in his *Lectures on the French Revolution*, remarked that Rousseau gave "the first signal of universal subversion." It is to be hoped that Cranston's third volume will address the question of whether these judgments are to be sustained. □

ENZO FERRARI: THE MAN, THE CARS, THE RACES

Brock Yates/Doubleday/465 pp. $22

William Jeanes

"Ferrari" is the name most people will give you if you ask them their dream car. You may not hear a model number or name, such as 348tb or Testarossa, but you will hear the name Ferrari more than any other.

How is it that a single automobile marque holds such a narcotic desirability for persons who will never, ever be able to afford one? How can a model lineup that ranges in price from around $85,000 (a simple Mondial t) to as much as $600,000 (the staggeringly fast F-40) have such mass appeal? How is it that old Ferraris, many with shaky underpinnings, which by rights shouldn't have survived for thirty or forty years, can sell for as much as $4.2 *million*? The answer is to be found in the determination of Enzo Ferrari himself . . . but it was not a determination to build great automobiles for customers.

Enzo Ferrari, called *il Commendatore* or *il Cavaliere* by his admirers and sycophants, died at the age of 90 in 1988, but not before making his the best-known name in the world of cars, with the possible exception of Ford—a company that thought so much of Ferrari's operation that it once tried unsuccessfully to buy it. Ferrari was neither the smartest engineer in automotive history (he was not even an engineer) nor the greatest stylist (if he ever so much as sketched a car, the incident has gone unrecorded), and he was certainly not a great racing driver (he was adequate, but no more). He was an accomplished intriguer but not an adroit self-promoter, though his orchestrated press conferences became something of a legend. No, Enzo Ferrari made icons of himself and his cars by means of a brutish, zealous, and unstinting commitment to racing. The great Ferrari road cars (and more than one expert will question the adjective) were no more than an outgrowth of Ferrari's infatuation with what writer Robert Daley called "the cruel sport."

In *Enzo Ferrari*, Brock Yates, editor-at-large for me at *Car and Driver*, has set out in search of Ferrari the man. More specifically, he seeks to cut through three generations of automotive blather and a wealth of self-serving prose issued by Ferrari himself. This would seem to be a simple enough task. After all, Ferrari was the most famous man in all of motordom; in his native Italy, when he was not a pariah (as when his cars were suffering a losing racing season) he was a national monument. But seeking the truth about Ferrari poses problems.

Officials at the Ferrari factory in the town of Maranello, a suburb of Modena in Italy's Emilia-Romagna, gave no help when Yates sought access to records. Persons close to Ferrari were reluctant to speak for the record, though many were willing to serve as unnamed sources. Some, including Luigi Chinetti, the man who made Ferrari cars a staple in the United States, shed valuable light on the subject . . . though the word subject seems inappropriate to this kingly enigma.

When it came to doing it his way, Ferrari made Frank Sinatra look like a fence-straddler. From the moment he became involved with the Alfa Romeo racing effort in the 1920s, he lived for the day when a team of cars bearing his name would dominate international Formula One racing. Formula One is the rulebook name for Grand Prix racing, an annual global "league" that is unquestionably the world's most expensive and most technologically advanced, and which confers the World Driving Championship. The series dates from 1950, and a two-car team today requires something on the order of $20 million a year if it is to be competitive.

The Ferrari team owns the longest and most distinguished record in Grand Prix racing history. From its entry onto the Grand Prix stage in 1952, Ferrari's participation was essentially continuous, entering nearly 500 races and becoming the only constructor ever to win more than 100. Of the 103 victories it had recorded through 1990, 93 came in Ferrari's lifetime.

Yates has filled the stoup of Ferrari holy water from the coldest well he could find, yet a surprisingly sympathetic portrait emerges. Forget the legends spread by the *Ferraristi*: that old Enzo spent nights laboring to build the world's greatest road cars. This task he left exclusively to talented and beleaguered subordinates, who toiled in an office environment that could have taught the Medicis a few things about staff morale. Just take Ferrari for what he was, and you can't help but feel affection for the old reprobate.

Not that Ferrari himself ever quite decided who he was. In a series of ghost-written "autobiographies," he added and subtracted from reality at will. He would, for example, claim to have been

William Jeanes is editor-in-chief of Car and Driver *magazine.*

Add fun, convenience, and efficiency to your desk, with. . .

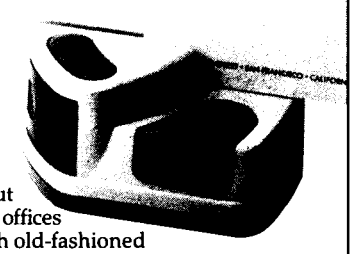
Electric Letter Opener/ Pencil Sharpener

haverhills of San Francisco

only $29.95*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*

• *The unit has dual power input. It works on either four AA batteries (not included) or through a standard 110V/6V adapter. The adapter is available through us at $9.95.*



They don't rank in importance perhaps with copy machines and fax transmitters, but pencil sharpeners and automatic letter openers are two major conveniences in any office. Many offices do have a pencil sharpener, but it is usually tucked away in some corner. But only very few offices have an automatic letter opener at all and make do with old-fashioned manual slicers. Our *Electric Letter Opener/Pencil Sharpener* performs its functions efficiently. It puts the point on a dull pencil in less than five seconds. It opens envelopes at an astonishing clip of .8/secs. each—up to 75 per minute—almost as fast as a big office machine. The unit has little rubber feet to prevent marring and sliding. Buy 100 of them or more we'll even screen your logo or message on each unit. Perfect for your company as a promotion or gift.

We are the exclusive importers of this nifty office accessory and can therefore bring it to you for just $29.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Why wait? Bring fun, convenience, and efficiency to your desk and order your *Electric Letter Opener/Pencil Sharpener* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1682A978** for the Opener/Sharpener and **#1683A978** for the (optional) Adapter. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $5.95 for one, $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders of 100 or more, call Ernest Gerardo, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967 haverhills of San Francisco

139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

born poor, neglecting to mention that his father owned three automobiles, a considerable stable at the turn of the century. The size of his father's "little shop" ranged from five or six workmen to fifty or sixty when it became his father's "factory." The story of how his company's prancing-horse emblem came into being is equally cloudy, as are a welter of other incidents. At noon, before a roomful of drooling Ferrari buyers, he could pose as a national treasure. That evening, at one of his haunts in the company of old friends, he could fart, belch, curse, and chase women with the energy of the Modenese *paisano* he claimed—at times—to be. Yates, through the eyes and memories of more than a hundred former Ferrari employees, friends, and enemies, and through the observations of contemporary journalists, gives us a clear picture of a puzzling figure.

Ferrari, by some yardsticks, lived a hell of a life. His only heir died young. By all accounts a pleasant young man, Dino Ferrari became closer in death than in life to his father, who would begin every day with a visit to Dino's tomb (once violated by would-be grave robbers, who apparently sought to hold the corpse for ransom). Ferrari credited Dino with designing a V-6 engine, a credit that Yates demonstrates conclusively to be a canard. After examining in detail the lingering rumor that Dino died from inherited syphilis, Yates ultimately dismisses it for lack of evidence.

Ferrari's other son, Piero Lardi, was born to his mistress. Piero was later acknowledged by the elder Ferrari and, as Piero Lardi Ferrari, given a place in the organization, although he was subjected to shrieks of "Bastard!" by Laura Ferrari, Dino's mother, on those occasions when she spied him at work in the factory.

Laura Ferrari is a story in herself, and was either a former streetwalker or the prim daughter of respectable citizens, depending on which version was in vogue. Laura and Ferrari maintained a chilly marital relationship for decades, unaided by Ferrari's mother, who had little affection for Laura. Yates has a weakness for overusing a good anecdote here: we learn on at least three occasions that Laura Ferrari missed a belt loop or two as she aged; and that she was wont to steal tips and bread from the tables of restaurants. But this is nit-picking when set against the scope and sweep of the work as a whole.

Ferrari seems to have attracted a few cronies, but no true friends. He treated the men who drove his cars—with the possible exception of the Canadian Gilles Villeneuve, the Englishmen John Surtees and Mike Hawthorn, and Tazio Nuvolari, who starred for Ferrari's Alfa Romeo team—as expendable chattel. He described his work in life as manipulating men, not building cars. He would set driver against driver, taking advantage of their enormous pride and destructive egos. Often, death resulted. On these occasions, Ferrari would grieve publicly, only to brag later in private about his stellar performance as a mourner.

Debunking the myth that Ferrari lived to create great road cars (and revealing that Ferrari said privately that he thought the people who bought them were spendthrifts, fools, and worse) should make Yates the Salman Rushdie of Ferrari fanatics. In case that is not enough, Yates takes a further step that will not endear him to followers of the prancing horse: he reveals that an inordinate number of Ferrari victories were recorded at times when competition ranged from poor to mediocre. This has always been the nature of big-time motor racing, but the news that Ferrari often fattened up on sub-standard opposition—the facts and figures back this up—will not find willing eyes and ears among the Ferrari faithful.

Even the most slavish of devotees, however, will enjoy the detailed racing history that is so well complemented by a social (or anti-social) history of the Ferrari team. The reader meets fascinating drivers: the great Nuvolari, for whom Ferrari spent a lifetime seeking a replacement; five-time world champion Juan Manuel Fangio; Niki Lauda, the buck-toothed Austrian who won fourteen races in four seasons for Ferrari, and who last made the news when one of his Air Lauda passenger jets crashed in Thailand; Count Alfonso de Portago, surely goaded to his death by Ferrari; and world champion Phil Hill, the high-strung Californian who won a tragic championship in 1961 after his Ferrari teammate Wolfgang von Trips was killed on the track. The personality parade goes on and on, each new marcher underlining the difference between the adventurers who sought fame on the Grand Prix tracks of the 1950s and 1960s and the colorless, if talented, technicians who do it today.

The book is saturated with technical information—this being, ironically perhaps, its only off-putting quality for the general reader. But that is the dilemma that faces any biographer whose subject is intertwined with objects, cars in this case, that are themselves the subject of countless books. To please the auto enthusiast, the mechanical trivia is necessary; to please the general reader, the sex, intrigues, and personality quirks must be included. All are to be found here, to the delight of the reader who combines a love of automobiles with a modicum of curiosity about Ferraris, racing drivers, and the Grand Prix circuit.

On Sunday, August 14, 1988, Enzo Ferrari died at his home in Modena. Three weeks later, Gerhard Berger, an Austrian, drove his Ferrari to victory in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza. In the swirling crowd of delirious fans, a banner showed itself: "Ferrari, we followed you in life, and now in death!" Ferrari lovers will continue to wave similar figurative banners, standards that will flutter undampened by the revelations of *Enzo Ferrari.* □

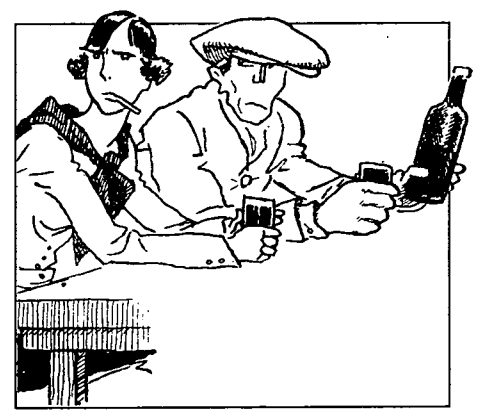
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: HIS RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY

Frank Freidel/Little, Brown/710 pp. $24.95; $15.95 paper

Alonzo L. Hamby

Who needs or wants "heroic biography?" a reviewer of Frank Freidel's volume asked recently. After all, any modish scholar-historian knows that "the significant questions" involve not Great White Men, nor even personalities as such, but rather the oppression inflicted upon women, minorities, and the American working class during the past century of Corporate Liberal dominance.

Of course, as is so often the case, most of those unfortunates who live outside academia see things differently. The literate public craves good biography. This book provides it. Traditional and tight-



ly focused, it is the best one-volume narrative yet written of Franklin Roosevelt's presidency. A young radical and isolationist at the University of Wisconsin in the 1930s, Frank Freidel mellowed into an admirer of FDR during the postwar era and has devoted most of his career to this biography (three earlier volumes covered Roosevelt's pre-presidential life). Like most academics the author is a man of liberal sentiments. Not surprisingly, his criticism of his subject is restrained.

Freidel devotes less than a third of his space to the New Deal, indicative of increasing recognition that, of FDR's achievements, it was World War II, not the New Deal, that led to the most decisive shifts in American life. Liberal historians, the author among them, have never asserted that Roosevelt beat the Depression; they have preferred instead to dwell on FDR's reforms, compassion for the unemployed, overwhelming popularity, and success in effecting the most important American political realignment of the twentieth century. If pressed, most will declare that Roosevelt fell short because of a regrettable lack of imagination that caused him to ignore John Maynard Keynes's advice to run even more enormous budget deficits. (It must be remembered that as a proportion of federal revenues, Roosevelt's deficits were the greatest in peacetime American history.)

Although conservatives go largely unheard in the academic debate, one finds among numerous policy advocates (e.g., George Gilder) and historically oriented economists (Murray Rothbard, Herbert Stein, Gene Smiley, Richard Vedder, and Lowell Gallaway) a conservative critique of the New Deal that deserves more attention. Roosevelt, it asserts, was sincere when he affirmed a faith in capitalism; but he did so from the viewpoint of inherited wealth. Most of his subordinates, although not conscious socialists, neither understood capitalism nor empathized with the day-to-day problems of businessmen who had to make profits and meet payrolls. In pursuit of their own vision of the just society, they persuaded themselves of the merits of planning by a (supposedly) disinterested class of academics and independent professionals. When one gets beyond a surface layer of politicians, the New Deal emerges quite clearly as the most ambitious effort undertaken up to that time by an anti-commercial intelligentsia to manage a national economy.

New Deal policies may have aborted recovery by nibbling at the capitalist system around the margins: through the imposition of higher taxes, especially on capital gains and undistributed corporate profits; through insufficient efforts to revive international trade (the reciprocal trade program amounted to more symbol than substance); and through a rhetorical policy of business-bashing that surely was economically counter-

Alonzo L. Hamby is professor of history at Ohio University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

productive, if politically effective and psychologically satisfying. This attitude was easy enough to acquire in the midst of a depression that seemed to confirm the failure of business leadership and, indeed, of largely unmanaged market capitalism.

Remarkably, however, the New Deal intelligentsia never had much public support or sympathy. They appeared insufferably elitist to a nation that had not yet been taught to revere the Ph.D. The most ambitious New Deal effort, the National Recovery Administration, alienated thousands of small businessmen, who quickly discovered that putting a Blue Eagle in the window meant coping with miles of regulations and red tape and complying with wage and hours requirements they could not afford. When the Supreme Court declared the agency unconstitutional in 1935, it did FDR a favor. The planning that remained was confined to areas, such as coal and transportation, in which the dominant business and labor interests sought government protection from the ravages of competition.

The idea that the economy needed management by social scientists gradually faded, until World War II brought it back. It is suggestive that, although something like the huge economic bureaucracy of the war clearly was necessary in order to allocate scarce resources, it cost Roosevelt and the New Dealers dearly in votes. Americans, by and large, did not want management from above, rather a government that gave them benefits.

By discerning this current in the public mood, FDR turned economic failure into political success. Roosevelt was the most successful coalition builder in twentieth-century American politics because he provided benefits to powerful interest groups—subsidies to farmers, federal backing for labor, social security for the elderly, and help for the jobless (whose numbers made them a *de facto* interest group).

At times the President appealed to greed and envy, as when he "welcomed the hatred" of the rich in his speech accepting the 1936 Democratic nomination. On occasion, the New Deal job programs were little more than political boondoggles. In Kansas City, for example, the WPA conducted a dog census (ostensibly a rabies control measure), and the organization of "Boss Tom" Pendergast used federal funds to pay part of the cost of paving the bed of a stream that meandered through the town's fashionable south side; this pseudo–flood-control project used tons of cement produced by Boss Tom's own Ready-Mixed Concrete Company.

Still, government work relief put cash into the pockets of many desperate people and led to the construction of public buildings, schools, dams, and roads that the country really needed. How many conservatives today would throw out the tangible monuments of the thirties? How many would deny public assistance to those needy who worked for it?

The New Deal had its costs. For the short run, its relief and entitlement programs may have gotten in the way of economic recovery. As Freidel points out, the Social Security tax drained $2 billion out of the private economy during the program's first year and thus contributed to the sharp recession of 1937. In the long run, the New Deal was the first step in an ever-growing agenda of "social programs," many of which have been unproductive and aimed at a middle class conned into thinking that someone else is paying the bill. To blame Roosevelt and those around him for the excesses of the Great Society, however, would be to blame them for consequences that by and large they neither foresaw nor sought. The New Deal idea of the welfare state had a sense of limits that today's generation of Democrats would do well to contemplate.

They would do equally well to think about Roosevelt's record as a foreign policy leader who combined national self-interest and idealism to revolutionize foreign policy. Few conservatives today could stomach the dominant view of foreign affairs—barren in vision, isolationist in politics, protectionist in trade—espoused by their counterparts of a half-century ago. As late as 1940, its most respectable and intelligent spokesman in the Senate, Robert A. Taft, could declare that Nazi dominance of Europe would be preferable to war.

Then as now, such worldly innocence was matched only by that of assorted radicals and "progressives" who, interestingly enough, shared Senator Taft's working assumptions about the irredeemable corruption of Europe and the inadmissibility of power as an instrument of national policy. Ideologues of both left and right prevented Roosevelt from waging an effective foreign policy until the hands of the clock were at five minutes until midnight for the cause of freedom in most of the world. By then, it was necessary for what was left of Western democracy to ally with one devil, Stalin, in order to defeat others that were even more menacing.

Again, Roosevelt's *modus operandi* was not always pretty. He surely "lied to the American people" when he declared in the 1940 campaign that "your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wahs" while moving the country step by step toward a near-certain military confrontation with Nazi Germany. Before we get too excited about Roosevelt's lack of candor, however, we might do well to recall the record of a recent President who promised never to lie to us. The significant question is whether it was an overriding national interest to defeat the Nazis. Those who think it was may be grateful for Roosevelt's deviousness; those who think otherwise can deplore it with whatever clarity of conscience they can muster.

What of the most sensational and oft-repeated accusation against Roosevelt—that he invited the Japanese to attack Pearl Harbor? Freidel is too brusque in his dismissal of the charge, but almost certainly correct. There is no solid evidence that Roosevelt knew of the impending sneak attack; if he had, he likely would have ordered a state of high alert. Any assault by Japan would have guaranteed war. Why not start it off with a decimated Japanese naval air force and a few sunken enemy aircraft carriers?

How about the alleged cession of Eastern Europe to Stalin at Yalta? Freidel's interpretation is fair and sensible: Roosevelt did have too rosy a view of the USSR during the war and did mistakenly think that by either charm or guile he could hold together the Grand Alliance afterwards. FDR ceded nothing to Stalin on paper but was cognizant that, with the Red Army on the ground in Eastern Europe, he had little leverage. Roosevelt knew quite as well as would Eisenhower during the Hungarian uprising eleven years later that neither popular sentiment nor the national interest could sustain the effort it would take to dislodge the Russians. But in fact the Yalta agreement promised free and democratic government for the liberated European nations. Most likely, Roosevelt hoped that Stalin would display decent restraint and content himself with a "Finlandized" sphere of influence.

"In this capacity as leader of a nation at war," Eisenhower wrote, "he seemed to me to fulfill all that could possibly be expected of him." In the end, it was Roosevelt's ability to lead by inspiration

Do the politicians fail to amuse you?

Then try **Princess Navina Visits Malvolia!**

This graceful, delightfully illustrated tale is fast becoming the classic satire of welfare state follies.

"Clever Book."
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., Author and Editor, The American Spectator

"For those of us who see through the subtlety, it is both constructive and amusing."
Gordon Tullock, Karl Eller Professor of Economics and Political Science, University of Arizona

"I had held out hope against the magog until I heard what Lare had to offer. Ah well."
Arthur B. Laffer, Economist and Consultant

Return this coupon with payment to:
Lytton Publishing Company
Box 1212
Sandpoint, Idaho 83864

Price: $7.95 per copy (price includes shipping and handling)

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

(Malvolia residents add 38 9/32% sales tax)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that accounted for his standing as the most important American politician of the twentieth century. Millions of Americans perceived him during his lifetime as a personal savior who had in one fashion or another given meaning to their lives and helped them in times of trouble. A smaller number of millions hated him, of course, but, while frequently cautious, he understood that leadership amounted to more than the highest possible Gallup approval rating. The ways in which he fashioned his appeal tell us much about the modern presidency.

Neither an ideologue nor a detail man, Roosevelt was a relentless improviser who cheerily compared himself to a quarterback who would keep calling different plays until something worked. It is commonplace enough to say that he was a "great communicator," and, in the pre-TV era, FDR's golden voice and Harvard accent seemed neither corny nor off-putting. But just what did he communicate?

His rhetoric reveals a constant affirmation of the ethic of God, work, family, the flag, and the superior virtue of America. It is possible that this ethic had as much to do with his popularity among working-class ethnics as the economic benefits he dispensed. He displayed a great talent for projecting warmth and concern for ordinary Americans. He manipulated the White House press corps masterfully. Above all, he conveyed a sense of optimism in the hardest of hard times. Secure in his position, he radiated that security to others.

These characteristics ultimately protected him from his failures and those of his subordinates. No President before or since presided over so many economic and military setbacks (often minimized by historians who know of the eventual happy outcome). Few ran administrations characterized by so much open bickering and surface disorganization. Remarkably, little of this ever rubbed off on him. He was the quintessential Teflon President, using the persona he sent out across the airwaves to attract a huge amount of support, admiration, and affection.

One of his admirers, a young Illinoisan named Ronald Reagan, learned early on how to use a microphone effectively, then went out to Hollywood and developed the art of personality projection in front of a camera before making his way into politics. Reagan never renounced the essentials of Roosevelt's policies—a welfare "safety net" and a strong U.S. foreign policy in opposition to totalitarianism. He also became a spokesman for traditional values. A politician with a common touch, he thrived on the affection of a majority of Americans. Dogmatists at both ends of our ideological spectrum may be outraged at the suggestion that Reagan was more a product of the Roosevelt tradition than the leader of a counterrevolution against it. But it is no mere happenstance that he would become only the second President since FDR to serve eight full years in the White House. □

Get TV reception you never had before, with...

Antenna Multiplier™

only $29.95**

But read this ad for an even better deal!

You won't need it if you are connected to a cable system, but if you are not you will now get TV reception that you could never enjoy before. Inside its unprepossessing housing, the *Antenna Multiplier*™ hides a small technical miracle—an array of electronic components that literally multiplies the reception power of your TV. The *Antenna Multiplier*™ stabilizes your TV picture, eliminates "ghosts" and static, and brings in stations that were until now only visible as flickers and annoying shadows. In most areas you will be able to eliminate any outdoor antenna completely, making yourself independent of bad weather interference and atmospheric disturbances. The *Multiplier*™ needs no outside power—it gets its "juice" right through your TV set. You place the *Multiplier*™ on the television set itself, lay it on a nearby table, or hang it on the wall. And, of course, you can bid your messy and ineffective rabbit ears, loop, rod, or dish antennas good-bye. *Antenna Multiplier*™ will not just enhance your TV reception manifold, it also vastly improves AM/FM radio reception and brings in new stations on multiband and shortwave receivers.

• *The Antenna Multiplier significantly boosts UHF, VHF Television and AM, FM, & Shortwave radio reception.*

We are the exclusive importers of the *Antenna Multiplier*™ in the United States and can therefore bring you this outstanding TV accessory for just $29.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $59.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Unleash the full power of your television with *Antenna Multiplier*™. Order it today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER

TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050

24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1429A977**. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $5.95 for one, $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
of San Francisco

139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

MUSCLE: CONFESSIONS OF AN UNLIKELY BODYBUILDER

Samuel Wilson Fussell/Poseidon Press/252 pp. $18.95

Leon J. Podles

In 1983 Sam Fussell graduated from Oxford and took a publishing job in Manhattan before his planned enrollment in American Studies at Yale. This tall, thin young man, the son of literary critic and war writer Paul Fussell, had been raised in Princeton, attended Lawrenceville and Oxford, and had been sheltered from urban American life. His size (6'4"), skinniness, and academic demeanor made him a target for all the nuts and con men that infest Manhattan. He was literally scared shitless. He came down with chronic diarrhea, as well as pleurisy. His parents had just divorced and he had nowhere to go. He was tired of being hurt physically and emotionally by life. He decided to take up bodybuilding.

It was quite a change from Oxford and Princeton. Ever the academic, he researched the subject in the bodybuilding magazines before he took the plunge. The gym at the Y was not what he expected. It was full of homosexuals and maniacs busy constructing shells to protect themselves from reality. He built himself up to 257 pounds and was able to bench-press 405. He left his publishing job (to avoid getting fired for throwing a co-worker through a door) and lived off a small inheritance. He moved to California, studied under the professionals, and became a trainer in a gym. He filled himself with steroids. He entered shows, and fortunately lost. Perhaps it was the disappointment that brought him to his senses. He realized that he had started at too late an age (26) ever to have a "great body," and decided to quit in order to return to the family tradition of scribbling.

During his bodybuilding episode, his mother tried to comfort herself by telling her friends that it was a form of art. She was right. It is a type of art: Mannerism. The ideal male figures in Greek and modern art bear little resemblance to the bodybuilder's. The antecedents of bodybuilding are to be found in the Hellenistic and Renaissance Mannerism that displays a taste for the distorted, the exaggerated, and the perverse, which sets in when perfection cloys. The bodybuilder, with his bulging biceps and starved waist, is to the normal athletic male body what Pontormo is to Raphael. The bodybuilders are conscious of their artistic precursors. The poses they use in bodybuilding shows are derived from famous Mannerist statues, such as the Hellenistic Farnese Hercules and Michelangelo's David.

In writing this book, Sam Fussell recasts his experience with a self-conscious artistry reminiscent of his father's. Paul Fussell's books on war put forth the persona of The Hero without parading his own courage: he admits to near-cowardice during his battlefield experience in France in 1944. He joined ROTC because he didn't want to display his soft body in gym. He ended up in a rifle platoon, saw the men he led blown apart, and was himself severely wounded. He shows himself as the hero who leaves normal life for the world of combat, there to wrestle with death and attain a wisdom and a sympathy denied to ordinary men. He is like Gilgamesh, Odysseus, and Beowulf.

Throughout his book, Sam Fussell uses the metaphor of bodybuilding as military action. He speaks of men being "in the trenches too long," and of a buttock scarred from steroid injections as looking like an aerial photograph of Ypres. Like the soldier in combat, Sam Fussell attains something of wisdom. He has a sense of irony, and realizes the ersatz nature of this heroism, but he does come to realize the folly of building shells as protection from pain, and is able to return to normal life.

Sam Fussell places his escapade in the context of self-invention, the particularly American belief that you can make yourself whatever you want to be. He wanted to be a musclebound bully, so he made himself one. The Princeton background did not fit into this persona, so he invented a new one. When asked about his father:

> I couldn't very well pipe up and say, "Oh, he's a literary and cultural critic, perhaps you're familiar with his latest—it's just out in paper you know, *The Rhetorical World of Augustan Humanism*." No, that wouldn't do. I had to find something stronger, something nobler.
>
> "He's dead," I said.
>
> "Was he a lifter?" Nimrod asked suspiciously, pausing with his fork at his mouth.
>
> I was in over my head, but I couldn't stop

Leon J. Podles is a writer living in Baltimore.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now. "He certainly was," I lied. "His name was Tug. He was so massive, they buried him in a piano case and lowered the casket into the grave by crane."

The transformation of Jimmy Gatz into Jay Gatsby looms in the background. But like William Henry Harrison with his nonexistent log cabin or Ben Franklin in London with his coonskin cap, Sam Fussell engages in reverse social climbing. Like his father, who wrote keenly on American social distinctions in *Class*, he enjoys slumming. And he turns self-invention into an art form; he concocts a bizarre background to fit his bizarre body, so that the Mannerist reconstruction of self can be complete.

Bodybuilding is a profound warping of sexual identity. "Health fascists," Fussell calls the gym rats. But although fascist, bodybuilding is not Nazi: blacks and others whom Hitler would have regarded as *Untermenschen* are successful and admired in the field. Bodybuilding bears the sweaty aroma of Mussolini's hypermasculine ideology and of the artistic game that Futurists like Marinetti made of war and masculinity. Bodybuilders quote slogans reminiscent of that cripple and weakling Nietzsche: "That which doesn't kill you makes you stronger"; "Only the strong survive"; "No kindness forgotten, no transgression forgiven." They wear hats that say "Pray for War." When his mother came to visit him in the bunker apartment he had found, he was wearing

> military fatigues camouflaged to look like tree bark, spitshined black combat boots, [and] a T-shirt which read "Respect my spirit, for our spirits are one." . . . A cardboard cutout of Arnold with loincloth and sword as Conan the Barbarian stood against one wall. . . . I could see from the look in her eyes that her worst fears were realized. All that was missing was a rifle and the President's travel itinerary.

But bodybuilding is also narcissistic and effeminate. Steroid use made Sam Fussell impotent. He accepted that; sexuality, after all, made him vulnerable, and he wanted to be cut off from all other human beings. Homosexuality is prevalent among bodybuilders, and it is, oddly enough, an effeminate homosexuality. At the Y he encountered "a man dressed in a singlet and what appeared to be a tutu." The professional bodybuilder Paul Harris "revealed his marriage to his 'husband,' male model Rod Jackson, and the joy they shared in their 'children,' two dogs and a macaw named Barney." Bodybuilders give their bodies the attention that women give theirs, and do not show the general lack of consciousness of bodily appearance that normal men have. Fussell also links bodybuilding with pornography, which is an introverted sexuality.

What he does not point out is that bodybuilding is yet another symptom of America's failure to find a way to help its boys become men. All other societies have ways of turning boys into men: puberty rituals, military service, or the hard and dangerous business of learning a father's trade. Paul Fussell, like most middle-class parents, tried to protect his son from the seamy side of life; but there is something in the young male personality that needs to descend into danger before it can mature. Young men turn to all sorts of dangers—crime, drugs, skydiving, risky sex, bodybuilding—to go through the experience that other societies provide in a structured way, under the guidance of responsible adult males. Feminists yelp about the disabilities that young women labor under; I suggest they visit a prison, or an AIDS ward, or perhaps a military cemetery, and reflect on what happens to young men in our world. □

CAPTURING THE CULTURE: FILM, ART, AND POLITICS

Richard Grenier/Ethics and Public Policy Center
392 pp. $24.95

Herbert Schlossberg

The film reports and essays in Richard Grenier's *Capturing the Culture* are the latest contribution to the ongoing *Kulturkampf*. They belong to an important genre that we need much more of than we get: cultural criticism, in its truest sense. When it's done right, it becomes a kind of prophecy, penetrating to the heart of what makes a culture tick and unveiling what a society will become. As early as 1938, for example, F. A. Voigt's book *Unto Caesar* interpreted Nazism as having sprung right out of the literature, stage, and film of the Weimar era. "The transition from things imagined to things real is a very easy one," Voigt concluded, "and men, no less than children, will suit action to fantasy." I don't know if Grenier is familiar with Voigt, but that sentence wouldn't make a bad thesis statement for his book.

Grenier has given himself a cosmopolitan education in Western civilization, which after all is the intended victim of the struggle in progress. You can't defend what you don't know, and that is one reason much of the conservative defense of civilization is more nostalgic than effective: few of the defenders are aware of what is at stake. How else to explain Reagan Administration support for such monuments of cultural nihilism as the new Museum for Contemporary Art?

The idea of a politics of culture finds its fullest expression in Antonio Gramsci, the Italian Marxist who taught that it is futile to try to change society without first changing human consciousness. And the way to do that is to gain control of the institutions which shape that consciousness: schools, universities, churches, and popular culture. Hence the battle cry: *Capture the Culture*. Grenier seems to share Lenin's belief that film is the most important of the arts in accomplishing this conquest.

Europeans understand the subject and know its Gramscian origins, but Grenier relates his experiences with American critics and moviemakers, for whom the whole idea is a mystery and the name Gramsci a cipher. The custodians of American culture validate Lord Keynes's contention that tough-minded people who despise learning end up repeating the teachings of defunct scribblers of whom they have never heard.

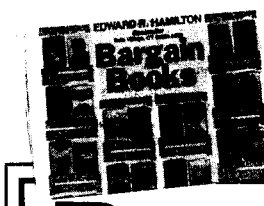
All of the crucial cultural institutions have been dominated—if not completely captured—by the alienated haters of Western civilization. George Gilder's inability to get his important book *Men and Marriage* published in the feminized ghetto of New York publishing has analogues in the university tenure debates, film production decisions, and PEN conferences Grenier describes, as well as in the school textbook biases that Paul Vitz has exposed, NEA grants policies, mainline church waffling on homosexuality and other issues, and so on. It would be a miracle if our consciousness were to remain unaffected by the rot. Our estranged artistic and intellectual classes have been as effective as Gramsci expected they would be.

Grenier is a cultural historian in the humble guise of a movie critic. When he reviews *Breaker Morant*, he chooses to do it along with *Fort Apache, The Bronx*. He notes what they have in common (not much), but uses the contrasts to provide a startling cultural commentary. And to do it he brings in details from the work of Orwell that do not come out of Cliffs Notes. To review *Reds*, he recapitulates the biographies of John Reed and Louise Bryant. To review *The Bostonians*, he gives us ten pages of Henry James's biography and associated criticism. Pretentious? Anything but. Rather, we're grateful for the opportunity to read so spirited a writer with such an uncanny ability to plumb whatever depths this shallow medium possesses.

Grenier is so informative on the meaning of film because he arrives at the theater with a mind already well stocked with cultural history. For the proper role of a critic is not so much to say why an artistic thing is good, bad, or indifferent, as to help the reader to it himself: "Everyman his own critic," to borrow from Carl Becker. Grenier knows not only history but also contemporary Europe, evidently including several languages and the film cultures of the continent. He is therefore able to show, for example, how the subsidized German film industry is trashing the culture of those who pay its bills. It's a more vicious system even than our own.

I first read Grenier's piece on the propaganda film *Gandhi*, paid for largely by the Indian government, when it was published as a free-standing book adapted from his still earlier *Commentary* review. It's best read as the sorely needed debunking of a man, more deeply flawed than most, who has been turned into an idol by the "soft left," a term Grenier uses to describe a woolly-headed mentality that flits from one variant of anti-Western and anti-Amer-

Herbert Schlossberg is the author of Idols for Destruction (*Thomas Nelson*).



FREE CATALOG
Huge Selection
Lowest Prices

Bargain Books

Choose from recent publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints—up to 8,000 titles each month, including 600-1,500 new arrivals—most at savings of 50% to 80%.

We publish a new catalog every 4 weeks, each offering an immense selection from all major publishers, and with more books at $1.95, $2.95, $3.95 than you'll find anywhere else: **Politics,** Biography, Science, Art, Literature, Fiction, Health, Movies, Nature, Gardening and more. Something for everyone, from yesterday's best sellers to titles you never knew existed, most in limited supply. We normally ship within 24 hours with a moneyback guarantee.

Please send me your Free Catalog of Bargain Books.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

HAMILTON
Box 15-590, Falls Village CT 06031

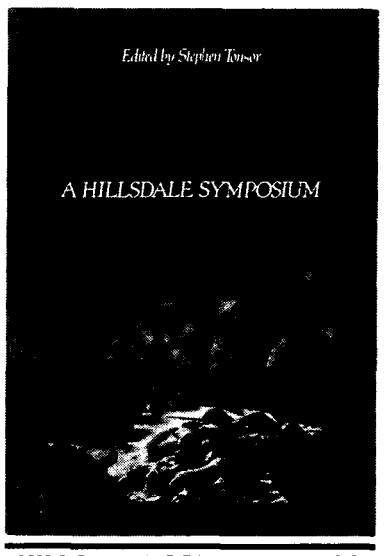
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ican thinking to another, and whose distinguishing characteristic is utopianism. Such films generally are financial failures in the United States (not *Gandhi*, of course), but find a more receptive audience overseas, especially in the European social democracies.

The shorter pieces in the second part of the book, originally published in the *Washington Times*, are not as compelling as the movie reviews in the first. They don't play to Grenier's strength, which is the use of the historical and philosophical backgrounds of a cultural artifact to explain its meaning. Such background is important, for Grenier is one of the few modern analysts who do not see history as either static or invested with the Hegelian ability to define its own value. History moves, but it is not God. Change is expected, but is understood in cause-and-effect terms rather than those of metaphysical inevitability. That historical sensibility enables Grenier, to cite one example, to observe and account for the differences between *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*. Characteristically, he seeks reasons in the biographies of the perpetrators and asks himself what happened to George Lucas between the two films. The new "relevance" (in the Gramscian sense) of such makers of culture as Lucas tells a lot about the direction the culture is moving in and why: These people are both the effect and the cause of the movement of society away from its historical moorings. But Grenier's search for meaning in biography never degenerates into *ad hominem* attacks. If he finds a heavy dose of New Age mysticism in *The Empire*, he relates it to hard facts—for example, that the director whom Lucas chose, Irvin Kershner, believes in a number of occult teachings, including "The Force."

Some of the fascination of this book comes from Grenier's personal acquaintance with many of his subjects. Reading about the time Bertolt Brecht's mistress, Ruth Berlau, chased Grenier down a flight of stairs screaming "Filthy American pig!" adds a sense of immediacy as well as a bit of spice to what is already a succulent intellectual feast. In one essay he relates the experience of the French actor Yves Montand, who turned his back on Communism after a long dalliance. Montand told Grenier that he had never read a word of Marx but had become a Marxist after seeing Sergei Eisenstein's film *The Battleship Potemkin*. That could stand as a paradigm for the Gramscian thesis, and it's Grenier's message as well. □

REFLECTIONS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION



HILLSDALE COLLEGE PRESS
by arrangement with Regnery Gateway

160 pp. 35 photos

Discounts for classroom use!

Visa / MC / Discover
1-800-437-2268

FREE SHIPPING
$17.95 hardcover
$2.00 off cover price!

For discount information
(517) 439-1528
ext. 2319

THE CAMBRIDGE SPIES: THE UNTOLD STORY OF MACLEAN, PHILBY, AND BURGESS IN AMERICA

Verne W. Newton/Madison Books/448 pp. $24.95

Ronald Radosh

A virtual industry has grown up around tracing the dramatic careers of the Cambridge spies of the 1930s, led by the illustrious Kim Philby and found to include, most recently, the famed art critic and keeper of the Queen's gallery, the late Sir Anthony Blunt. Most of the books on them—e.g. Andrew Boyle's *The Fourth Man*, Phillip Knightley's *Philby*, and John Costello's penetrating *Mask of Treachery*—concentrate on the British world from which they emerged, and the paths they followed to their careers with the Soviet secret service.

But three of the spies—Philby, Guy Burgess, and Donald Maclean—were posted to the United States for a time, and Verne W. Newton's *The Cambridge Spies* is the first book to uncover the sordid story of their dealings at the British embassy between 1945 and 1951. This was at the time, of course, when the U.S. confronted Stalin's expansionist strategy —one that included his move into Eastern Europe, his push for Persian Gulf oil, and his efforts to prevent the United States from obtaining African uranium. Newton's solid grasp of this history puts the Cambridge group's espionage in context, a formidable achievement.

His book centers on Maclean, who had the longest stint at the embassy, was the senior and most experienced diplomat there, and managed to do the worst damage. Just how much damage he did has long been unclear; some have suggested that the Soviets got little for their effort. Newton reveals what the British in particular (but also the FBI and the State Department) have been anxious to cover up—that the damage Maclean and his group wrought was enormous.

Maclean gained access to all cables and reports coming to the British embassy in 1946. He even had access to the secret memos of Admiral William Leahy, including one outlining military strategy to drive the Japanese out of Indochina; the memo revealed that American policy would be to respect French desires in Indochina and British control of Burma. For Stalin, this was evidence that Washington meant to exclude the Soviet Union from any role in the Asian subcontinent—so Stalin encouraged his cadres to link up with nascent Asian nationalist movements.

Among Newton's other revelations are these: At the time of sensitive communications regarding Stalin's betrayal of the Yalta agreement on Poland, Maclean handed over secret messages sent by Churchill to Truman, messages that cast doubt on the popular belief that Harry Hopkins's mission to Stalin had ironed out the problems regarding Soviet control of Poland. The Soviets then proceeded with classic disinformation, lacing classified cables with fabrications "intended to portray Stalin as a reasonable and compassionate man." These phony documents were passed to Drew Pearson through his aide—a former Communist named David Karr—and appeared in Pearson's syndicated column.

Maclean's role in the diplomatic game was to "foul the machinery of Western foreign policy" and to sow "confusion and distrust among Anglo-American diplomats." As Stalin sought access to the Black Sea Straits, Maclean tried to drive a wedge between the British and Americans. Information leaked to C. L. Sulzberger of the *New York Times* enabled Molotov, at the Byrnes-Molotov meetings in Paris, to accuse the U.S. and Britain of ganging up on the USSR, sabotaging the negotiations (and feeding the domestic agenda of the Henry Wallace "progressives" in the U.S.).

Maclean may also have been one of the Soviet Union's key atomic spies. As the Brits' atomic-energy man in the U.S., Newton tells us, Maclean could "enter and move around [the Atomic Energy Commission] at will with no escort" and had access to classified material—access denied even J. Edgar Hoover. In that capacity, Maclean helped sabotage U.S. access to uranium deposits in the Congo.

America was dependent on foreign uranium, as was the Soviet Union. The U.S. had managed to keep its dependency secret, and had worked out an agreement with the British to receive Congolese uranium from Belgium. Maclean had been taking an active part in top-secret meetings with the Combined Policy Committee (CPC), which included Secretary of State George C. Marshall and Undersecretary Dean Acheson, as well as key scientists and British diplomats.

Soon afterwards, the Belgian Communists precipitated an international crisis by demanding to know whether their government had signed a secret treaty giving the U.S. access to their uranium from the Congo. "By injecting the fate of the Katanga mines into Belgium's daily political life," Newton writes, "[the Soviets] were able to manipulate the fall of the Brussels government." The arousal of Belgian nationalist passion against the United States was the only way possible to force Belgium to cut off its uranium supply to America. The newspapers were soon filled with exact weights, prices, and amounts of uranium shipped. And Belgian Communists set out to use this data in their active propaganda campaign against the United States. The evidence for Maclean's involvement is circumstantial but overwhelming.

Newton reveals that, in 1947, both the Soviets and the U.S. were completely out of uranium. But Maclean's reports made Stalin aware of the U.S. lack, while Washington had no knowledge whatsoever of the actual Soviet supply. Through Maclean's membership in the CPC, he was able to give the Soviets secret information about uranium movements, contracts, and quantities.

Maclean's work justifies Newton's claim that "it is doubtful that any other Soviet agent in the postwar period . . . served Moscow more ably than Maclean." He had worked on the very issues that defined the Cold War: "the Black Sea Straits, East-West troop levels, bases, and the West's atomic stockpile." But Maclean's *coup de grace* may have been

---

Ronald Radosh is professor of history at the City University of New York, and co-author of The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his participation in the top-secret talks that led to NATO. At these sessions it was determined where the U.S. would fight if threatened, and where it would stay out, since, as Maclean phrased it in his notes on the meetings, it was said "if the Soviets know where the holdline is drawn, they will move on what isn't protected like any predatory animal." These notes, as Newton puts it, "must have made spellbinding reading in Moscow." Stalin, in other words, knew when to threaten and when to bluff.

Newton carefully refutes the argument of the Cold War revisionists—that Stalin merely responded to pressure the West was asserting from a position of strength. He quotes Daniel Yergin, who wrote some years back that, during the Berlin confrontation, the Russians would have had to back down, since the U.S. "was militarily stronger, and did have sole possession of nuclear weapons." That was not the estimate of major American political and military leaders at the time: General Marshall told the NSC right before the Czech coup that the world was "playing with fire, while we have nothing with which to put it out." U.S. military power was in fact limited—and making a show of force over Berlin was next to impossible. In truth, says Newton, "America's atomic arsenal was nonexistent," and Stalin knew it when he upped the ante in Berlin.

"Because of Maclean," Newton points out, "Stalin knew he had nothing to fear from America. . . . He simply knew that the United States was incapable of launching either a conventional or atomic response to his weapons." That Stalin eventually blundered and overplayed his hand was due to his own particular madness, not to a position of Western supremacy. When Truman announced that he was sending sixty "atomic capable" B-29s to bases in Europe, it was Truman, not Stalin, who was bluffing.

As for Philby, Newton adds a few details to the discussions of his perfidy during the Korean War—in particular, that his and Maclean's efforts led the Chinese to move confidently into North Korea, since the Chinese felt safe from attack, due to the accounting of American strategy they got through Maclean. Once again, "Maclean was able to provide the Kremlin with both the policy and operational options and decisions being made in London, Washington, and Tokyo." Before deciding to enter Korea, Mao knew that his vital industrial and strategic resources were immune to counterattack, and that his enemy would not, despite threats, deploy the A-bomb against Chinese targets. "Peking and Moscow," Newton writes, "knew that they were fighting almost a risk-free war."

Here Newton again challenges the revisionists, who for a generation have argued that Mao's move into Korea was a foregone conclusion, and that the Truman Administration should have accepted Soviet and British overtures for a negotiated settlement. He also shows, in effect, that Philby's intelligence led directly to the serious loss of American lives.

In retrospect, it is amazing how much the West could have learned back in 1940 from former intelligence agent Walter G. Krivitsky, the first major Soviet defector. Krivitsky told the British that one Soviet agent was a "young English journalist sent to Spain during the [Spanish Civil] War." Should any of these journalists subsequently try to join the British government, Krivitsky warned, that man very well might be the unknown Soviet agent. Yet when Kim Philby—"under specific instructions from Moscow—penetrated British intelligence, they embraced him as one of their own." Philby's colleagues simply could not accept that "proper British gentlemen can betray country and crown."

Verne W. Newton has worked out as much as can be possibly known about the espionage of three British gentlemen in the United States. In the process, he has utterly discredited the revisionists who argue that Cold War espionage was a useless game that did little harm. If espionage was simply a game, the revisionist argument runs, then counterintelligence and American efforts to deal with it are in themselves a frivolous endeavor. In other words, America does not need a CIA. No attentive reader of this book will consider that argument tenable any longer. □

CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 7)

Brandeis University, Friedman was quoted in the campus newspaper, the *Brandeis Justice* (on February 11, 1975), as saying that his goal was to "work at the Middle East desk" of the State Department.

How convenient for Friedman that his longtime pro-Arab bias (as demonstrated by his public association with the pro-PLO "Middle East Peace Group" at Brandeis) now meshes so neatly with his desire to "work for the State Department" by loyally promoting Baker's own pro-Arab agenda.

—Herbert Zweibon, Chairman
Americans For A Safe Israel
New York, New York

Defending De Gaulle

Something more might perhaps have been said on the subject of Charles de Gaulle's alleged or real anti-Americanism in a review devoted to his career (review of Jean Lacouture's *De Gaulle*, by Mark Falcoff, *TAS*, July 1991). The impression that he was an enemy and even a dangerous enemy of the United States was certainly widespread in the American media in the late 1960s. I recall a cartoon in the *Los Angeles Times* depicting his empty grave, with a caption openly deploring that it had been empty too long.

Yet four of the signs, as they were taken to be, of his hostility to the United States can be explained far more plausibly in terms of de Gaulle's perception of France's national interests than as a paying off of personal scores and an avenging of the very real mistreatment which, as Mark Falcoff acknowledges, he and *la France combattante* had suffered at the hands of Roosevelt. (How well grounded was de Gaulle's mistrust of Roosevelt we gather from the memoirs of Anthony Eden, who claims to have dissuaded Roosevelt from seeking to redraw the northeastern frontiers of France in a post-war settlement.)

The real or perceived threat to American interests during the 1960s came from de Gaulle's withdrawal from the military wing of NATO, while remaining nominally within the Western alliance; from the open criticism of American intervention in Vietnam during his visit to Cambodia in 1964; from his attempt to restore the gold standard and replace the dollar as a reserve currency; and from his open and indeed outrageous encouragement of French-Canadian separatism during his visit to Montreal in 1967.

It was presumably consistent with de Gaulle's desire for an independent foreign and defense policy that he should have wished to place forces under a wholly French command; that he should have sought to preserve French interests —however far-sightedly or otherwise— in what had until only ten years earlier been French Indochina; that he should have sought to resolve the problems of currency exchange and liquidity, in the

(continued on page 49)

!!!BOOK PUBLISHERS!!!

Don't miss a chance to encourage *American Spectator* readers to purchase your best new release/backlist titles as holiday gifts. The December 1991 *American Spectator* featuring the near legendary Holiday Book Section will focus readers on the joys of your product—BOOKS!!!

It is a tremendous opportunity to sell your high quality editorial product to an audience with a proven propensity to purchase books. Fax, phone, or mail your insertion orders by October 9 to:

fax: 703/243-6814
phone: 703/243-3733
The American Spectator
Attn: John Funk, Ad Mgr.
2020 N. 14th Street, Ste. 750
Arlington, VA 22201

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIEDS

BOOKS

SWEET AND SOUR CAPITALISM
How capitalist will the *new China become?* Author Dr. Donald J. Senese reveals what is really happening in China today. With informative introduction by Senator John Warner. 160 pgs., $15.00. Council for Social and Economic Studies, 6861 Elm St., Suite 4H, McLean, VA 22101

PRESIDENTIAL BIOGRAPHIES. Send 29¢ stamp for monthly listing of available titles. New & out-of-print books. American Political Biography, B-39 Boggs Hill Road, Newtown, CT 06470.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS located. Whitted, Box 603-SP, Fairmont, NC 28340.

After Gorbachev?
Soviet-born prof. Ernest Raiklin examines the turbulence in the USSR and explains why he foresees the emergence of a totalitarian form of state-capitalism. Well-documented w/charts, paperback, $9.50. Council Soc. & Econ. Stds., 6861 Elm St., Suite 4H, McLean, VA 22101.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates outof print books. Write Greenmantle, POB 1777 AS, Culpeper, VA 22701.

USED BOOKS. Christian, History, Military, Free list. BN&T, 2021 Maleady, Herndon, VA 22070-4019.

Education and Ethnicity
The U.S. Experiment in School Integration
By Ralph Scott Ph.D. Scholarly studies reveal that American education is deteriorating partly due to legislated school desegregation. 128 pages, paperback, $15.00 (postage incl.). Council for Soc. and Econ. Studies, 6861 Elm St., Suite 4H, McLean, VA 22101.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. All subjects invited. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. ASV 11 West 32 Street, New York 10001.

AIDS: Has God visited this scourge upon mankind because of transgression? Read CREATION AND CULMINATION by Arthur Standard. Hardcover, $10.80. D&S Distributors, P.O. Box 296, Chester, NJ 07930.

JAYNE'S BOOKSEARCH

OLD & RARE BOOKS

Bought • Used • Sold • Searched

Estate Libraries

325 Valley Rd.
Havertown, PA 19083
(215) 449-1679

Adam Kaplan, Prop.
Open 9-5:30
Monday-Saturday

LINCOLN; absolute tyrant, cruel, despotic, fatalistic, hate filled. Box 458 Roscoe, NY 12776.

YOU CAN BE a published author. Harbor House (West) Publishers will privately publish your book manuscript. Publicity, review opportunities provided. P.O. Box 2545, Rancho Mirage, Calif. 92270.

MERCHANDISE

BABY MILK PLANT IRAQ

All cotton, U.S.-made T-shirt with the above inscription, IN PERFECT ENGLISH, as seen on CNN on smocks worn by stylish Iraqi workers in former Baghdad Biological Weapons/Baby Food Factory. Specify size (S,M,L,XL) and send $12.00 postpaid (N.Y. state residents add sales tax) to: Morbius Laboratories, Box 82, Sloatsburg, N.Y. 10974 (custom fire-damaged shirts $3.00 extra!)

POLITICALLY "INCORRECT" T-SHIRTS

Spoofs on liberalism, global warming, animal rights... and more. Free catalogue. "Leftists Recycle" shirt available for $12.95 per shirt plus $2.50 shipping. Specify L or XL when ordering. (CA residents please add 6.25% sales tax.) **PRAXIS PUBLICATIONS™** P.O. Box 3551, Santa Rosa CA 95402 (707) 578-7302 ©1991Praxis Publications

VACATION

MAUI VACATION. 2BR 2BA white-sand beachfront condo on Maalaea Bay. All amentities. From $90/night dbl 619-447-6538.

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

GENDER ISSUES QUIZ

Are conservatives smarter than liberals?

What do prehistoric "families," some tribal societies, housing projects and barnyards have in common? Chaos! caused by loss of the *gender contract* between men and women.

What is the *gender contract?* It is the *delineation of intra-family rights and responsibilities whereby a woman is (was)* assured by a man of protection and sustenance, in return for legitimate, inalienable children. This *contract* is the foundation of civilization.

What went wrong in modern times? Government negated the *contract.* Divorce courts, following the liberal imperative of redistributing wealth, routinely evict and pauperize fathers. The welfare empire aspires to replace them.

Other prejudices are double standards in crime punishment, e.g. the right to kill husbands, affirmative action job schemes and negative image portrayls.

Of what consequence to society is all this? Deprived of respect for paternal discipline and self-sufficiency, children often fall into delinquency and dependency.

Who are more responsible for the mess, liberals or conservatives? Both; liberals on principle, conservatives from disregarding the *gender contract,* influenced by perverted chivalry. Having more common sense, conservatives may be more educable and society's best hope.

What conservative publication promotes this new perspective? *The Liberator* 17854A Lyons, Forest Lake, MN 55025. Sample issue $2.00

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

Speak French like a diplomat!

Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning; 63 languages in all. Call or *write for free catalog.* **1-800-243-1234** *Our 19th year.*
AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 748 , 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

FINISH YOUR DEGREE
IN ONE YEAR OR LESS
60 Sem. credits req'd. Finish BS, MBA, MA, PhD, JD/Law Degree. BA Challenge Exam (3 yr. prior college req'd). Year round. No classroom attendance. Free information.
CITY UNIVERSITY LOS ANGELES
3960 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90010-3306
1-800-262-8388
1-213-382-3801

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 621, Suite 507, NY, NY 10036.

LEARN FRENCH

The intensive way and in real immersion. This means living in one of the most picturesque regions of France and really becomming fluent. Also vacation and learning plan. Cultural programme in Paris. Winter programme on the French Riviera. State age, goal level and time available. US transfer credits.

The French and American Study Center, BP 176, Lisieux 14104, Cedex, France. Tel: 31 31 22 01. Fax: 31 31 22 21.

COLLECTIBLES

AN INVESTMENT IN HISTORY
Rare Autographs, Letters and Historic Documents Available. Free Report.
History-Makers™,
5435 N. Emerson Way, Dept. 22i
Indpls., IN 46226
317/542-9480 Ext. 22i

VIDEO

RARE VIDEO

Discover the *Facets Video* collection of 12,000 foreign, classic American, silent, documentary, fine arts videos. Purchase or rent-by-mail. *Free* sampler catalog.

FACETS VIDEO • 1517 W. FULLERTON • CHICAGO 60614
CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-331-6197

ADVERTISE AND GET RESULTS

PERSONALS

JAPANESE WOMEN seek friends, marriage. Other Orientals too! Free brochure: PACIFIC CENTURY, 110 Pacific #208-JX, San Francisco, CA 94111. (816) 942-1668.

ASIAN LADIES DESIRE CORRESPONDENCE! Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's #1 Service! Free details, photos! SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL-Dept. HE, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

ATTRACTIVE ORIENTAL LADIES seeking correspondence, marriage. Dignified presentations since 1984. Asian Experience, Box 1214TR, Novato, CA 94948. (415)897-2742.

MEET WOMEN WORLD-WIDE
FREE 32 page catalog from America's most respected correspondence service since 1974.
CHERRY BLOSSOMS
Box 190AN Rainbow Ridge
Kapaau, Hawaii 96755
1-808-961-2114

SCANDINAVIA-RUSSIA-USA, etc: Worldwide correspondence, romance for bright, sincere professionals (since 1980). SCANNA Int'l., POB 4-AS, Pittsford, NY 14534 (716)586-3170.

MEET CHRISTIAN SINGLES: Local, Worldwide by Phone or Mail. Find Friendships, Love, Dating, Marriage the Sensible way! Free Brochure, Samples: 1-800-323-8113 Ext. 297.

RECEIVE SPECIAL BLESSING. Send $1, SASE: Sister Stokes 484 Lakepark #284 Oakland, CA 94610.

PUBLICATIONS

CONSERVATIVE REVIEW
An incisive, authoritative, traditional (not *neo-*!) Conservative bi-monthly, now in its 2nd year. Institutions $56.00 per year; Private Subscribers $28.00. For a free sample copy send $2.00 (postage/ handling) to: CR, 6861 Elm St., Suite 4H, McLean, VA 22101.

JEFF MACNELLY INTERVIEW, humor, satire; $3.00. WAKE UP MAGAZINE, 1912 Timberview, Arlington, TX 76014.

THE FUTURE OF FREEDOM FOUNDATION

WE DON'T COMPROMISE!

For a free sample
of our work, write
Future of Freedom Foundation
P.O. Box 9752, Dept. A
Denver, CO 80209
(303-777-3588).

Or send $15 ($20 foreign) for a one-year subscription to our monthly publication, *Freedom Daily.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISCELLANEOUS

Do you have any copies of the July 1990 issue of The American Spectator (the issue with a pink cover?) We need them in order to create bound volumes. If you have any copies of this issue (in good condition) that you would like to donate, send them to the attention of:

Mike Tobin
Business Manager
The American Spectator
P.O. Box 549
Arlington, VA 22216-0549

In return, we will send you an official TAS coffee mug, or a copy of R. Emmett Tyrrell's The Liberal Crack-Up.

MOVING?
Don't forget *TAS*
Address Changes Made Easy
1. Please write your new address in the space provided.
2. Attach the mailing label from your most recent issue.
3. Return this form to us at the address listed below.

That's all there is to it. Just be sure to allow six weeks for your change to take effect.
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 549
Arlington, VA 22216-0549

(Please attach address label here.)
IMPORTANT
Allow six weeks for address change.

☐ Renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$33)
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later
Name: _____ (please print)
Address: _____
_____
City: _____
State: _____ Zip: _____
Date of change: _____

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: $1.10 per word
($5 extra for TAS box number if desired)
$35 per column inch for classified display ads.
Pre-payment required for all ads.
Special Discount Offer: Pre-pay for 3 ads—get a 4th ad free.
Enclosed is: $_____ for ____ insertions
Ad classification: _____
Name: _____ (please print)
Address: _____
City: _____
State: _____
Zip: _____
Send ad copy with this form to:
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Classified Department
P.O. Box 549
Arlington, Virginia 22216-0549

manner recommended by his economic adviser Jacques Le Rueff, in such a way as to strengthen the French economy and, incidentally, as he sincerely believed, the economies of France's competitors; and finally, that he should have restored political and cultural ties, after two centuries of what was seen as abandonment and betrayal, with the French Catholics of Quebec. No less moving than the cry of "*Vive le Québec libre*" from the balcony was the spectacle of a president of the French Republic receiving the eucharist in the Cathedral of Montreal.

It may be argued that it was their Catholicism that made for good relations between de Gaulle and John F. Kennedy. True or otherwise, France's diplomatic support for the United States during the Cuban missile crisis should not be overlooked in any critical assessment of Franco-American relations under de Gaulle's presidency.

—Geoffrey Strickland
Department of French Studies
University of Reading
Reading, UK

The Gould Standard

In "Good as Gould" (*TAS*, August 1991), Tom Bethell says, "Evolution deserves to be overthrown—but by argument, not by legal officers." No way. Flat-earthers can "argue" and can stack the debate jury. What will overthrow evolution, if anything does, is superior science. Some, maybe most, scientists are arrogant, but they are nonetheless constrained by the demands of their disciplines to modify their theories when they are contradicted by fact. Plate tectonics won out not because of argument (that had been going on for decades) but because its advocates found massive physical evidence that their theory had predicted and that no competing theory could begin to account for.

It is not clear that creationists feel any similar constraint. They do not seem even to know what science is. Any responsible scientist acknowledges the chance of error at any point, particularly when denied a laboratory in which to change a variable and rerun an experiment, a constraint that every paleontologist lives with. Far from claiming to "know how such complex creatures as mere snails came into existence," Gould in *Wonderful Life* goes to some pains to set out the gravity of the errors made by a celebrated paleontologist, Charles Doolittle Walcott, and claims no greater infallibility for himself or anyone else. As a scientist, he could not, and would not, make such a claim; such claims fit religionists better. The bottom line is that evolution deals much, much better than do creationists with the mass of fossil and geological material that scientists (and construction workers, for that matter) have unearthed. Of course this cannot be surprising when creationists have spent almost all of the last two millennia denying the existence of such material; only recently have they even begun to admit, tacitly, the absurdity of this position.

A real irony in Bethell's piece is his disparaging reference to evolution as (per Bertrand Russell) "laissez-faire economics applied to the animal and vegetable kingdoms." This is odd in the context of *TAS*, and would be better cited in this journal by Bethell's opponents. The whole point of laissez-faire is that thousands or millions of actors, unconstrained by arbitrary force (such as the church, I cannot help but remark), make tomorrow better than today, as the better changes succeed and the poorer ones fail; and all the argument in the world will not change this fundamental law, any more than it will cause billions of years of geological evidence and hundreds of millions of years of paleontological evidence to vanish. Things change, and the better changes survive. This isn't tautology: it's the entire burden of the evidence, and it's common sense. Laissez-faire affords a dandy analogy with evolution, indeed.

—David P. Babcock
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Tom Bethell . . . is as guilty as Stephen Jay Gould in using evolutionary theory to make a political/moral point. The theory of evolution does not posit a machinery of progress fueled by the engine of natural selection. Evolution, as a scientific proposition, states that, given changes in the environment, those aspects of a species's genetic makeup that enable it to survive the change will be the physical characteristics that are expressed and passed to future generations. Over time, a population of a particular species, separated from other populations of that species, confronting different environmental situations, will of necessity diversify, creating, in time, a separate species. This does not posit that the succeeding species will be "superior" to the previous. It merely states that the newer species is more capable in coping with the changed environment.

I totally agree with Bethell that the doctrine of equality of man before the law rests on shaky ground when using the "science" of Gould as its foundation. Morality, ethics, and religion do not in any way owe their validity to science. Science, as Bethell points out, is a constantly changing animal, evolving if you please, as newer and better explanations of the physical universe are discovered. Morality, ethics, and religion rest on the permanent and unchanging ground of wisdom, created by an eternal, metaphysical, and infinite God. . . .

—Alan J. Weick
New York, New York

Tom Bethell replies:

To David Babcock: Gould thinks that "evolution by natural selection" constitutes an adequate explanation of how snails (or anything else) came into existence. He doesn't regard the existence of snails as an unsolved mystery. When Babcock writes that "the better changes succeed and the poorer ones fail," he illustrates in nine words the tautological nature of Darwin's alleged mechanism of evolution—natural selection.

To Alan Weick: Evolution was more credible at a time when people still believed in progress. In undermining that belief, Gould hurts his own cause. Notice how weak is Weick's "scientific proposition" of evolution by natural selection: "Given changes in the environment, those aspects of a species . . . that enable it to survive the change will be passed on to future generations." This statement is so abstract that it looks plausibly law-like. But it merely states that organisms have parts, or characters, that may or may not contribute to survival in different environments.

Love and Marriage

Doubtless you recall that personal ad which ran in the September 1988 issue of *The American Spectator* :

Attractive Southern lady, fortyish, intelligent and independent, unwilling to settle for the mediocre, seeks a special gentleman with brains and class. Perhaps "an officer and a gentleman" (Lt. Col. or above) widowed or divorced, over 45. Object: lasting relationship of the traditional variety.

Although my military career progressed only up to Specialist 5th Class (and that was many years ago and in a foreign land), I decided to respond.

Well, Sir, no false advertising in your illustrious rag, let me tell you! One thing did indeed lead to another, and as of late last month . . . I am now in possession of one charming Southern bride (of the traditional variety) and two, count 'em, two subscriptions to *TAS*.

We don't need two copies, I'm afraid. Would you be so kind as to take what remains on my wife's subscription and tack it on to my own? After all, we did promise to love, honor, etc. one another, and to share *The American Spectator*. At least I think that's what we vowed—there was all that champagne, you know.

In fact, considering the seminal role which *TAS* played in uniting us in the bonds of Hymen, so to speak, you'll probably want to give us a free subscription to *TAS* to start us on our way. Rather thoughtful of you. Thank you.

—David Savignac
Crofton, Maryland

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM

Nation

Proof that before his untimely demise Soviet Interior Minister Boris K. Pugo was an active if lonely *Nation* reader:

Seeking Attractive Woman, 55, Marxist, Leninist, Stalinist, Maoist. Wm. Bess, 2 Athenia Ave., Clifton, NJ 07013.

[July 29/August 5, 1991]

Los Angeles Times

Ellen Goodman, the celebrated dramatist, reports on how Boston's fierce night-riders are preying on that fated city's post-prandial ladies:

It is a midsummer night and the two women are strolling back from dinner along the main street of their city-suburb. They are carrying with them the leftovers of an amiable dinner table conversation about their world and their families—the mix of subjects that animate their lives and friendship.

In the midst of this after-dinner glow, a car fully loaded with young men pulls up beside them. Swiftly and with great hilarity, the four men spew out a sequence of lewd suggestions and vague threats. Then, like a dump truck that has unloaded toxic waste on illegal turf, they take off.

The two women are left standing in these fumes, breathing deeply. Finally, one says to the other, "Where are Thelma and Louise when you need them?"

It has been that kind of summer.

[August 2, 1991]

Washington Post

At the twentieth national gathering of something called the Rainbow Family of Living Light, one of Washington's movers and shakers, Mr. Eric Sterling, appears to tell a reporter from the incomparable *Post* of a high point in his spiritual development:

Sterling is the president of the Criminal Justice Policy Foundation in downtown Washington, which promotes such ideas as alternative sentencing and drug policy reform. He's a former Capitol Hill staffer (assistant counsel, House Judiciary Committee's subcommittee on crime).

He's also an ex-hippie. He says his life was changed at a gathering of the counterculture in 1970, the Vortex rock festival in Portland, Ore., a precursor to the Rainbow gatherings.

"I had a fear of dogs," Sterling says. At Vortex, despite the presence of dogs, he decided to go with the flow and walk around naked. "And the dogs would come up and sniff [me]. And I realized that all they were doing was being friendly. I realized they were not going to bite me. It was a meaningful part of my spiritual development. I saw them as part of the environment that was benign."

[July 4, 1991]

USA Weekend

The quotable Mr. Michael Clement loses another round to his budding bore:

For Michael Clement, the memory of a recent encounter with his 6-year-old is still vivid. "One morning I was in the bathroom brushing my teeth. Carolyn walked in and quietly shut off the water. Then calmly, she said, 'Daddy, don't you care about the Earth?'"

The Arizona father and doctor, equal parts amused and amazed by his daughter's eco-awareness, had no good answer. Now he has taken to wondering each day what orders await him from the girl he and his wife have begun calling "Miss Ecology 1991."

The bottom line: He's stopped running water unnecessarily. "It's hard to argue with a charming little girl, especially when you know she's right."

[August 9-11, 1991]

New York Times

Ho, ho, ho. Sports columnist William C. Rhoden, writing from the last Stalinist hoosegow even as the roof collapses back in Moscow, still sees Cuba in the rosy hues of the late Herbert Matthews —change this idiot's software:

It is not quite 8 A.M., but Havana is a bustling, rumbling ocean of noise and fading pastels. Red and yellow buses spewing billows of black smoke are packed with Cubans going every which way to work. Monday's news of the Soviet Union's political upheaval faded with Monday's sunset. This is a new day and a new adventure.

A group of women in their 60's and 70's sits on concrete benches in Antonio Maceo park near central Havana. They chat quietly and prepare for their daily exercise class in a ritual that is being duplicated in parks throughout the island.

If sports are the people's right in Cuba, fitness is regarded as a national responsibility.

One woman, perhaps in her mid 50's, has suffered a stroke. She is partly paralyzed on her right side, holds a cane with her left hand. She will lay it down when it comes time to exercise.

[August 21, 1991]

San Francisco Chronicle

Spotted on the correspondence page of the *Chronicle*, a fossil from the lost Age of Brezhnev:

While looking up a word in the dictionary, I stumbled across the word "Fascism." The definition is as follows: "A system of government that exercises a dictatorship of the extreme right, typically through the merging of state and business leadership, together with a belligerent nationalism."

Goodness, it sounds like we're almost there.

—Tom Silva
Napa

[July 18, 1991]

Rolling Stone

Historical revisionism from the lucid Mr. Duff McKagan of the rock group Guns n' Roses, arch enemy of the copulating and ponderous Romans and unexpected friend of the Pharisees:

And finally, if you ask Duff McKagan about his views on religion, this is what he'll probably tell you: "I think the Bible's a good story, you know? I mean Jesus was . . . back in those times, the Romans were just squashing everybody, and here came this guy who had positive thoughts. I think that's all there was to it. And he turned all these people on to these positive thoughts. All of a sudden all the people were going, 'This guy's f---ing groovy.' And the Romans were like 'Not *that* groovy, because he's f---ing taking over all of our people we're squashing, so we're gonna kill him.' And there's no such thing as the Immaculate Conception. . . . Come *on*. He was just a positive guy who wanted to spread love and goodness. And the Romans did not dig that. And they f---ing squashed him like a grape."

[September 5, 1991]

Washington Post

Personal revelations, hortatory in nature and agreeably weird, from Mr. Herb Moses, "a financial analyst for the Federal National Mortgage Association" and much, much more:

I am the only member of the congressional gay spouse caucus. While this makes meetings a breeze, it presents its own set of definitional and etiquette problems for which I have not yet found a solution.

Straight and gay friends know us as Barney and Herb, but introductions to strangers require a fast read on the audience. The accepted gay term is "lover," but to me that sounds like we are always hopping in and out of bed. For two years of our four-year relationship I was in business school in New Hampshire and Barney was either in Washington or Boston. Now, I work a lot, he works a lot, and we both travel, so that is certainly not an accurate description. I also think the term conveys a lack of permanence and seriousness. Equally, "boyfriend" sounds too jaunty and too transient. . . .

The longer we are together, the less inclined I am to fudge a response to guard the feelings of the inquirer. Shopping for clothes, I was steered to a different size by a clerk. I informed him it was not for me, it was for my boyfriend. Okay, I could have lied and said it was for my brother, right? And the longer we are together, the less inclined I am to mute my behavior for the benefit of others. We recently attended a charity ball in Washington. After dinner, everyone danced. Barney looked at me and asked, "Should we?"

"Yeah," I said. "It's a ball. You're supposed to dance."

[July 21, 1991]

Akron Beacon Journal

The recent Soviet coup, explained by a prodigy of the rising generation:

I think this is just the New World Order Part 2. I think this is all a part of Bush's plan to put a puppet in office so that he can control the Soviet Union. Russia is the second-largest power in the world. He (Bush) needs them to keep people in African countries down.

—Barbara Miller
sociology major
Kent State University

[August 20, 1991]

New York

Joseph Papp heaves up another of his dizzy marvels, best viewed by English language audiences after a session at the beer garden:

Joe Papp's upcoming production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which came under criticism when it was revealed that the play would be performed in Portuguese, is destined to cause more controversy: Some of the actors will appear nude.

Many of the female characters are topless, the men sometimes wear costumes that are little more than G-strings, and, in one scene, Titania wears nothing at all. It would mark the first time in the 30-year history of the Central Park's Delacorte Theater that Shakespeare was presented in the buff. The play, performed by the Brazilian theater company Teatro do Ornitorrinco, has its world premiere on July 30.

"The director conceived it with the idea that most people here do not understand Portuguese," says New York Shakespeare Festival spokesman Richard Kornberg. "With that in mind he has made the production shorter and highlighted the visual qualities. Even though the language might be a problem, nudity is international."

[July 29, 1991]

Washington Post

An appropriately lurid vignette from the social life of Weimar Washington, dutifully reported by the esteemed *Post*:

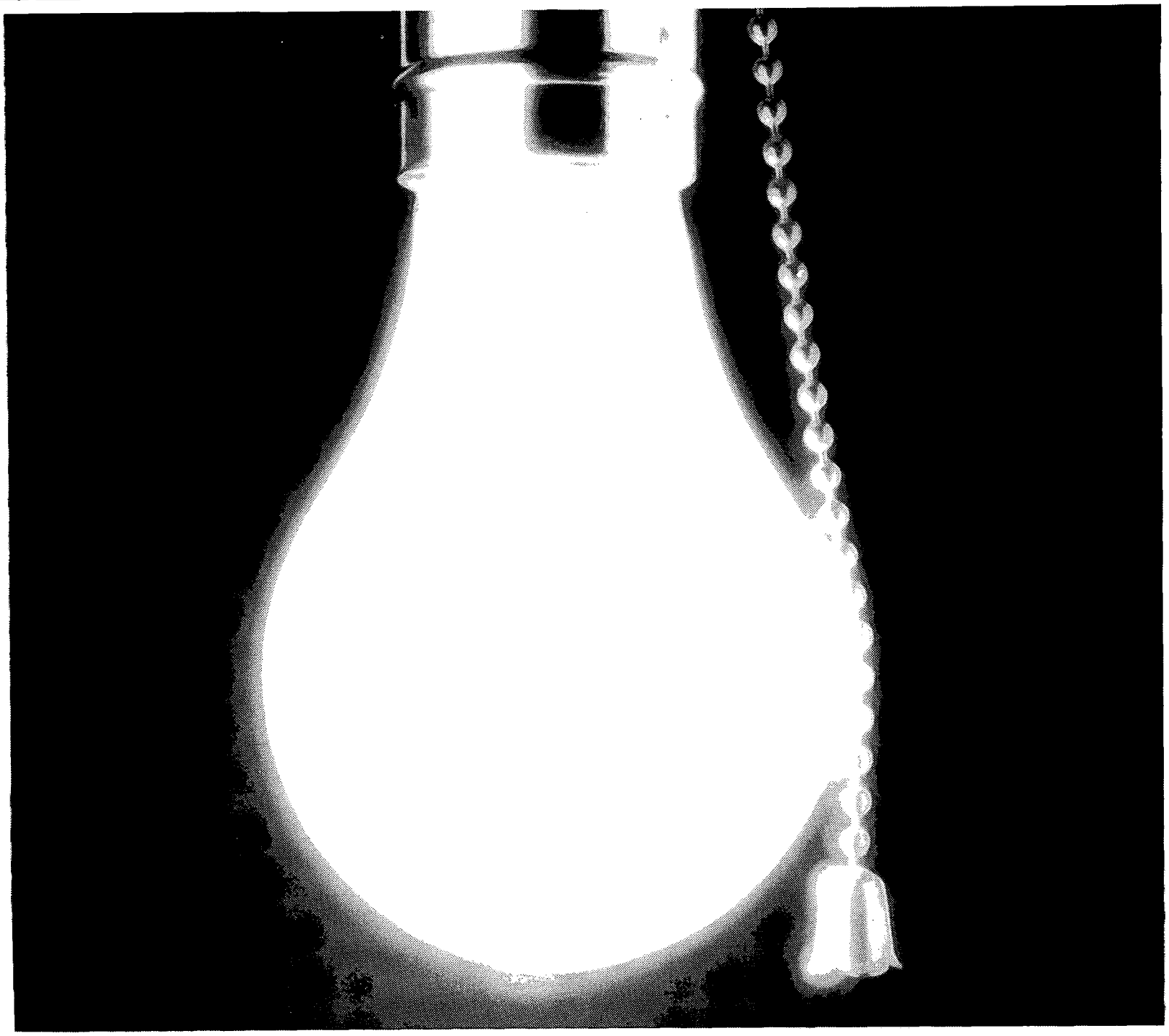
The 21-year-old go-go dancer pitches and rolls, a storm of sexual energy, an explosion of sweat, wanton locks, spike heels, pink kisser, strong thighs. Lace from Victoria's Secret, powder blue and white, clings to her hips, which sway to the rhythms of the music.

A patron, eyes a-gaga, approaches Holly Glass on her podium. The dancer crouches. Her arms beckon. A dollar bill is slipped down her cleavage. The crowd whistles, cheers, screams as the couple embraces.

The patron backs away, flushed, excited. Her face is brightened with sable eye shadow, coral lipstick, framed with blond curls, a flowery shirt. This is Rebecca, a beautiful 22-year-old woman. . . . Rebecca and some 250 other lesbians are mingling Tuesday night at Lesbo-A-Go-Go, Washington's first lesbian erotic-dancer nightclub.

[July 25, 1991]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

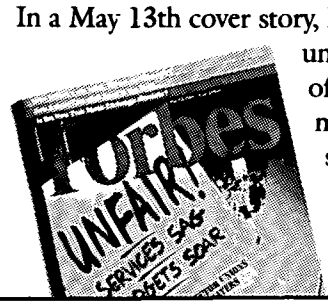


How many public sector union employees does it take to change it? One. And twenty-five to supervise.

Unbelievable. From 1980-89, the number of workers on state payrolls grew twice as fast as the population at large. In Illinois, 4 times as fast. 6 times as fast in Massachusetts. 7 in Connecticut. And 14 in New York.

While overall union membership is down a third from its 1975 peak, public sector unions have gained 1.2 million members in the past decade. What are we getting from all these new people? Not much. Just look at the garbage piled up on our sidewalks. The crime problem in our towns and cities. Kids who can't read or write.

In a May 13th cover story, Forbes told its readers that union success in winning control of the work place has meant hiring more and more supervisors. Instead of people who actually do the work.



And it's not just happening in big cities like New York. State and local governments everywhere must wake up to the fact that public employee union demands could eventually bankrupt them.

Maybe it's time the politicians paid more attention to Forbes. They'd learn what our readers already know: That Forbes' gutsy reporting gives them insights they can't get anywhere else. Not from Business Week. Not from Fortune.

Telling it like it is also attracts advertisers. They know that as ad budgets get squeezed, editorial quality is more important than ever. Small wonder that only one magazine, a weekly, carried more ad pages last year than biweekly Forbes. And that we've won eight major awards for excellence in the past eighteen months alone.

Want your ads to work harder? Run them in Forbes. The magazine that sheds light on every subject.

No guts. No story.

Forbes
Capitalist Tool®
Forbes Magazine-60 Fifth Ave., N.Y., NY 10011

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1 EACH

Plus a 4th at 35% off the publisher's price.

NO RISK, NO COMMITMENT.

EMPIRES AND THEIR LEGACIES

The Celts: The People Who Came Out of the Darkness *by Gerhard Herm.* An epic study of 2000 years. **1859.** Pub. price **$15**

Claudius *by Barbara Levick.* The life of the Roman emperor who was a shrewd politician. **6155.** Pub. price **$27.50**

A History of the Vikings, Revised Edition *by Gwyn Jones* **1172.** Pub. price **$25**

History of the Goths *by Herwig Wolfram.* The barbarians who transformed the Roman world. **7005.** Pub. price **$39.95**

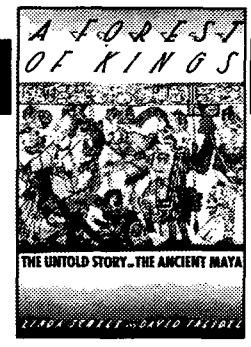
Pagans and Christians *by Robin Lane Fox* **3806.** Pub. price **$45**

La Capital *by Jonathan Kandell.* The tumultuous history of Mexico City—from the Aztecs to our day. **8730.** Pub. price **$24.95**

Maya: The Riddle and Rediscovery of a Lost Civilization *by Charles Gallenkamp* **2535.** Pub. price **$22.95**

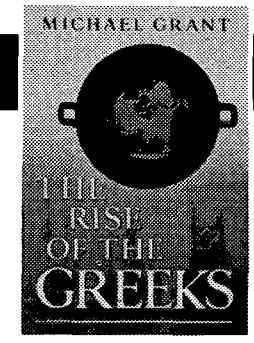
People of the Wetlands: Bogs, Bodies and Lake-Dwellers—A World Survey *by Bryony and John Coles* **5249.** Pub. price **$24.95**

The Mongols *by David Morgan.* A lively history of the nomadic society that conquered China, Persia and Russia. **2642.** Pub. price **$24.95**

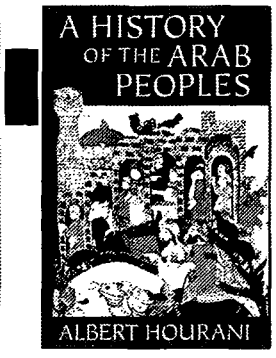


6056. Pub. price **$29.95**

6817. Pub. price **$27.50**



5884. Pub. price **$27.50**



7369. Pub. price **$24.95**

STATESMEN, GENERALS AND THE RULING CLASS

King Edward VIII *by Philip Ziegler.* Shatters the fairy-tale myth. **7351.** Pub. price **$24.95**

Freedom in Exile: The Autobiography of the Dalai Lama **6445.** Pub. price **$22.95**

One of Us: Richard Nixon and the American Dream *by Tom Wicker* **7468.** Pub. price **$24.95**

Robert the Bruce: King of Scots *by Ronald McNair Scott.* The exciting story of the warrior king who united Scotland against the English. **3467.** Pub. price **$24**

To the Scaffold: The Life of Marie Antoinette *by Carolly Erickson* **7757.** Pub. price **$22.95**

The Reluctant King: The Life & Reign of George VI 1895-1952 *by Sarah Bradford* **6718.** Pub. price **$25**

The Oxford Book of Royal Anecdotes *Edited by Elizabeth Longford* **1636.** Pub. price **$22.50**

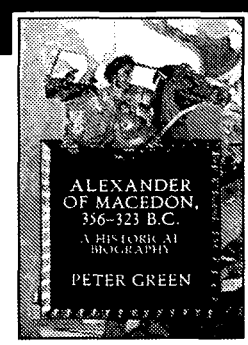
Captain Sir Richard Francis Burton: The Secret Agent Who Made the Pilgrimage to Mecca, Discovered the Kama Sutra, and Brought the Arabian Nights to the West *by Edward Rice* **4838.** Pub. price **$35**

The Killing of SS Obergruppenführer Reinhard Heydrich *by Callum MacDonald.* Assassination of the "Butcher of Prague." **1347.** Pub. price **$22.95**

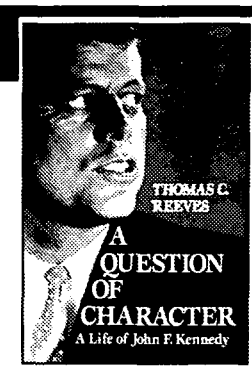
Napoleon and Hitler: A Comparative Biography *by Desmond Seward* **1891.** Pub. price **$19.95**

Who Was Who in the Civil War *by Stewart Sifakis* **6379.** Pub. price **$60**

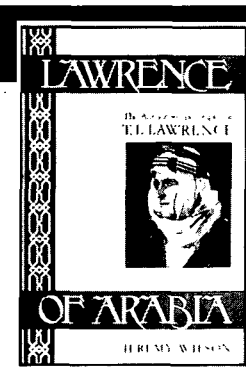
Caligula *by Anthony Barrett.* The personality and career of one of Rome's most notorious emperors. **4564.** Pub. price **$27.50**



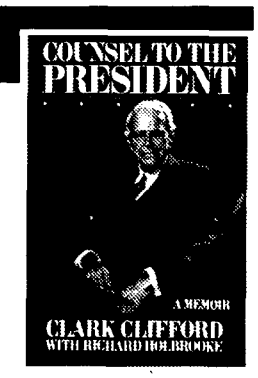
8136. Pub. price **$34.95**



7567. Pub. price **$24.95**



5520. Pub. price **$35**



8151. Pub. price **$25**

TIMELESS ISSUES, ENDURING IDEAS

The Bible as History, 2nd Revised Edition *by Werner Keller.* Archaeology and science document biblical history. **3012.** Pub. price **$21.95**

Paul the Convert: The Apostolate and Apostasy of Saul the Pharisee *by Alan F. Segal* **5850.** Pub. price **$29.95**

The New York City Draft Riots: Their Significance for American Society and Politics in the Age of the Civil War *by Iver Bernstein* **2766.** Pub. price **$35**

A Brief History of Time: From the Big Bang to Black Holes *by Stephen Hawking* **3087.** Pub. price **$18.95**

The Holocaust: The Fate of European Jewry, 1932-45 *by Leni Yahil. Translated by Ina Friedman and Haya Galai* **6908.** Pub. price **$35**

The Revised English Bible with the Apocrypha **3947.** Pub. price **$21.95**

From Beirut to Jerusalem *by Thomas L. Friedman* The Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter on life and death in the Middle East. **1925.** Pub. price **$22.95**

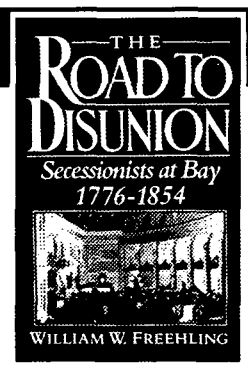
The World Treasury of Modern Religious Thought *Edited by Jaroslav Pelikan.* Sixty-six writers on the mystery of belief—and unbelief—in the 20th century. **3590.** Pub. price **$29.95**

The Search for Modern China: An Appraisal of a Land Struggling to Define Itself *by Jonathan D. Spence* **4887.** Pub. price **$29.95**

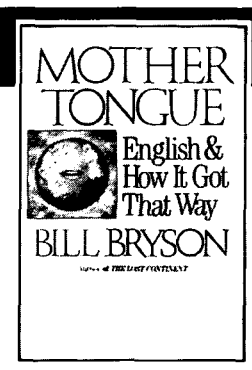
America in 1857: A Nation on the Brink *by Kenneth M. Stampp* **6346.** Pub. price **$29.95**

The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers: Economic Change and Military Conflict from 1500 to 2000 *by Paul Kennedy* **1644.** Pub. price **$29.95**

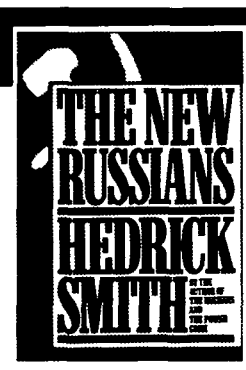
Albion's Seed *by David Hackett Fischer.* Unique British origins of American culture. **2857.** Pub. price **$39.95**



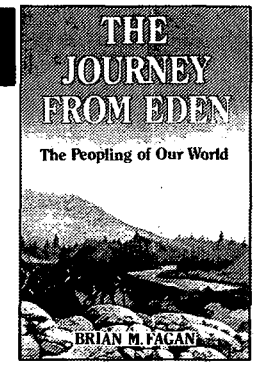
5967. Pub. price **$30**



5900. Pub. price **$18.95**



6692. Pub. price **$24.95**



7443. Pub. price **$22.50**

THE WARRING WORLD

The Second World War *by John Keegan.* A definitive account told by Britain's preeminent military historian. **3434.** Pub. price **$29.95**

Battle Cry of Freedom *by James M. McPherson* Best-selling history of America during the Civil War. **3988.** Pub. price **$35**

The Devil's Horsemen *by James Chambers.* The 13th-century Golden Horde—one of the most devastating armies ever. **8094.** Pub. price **$16.95**

The Battle of Britain: The Greatest Air Battle of World War II *by Richard Hough and Denis Richards* Britain's "finest hour." **2386.** Pub. price **$27.50**

Reconstruction: America's Unfinished Revolution, 1863-1877 *by Eric Foner* **6767.** Pub. price **$29.95**

The Indian Frontier of the American West, 1846-1890 *by Robert M. Utley* **8490.** Pub. price **$19.95**

A Bright Shining Lie: John Paul Vann and America in Vietnam *by Neil Sheehan* **1495.** Pub. price **$24.95**

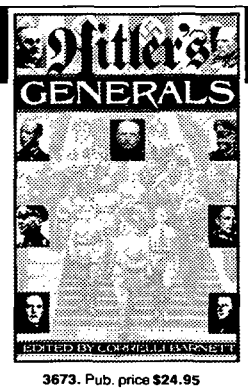
The War of 1812: A Forgotten Conflict *by Donald R. Hickey* **2741.** Pub. price **$32.50**

Mosby's Rangers: From the High Tide of the Confederacy to the Last Days at Appomattox—The Story of the Most Famous Command of the Civil War and Its Legendary Leader *by Jeffry D. Wert* **6122.** Pub. price **$22.95**

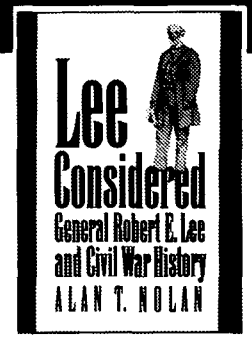
A Short History of the American Revolution *by James L. Stokesbury* **7922.** Pub. price **$23**

Duel of Eagles: The Mexican and U.S. Fight for the Alamo *by Jeff Long* **5892.** Pub. price **$22.95**

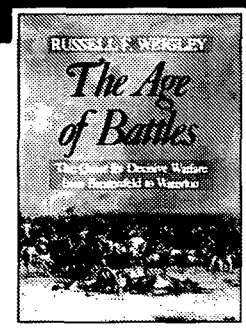
Citizens: A Chronicle of the French Revolution *by Simon Schama* **1396.** Pub. price **$29.95**



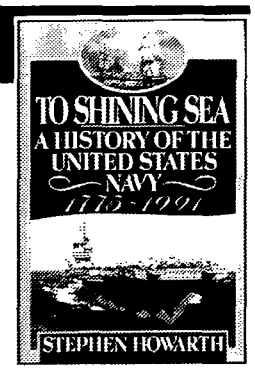
3673. Pub. price **$24.95**



7971. Pub. price **$22.50**



7898. Pub. price **$35**



7740. Pub. price **$24.50**

HISTORY BOOK CLUB®

Camp Hill, PA 17012-8804

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill me $1 each for the 3 choices on the left, and the fourth at 35% off the publisher's price, plus shipping and handling.

H487-10-0

$1 ☐ $1 ☐ $1 ☐ 35% off publisher's price ☐

1-19

Name _____

(Please print clearly)

Address _____ Apt # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada. © 1991 History Book Club, Inc.

Save on the best recent history titles.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know offers greater savings—as much as 1/3 off publishers' list prices.

You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Offer. Select any three books on this page for $1 each when you take a fourth book at 35% off the publisher's price, plus shipping and handling. Thereafter, you're not obligated to order any more books. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

How the Club works. You'll be able to choose from 150 to 200 books featured each month. History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing—the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Your HBC guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED